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LUCAN

Which party I shall choose is yet to know,
That let the war decide; who conquers is my foe
Thus spoke the Youth. ——— *Lucans Pharsalia Bk.2.*

Painted by R. Cooke. *Engraved by S. Rhodes.*

Published by Sutcliffe, [illegible]

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

INCLUDING THE MOST ESTEEMED

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

The Greek and Roman Authors.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

VOL. LIV.

CONTAINING

THE SECOND VOLUME OF

ROWE'S VERSION OF LUCAN'S PHARSALIA;

AND VIDA'S ART OF POETRY,

TRANSLATED BY PITT.

LONDON:

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1818.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN,

BY

NICHOLAS ROWE, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

VIDA'S ART OF POETRY.

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LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

Cæsar and Pompey lying now near Dyrrhachium, after several marches and counter-marches, the former with incredible diligence runs a vast line, or work, round the camp of the latter. This Pompey (after suffering for want of provisions, and a very gallant resistance of Scæva, a centurion of Cæsar's), at length breaks through. After this, Cæsar makes another unsuccessful attempt upon a part of Pompey's army, and then marches away into Thessaly: and Pompey, against the persuasion and counsel of his friends, follows him. After a description of the ancient inhabitants, the boundaries, the mountains, and rivers of Thessaly, the poet takes occasion, from this country being famous for witchcraft, to introduce Sextus Pompeius, inquiring the event of the civil war from the sorceress Erictho.

Now near encamp'd, each on a neighbouring height,
The Latian chiefs prepare for sudden fight.
The rival pair seem hither brought by fate,
As if the gods would end the dire debate,
And here determine of the Roman state.
Cæsar, intent upon his hostile son,
Demands a conquest here, and here alone;

Neglects what laurels captive towns must yield,
And scorns the harvest of the Grecian field.
Impatient he provokes the fatal day,
Ordain'd to give Rome's liberties away,
And leave the world the greedy victor's prey:
Eager that last great chance of war he waits,
Where either's fall determines both their fates.
Thrice on the hills, all drawn in dread array,
His threatening eagles wide their wings display;
Thrice, but in vain, his hostile arms he show'd,
His ready rage, and thirst of Latian blood.
But when he saw, how cautious Pompey's care,
Safe in his camp, declin'd the proffer'd war;
Through woody paths he bent his secret way,
And meant to make Dyrrachium's towers his prey.
This Pompey saw; and swiftly shot before,
With speedy marches on the sandy shore:
Till on Taulantian Petra's [1] top he stay'd,
Sheltering the city with his timely aid.
This place [2] nor walls nor trenches deep can boast,
The works of labour, and expensive cost.
Vain prodigality! and labour vain!
Lost is the lavish'd wealth, and lost the fruitless pain!
What walls, what towers soe'er they rear sublime,
Must yield to wars, or more destructive time;
While fences like Dyrrhachium's fortress made,
Where nature's hand the sure foundation laid,
And with her strength the naked town array'd,

[1] The Taulantii were a people of Macedonia, possessing the country between Apollonia and Dyrrhachium; and Petra was a mountain, or ridge of rising grounds, near the latter of these places.

[2] *i. e.* Dyrrhachium.

Shall stand secure against the warrior's rage,
Nor fear the ruinous decays of age.
Guarded around by steepy rocks it lies,
And all access from land, but one, denies.
No ventrous vessel there in safety rides,
But foaming surges break, and swelling tides
Roll roaring on, and wash the craggy sides:
Or when contentious winds more rudely blow,
Then mounting o'er the topmast cliff they flow,
Burst on the lofty domes, and dash the town below.
Here Cæsar's daring heart vast hopes conceives,
And high with war's vindictive pleasure heaves:
Much he revolves within his thoughtful mind,
How in this camp the foe may be confin'd,
With ample lines from hill to hill design'd.
Secret and swift he means the task to try,
And runs each distance over with his eye.
Vast heaps of sod and verdant turf are brought,
And stones in deep laborious quarries wrought;
Each Grecian dwelling [3] round the work supplies,
And sudden ramparts from their ruins rise.
With wondrous strength the stable mound they rear,
Such as the' impetuous ram can never fear,
Nor hostile might o'erturn, nor forceful engine tear.
Through hills, resistless, Cæsar plains his way,
And makes the rough unequal rocks obey.
Here deep beneath the gaping trenches lie,
There forts advance their airy turrets high.
Around vast tracts [4] of land the labours wind,
Wide fields and forests in the circle bind,
And hold, as in a toil, the savage kind.

[3] Macedonia, where the two armies then lay, was always reckoned a part of Greece.

[4] This vast line, which Cæsar drew to inclose Pompey, was

Nor ev'n the foe too strictly pent remains,
At large he forages upon the plains;
The vast inclosure gives free leave around,
Oft to decamp, and shift the various ground.
Here, from far fountains, streams their channels trace,
And while they wander through the tedious space,
Run many a mile their long-extended race:
While some, quite worn and weary of the way,
Sink, and are lost, before they reach the sea.
Ev'n Cæsar's self, when through the works he goes,
Tires in the midst, and stops to take repose.
Let fame no more record the walls of Troy,
Which gods alone could build, and gods destroy:
Nor let the Parthian wonder, to have seen
The labours of the Babylonian queen [5]:
Behold this large, this spacious tract of ground!
Like that which Tigris or Orontes bound;
Behold this land! that majesty might bring,
And form a kingdom for an eastern king;
Behold a Latian chief this land inclose,
Amidst the tumult of impending foes:
He bade the walls arise, and as he bade they rose.
But ah, vain pride of power! ah, fruitless boast!
Ev'n these, these mighty labours, are all lost!
A force like this [6] what barriers could withstand?
Seas must have fled, and yielded to the land;

fifteen miles in compass; so that it was impossible for him to man every part of it; and indeed it was so large, that it was some time before Pompey felt the want of forage.

[5] He means the famous walls of Babylon, built by Semiramis.

[6] Or rather a diligence, labour, and work like this of Cæsar's.

The lovers' shores [7] united might have stood,
Spite of the Hellespont's opposing flood;
While the Ægean and Ionian tide
Might, meeting, o'er the vanquish'd isthmus ride,
And Argive realms from Corinth's walls divide:
This power might change unwilling nature's face,
Unfix each order, and remove each place.
Here, as if clos'd within a list, the war
Does all its valiant combatants prepare;
Here ardent glows the blood, which fate ordains
To dye the Libyan [8] and Emathian plains;
Here the whole rage of civil discord join'd,
Struggles for room, and scorns to be confin'd.
Nor yet, while Cæsar his first labours try'd,
The warlike toil by Pompey was descry'd.
So, in mid Sicily's delightful plain,
Safe from the horrid sound, the happy swain
Dreads not loud Scylla barking o'er the main.
So northern Britons never hear the roar
Of seas that break on the far Cantian shore [9].
Soon as the rising ramparts' hostile height,
And tow'rs advancing, struck his anxious sight,
Sudden from Petra's safer camp he led,
And wide his legions on the hills dispread;
So Cæsar, forc'd his numbers to extend,
More feebly might each various strength defend.

7 Sestos and Abydos, where Leander and Hero lived. The Ægean and Ionian are the two seas on each side the Isthmus of Corinth.

8 Alluding to the war in Africa, supported after Pompey's death by Cato and Juba.

9 The original is *Rutupina Littora;* the ancient *Rutupium*, or *Rutupiæ*, is Richborough, near Sandwich, in Kent.

His camp [10] far o'er the large inclosure reach'd,
And guarded lines along the front were stretch'd;
Far as Rome's distance [11] from Aricia's groves,
(Aricia, which the chaste Diana loves)
Far as from Rome old Tiber seeks the sea,
Did he not wander in his winding way.
While yet no signals for the fight prepare,
Unbidden some the javelin dart from far,
And, skirmishing, provoke the lingering war.
But deeper cares the thoughtful chiefs distress,
And move the soldiers' ardour to repress.
Pompey, with secret anxious thought, beheld
How trampling hoofs the rising grass repell'd:
Waste lie the russet fields, the generous steed
Seeks on the naked soil, in vain, to feed:
Loathing from racks of husky straw he turns,
And, pining, for the verdant pasture mourns.
No more his limbs their dying load sustain,
Aiming a stride, he falters in the strain,
And sinks a ruin on the withering plain:
Dire maladies upon his vitals prey,
Dissolve his frame, and melt the mass away.
Thence, deadly plagues invade the lazy air,
Reek to the clouds, and hang malignant there.
From Nesis [12] such, the Stygian vapours rise,
And with contagion taint the purer skies;
Such do Typhœus' steamy caves [13] convey,
And breathe blue poisons on the golden day.

[10] Pompey's.

[11] About fifteen miles from Aricia. See the notes upon the former part of the third book.

[12] Nesis is a little island in the gulf of Naples, now called Nesita.

[13] In the island of Inarime.

Thence liquid streams the mingling plague receive,
And deadly potions to the thirsty give:
To man the mischief spreads, the fell disease
In fatal draughts does on his entrails seize.
A rugged scurf, all loathsome to be seen,
Spreads, like a bark, upon his silken skin;
Malignant flames his swelling eyeballs dart,
And seem with anguish from their seats to start:
Fires o'er his glowing cheeks and visage stray,
And mark, in crimson streaks, their burning way;
Low droops his head, declining from its height,
And nods and totters with the fatal weight.
With winged haste the swift destruction flies,
And scarce the soldier sickens, ere he dies;
Now falling crowds at once resign their breath,
And doubly taint the noxious air with death.
Careless their putrid carcases are spread;
And on the earth, their dank unwholesome bed,
The living rest in common with the dead.
Here none the last funereal rites receive;
To be cast forth the camp is all their friends can give.
At length kind Heaven their sorrows bade to cease,
And staid the pestilential foe's increase;
Fresh breezes from the sea begin to rise,
While Boreas through the lazy vapour flies,
And sweeps, with healthy wings, the rank polluted skies.
Arriving vessels now their freight unload,
And furnish plenteous harvests from abroad:
Now sprightly strength, now cheerful health returns,
And life's fair lamp, rekindled, brightly burns.
But Cæsar, unconfin'd, and camp'd on high,
Feels not the mischief of the sluggish sky:

On hills sublime he breathes the purer air,
And drinks no damps, nor poisonous vapours, there.
Yet hunger keen, an equal plague, is found;
Famine and meagre want besiege him round:
The fields as yet no hopes of harvest wear,
Nor yellow stems disclose the bearded ear.
The scatter'd vulgar search around the fields,
And pluck whate'er the doubtful herbage yields;
Some strip the trees in every neighbouring wood,
And with the cattle share their grassy food.
Whate'er the softening flame can pliant make,
Whate'er the teeth, or labouring jaws, can break;
What flesh, what roots, what herbs soe'er they get,
Though new, and strange to human taste as yet,
At once the greedy soldiers seize and eat.
What want, what pain soe'er they undergo,
Still they persist in arms, and close beset the foe.
At length, impatient longer to be held
Within the bounds of one appointed field,
O'er every bar which might his passage stay,
Pompey resolves to force his warlike way;
Wide o'er the world the ranging war to lead,
And give his loosen'd legions room to spread.
Nor takes he mean advantage from the night,
Nor steals a passage, nor declines the fight;
But bravely dares, disdainful of the foe, [to go.
Through the proud tower's and rampart's breach
Where shining spears and crested helms are seen,
Embattled thick, to guard the walls within;
Where all things death, where ruin all afford,
There Pompey marks a passage for his sword.
Near to the camp a woody thicket lay, [way,
Close was the shade, nor did the greensward-
With smoky clouds of dust, the march betray.

Hence sudden they appear in dread array,
Sudden their wide extended ranks display:
At once the foe beholds, with wondering eyes,
Where on broad wings Pompeian eagles rise;
At once the warriors' shouts, and trumpet-sounds surprise.
Scarce was the sword's destruction needful here,
So swiftly ran before, preventing fear;
Some fled amaz'd, while vainly valiant some
Stood, but to meet in arms a nobler doom.
Where'er they stood, now scatter'd lie the slain;
Scarce yet a few for coming deaths remain,
And clouds of flying javelins fall in vain.
Here swift-consuming flames the victors throw,
And here the ram impetuous aims a blow;
Aloft, the nodding turrets feel the stroke,
And the vast rampart groans beneath the shock.
And now propitious fortune seem'd to doom
Freedom and peace to Pompey and to Rome;
High o'er the vanquish'd works his eagles tow'r,
And vindicate the world from Cæsar's pow'r.
But what nor Cæsar nor his fortune could,
What not ten thousand warlike hands withstood,
Scæva resists alone; repels the force,
And stops the rapid victor in his course.
Scæva! a name erewhile to Fame unknown,
And first distinguish'd on the Gallic Rhone;
There seen in hardy deeds of arms to shine,
He reach'd the honours of the Latian vine [14].
Daring and bold, and ever prone to ill,
Inur'd to blood, and active to fulfil
The dictates of a lawless tyrant's will;

[14] The *vitis*, or rod made of a vine, was the badge of the centurion's office, which they bore in their hands, and with which the soldiers used to be corrected for lesser offences.

Nor virtue's love, nor reason's laws he knew,
But careless of the right, for hire his sword he drew.
Thus courage by an impious cause is curs'd,
And he that is the bravest is the worst.
Soon as he saw his fellows shun the fight,
And seek their safety in ignoble flight,
"Whence does (he said) this coward terror grow;
This shame, unknown to Cæsar's arms till now?
Can you, ye slavish herd, thus tamely yield?
Thus fly, unwounded, from this bloody field?
Behold, where pil'd in slaughter'd heaps on high,
Firm to the last, your brave companions lie;
Then blush to think what wretched lives you save,
From what renown you fly, from what a glorious grave.
Though sacred fame, though virtue yield to fear,
Let rage, let indignation keep you here.
We! we, the weakest, from the rest are chose,
To yield a passage to our scornful foes!
Yet, Pompey, yet; thou shalt be yet withstood,
And stain thy victor's laurel deep in blood.
With pride, 'tis true, with joy I should have died,
If haply I had fall'n by Cæsar's side;
But fortune has the noble death denied.
Then Pompey, thou, thou on my fame shalt wait,
Do thou be witness, and applaud my fate.
Now push we on, disdain we now to fear,
A thousand wounds let every bosom bear,
Till the keen sword be blunt, be broke the pointed spear.
And see the clouds of dusty battle rise!
Hark, how the shout runs rattling through the skies!
The distant legions catch the sounds from far,
And Cæsar listens to the thundering war.
He comes, he comes; yet ere his soldier dies,
Like lightning swift the winged warrior flies:

Haste then to death, to conquest haste away;
Well do we fall, for Cæsar wins the day!"
He spoke, and straight, as at the trumpet's sound,
Rekindled warmth in every breast was found:
Recall'd from flight, the youth admiring wait,
To mark their daring fellow-soldier's fate,
To see if, haply, virtue might prevail,
And ev'n beyond their hopes, do more than greatly fail.
High on the tottering wall he rears his head,
With slaughter'd carcases around him spread;
With nervous arms uplifting these, he throws,
These rolls oppressive, on ascending foes.
Each where, materials for his fury lie,
And all the ready ruins arms supply:
Ev'n his fierce self he seems to aim below,
Headlong to shoot, and dying dart a blow.
Now his tough staff repels the fierce attack,
And, tumbling, drives the bold assailants back:
Now heads, now hands he lops; the carcase falls,
While the clench'd fingers gripe the topmost walls:
Here stones he heaves; the mass, descending full,
Crushes the brain, and shivers the frail skull.
Here burning pitchy brands he whirls around;
Infix'd the flames hiss in the liquid wound,
Deep drench'd in death, in flowing crimson drown'd.
And now the swelling heaps of slaughter'd foes,
Sublime and equal to the fortress rose;
Whence forward, with a leap, at once he sprung,
And shot himself amidst the hostile throng.
So daring, fierce with rage, so void of fear,
Bounds forth the spotted pard, and scorns the hunter's spear.

The closing ranks the warrior straight enfold,
And, compass'd in their steely circle, hold.
Undaunted still, around the ring he roams,
Fights here and there, and everywhere o'ercomes;
Till clog'd with blood, his sword obeys but ill
The dictates of its vengeful master's will;
Edgeless it falls, and though it pierce no more,
Still breaks the batter'd bones, and bruises sore.
Meantime on him the crowding war is bent,
And darts from every hand to him are sent:
It look'd as fortune did in odds delight,
And had in cruel sport ordain'd the fight;
A wondrous match of war she seem'd to make,
Her thousands here, and there her one to stake;
As if on knightly terms in lists they ran,
And armies were but equal to the man.
A thousand darts upon his buckler ring,
A thousand javelins round his temples sing;
Hard-bearing on his head, with many a blow,
His steely helm is inward taught to bow.
The missive arms, fix'd all around, he wears,
And ev'n his safety in his wounds he bears, [spears.
Fenc'd with a fatal wood, a deadly grove of
Cease, ye Pompeian warriors! cease the strife,
Nor, vainly, thus attempt this single life.
Your darts, your idle javelins cast aside,
And other arms for Scæva's death provide:
The forceful rams resistless horns prepare,
With all the ponderous vast machines of war;
Let dreadful flames, let massy rocks be thrown,
With engines thunder on, and break him down,
And win this Cæsar's soldier, like a town.
At length, his fate disdaining to delay,
He hurls his shield's neglected aid away;

Resolves no part whate'er from death to hide,
But stands unguarded now on every side.
Encumber'd sore with many a painful wound,
Tardy, and stiff, he treads the hostile round;
Gloomy and fierce his eyes the crowd survey,
Mark where to fix, and single out the prey.
Such, by Getulian hunters compass'd in,
The vast unwieldy elephant is seen:
All cover'd with a steely shower from far,
Rousing he shakes, and sheds the scatter'd war;
In vain the distant troop the fight renew,
And with fresh rage the stubborn foe pursue;
Unconquer'd still the mighty savage stands,
And scorns the malice of a thousand hands.
Not all the wounds a thousand darts can make,
Though all find place, a single life can take.
When lo! address'd with some successful vow,
A shaft, sure flying from a Cretan bow,
Beneath the warrior's brow was seen to light,
And sunk, deep-piercing the left orb of sight.
But he (so rage inspir'd, and mad disdain)
Remorseless fell; and senseless of the pain,
Tore forth the bearded arrow from the wound,
With stringy nerves besmear'd and wrapt around,
And stamp'd the gory jelly on the ground.
So in Pannonian woods the growling bear
Transfix'd, grows fiercer for the hunter's spear,
Turns on her wound, runs madding round with pain,
And catches at the flying shaft in vain.

Down from his eyeless hollow ran the blood,
And hideous o'er his mangled visage flow'd;
Deform'd each awful, each severer grace,
And veil'd the manly terrors of his face.
The victors raise their joyful voices high,
And with loud triumph strike the vaulted sky:

Not Cæsar thus a general joy had spread,
Though Cæsar's self, like Scæva, thus had bled.
Anxious, the wounded soldier, in his breast
The rising indignation deep repress'd, [dress'd:
And thus, in humble vein, his haughty foes ad-
"Here let your rage, ye Romans, cease, (he said)
And lend your fellow-citizen your aid;
No more your darts nor useless javelins try,
These, which I bear, will deaths enow supply;
Draw forth your weapons, and behold I die:
Or rather bear me hence, and let me meet
My doom beneath the mighty Pompey's feet.
'Twere great, 'twere brave, to fall in arms, 'tis true,
But I renounce that glorious fate for you:
Fain would I yet prolong this vital breath,
And quit ev'n Cæsar, so I fly from death."
The wretched Aulus listen'd to the wile,
Intent and greedy of the future spoil;
Advancing fondly on, with heedless ease,
He thought the captive and his arms to seize,
When, ere he was aware, his thundering sword
Deep in his throat the ready Scæva gor'd.
Warm'd with the slaughter, with fresh rage he burns,
And vigour with the new success returns.
"So may they fall (he said) by just deceit,
Such be their fate, such as this fool has met,
Who dare believe that I am vanquish'd yet.
If you would stop the vengeance of my sword,
From Cæsar's mercy be your peace implor'd;
There let your leader kneel, and humbly own his lord.
Me! could you meanly dare to fancy, me
Base, like yourselves, and fond of life to be!
But know, not all the names which grace your cause,
Your reverend senate, and your boasted laws;

Not Pompey's self, not all for which you fear,
Were e'er to you, like death to Scæva, dear."
Thus while he spoke, a rising dust betray'd
Cæsarian legions marching to his aid.
Now Pompey's troops with prudence seem to yield,
And to increasing numbers quit the field;
Dissembling shame, they hide their foul defeat,
Nor vanquish'd by a single arm, retreat.
Then fell the warrior, for till then he stood;
His manly mind supplied the want of blood.
It seem'd as rage had kindled life anew,
And courage to oppose, from opposition grew.
But now, when none were left him to repel,
Fainting for want of foes the victor fell.
Straight with officious haste his friends draw near,
And, raising, joy the noble load to bear:
To reverence and religious awe inclin'd,
Admiring, they adore his mighty mind,
That god within his mangled breast enshrin'd.
The wounding weapons, stain'd with Scæva's blood,
Like sacred relics to the gods are vow'd:
Forth are they drawn from every part with care,
And kept to dress the naked god of war.
Oh! happy soldier, had thy worth been tried,
In pious daring, on thy country's side!
Oh! had thy sword Iberian battles known,
Or purple with Cantabrian slaughter grown;
How had thy name in deathless annals shone!
But now no Roman pæan [15] shalt thou sing,
Nor peaceful triumphs to thy country bring,

[15] Pæan was properly the name of Apollo, which the Roman soldiers used frequently to repeat in their songs of victory, which they sung as they accompanied the triumphs of their generals.

Nor loudly bless'd in solemn pomp shalt move,
Through crowding streets, to capitolian Jove,
The law's defender, and the people's love:
Oh, hapless victor thou! oh, vainly brave!
How hast thou fought, to make thyself a slave!
Nor Pompey, thus repuls'd, the fight declines,
Nor rests encompass'd round by Cæsar's lines;
Once more he means to force his warlike way,
And yet retrieve the fortune of the day.
So when fierce winds with angry ocean strive,
Full on the beach the beating billows drive;
Stable awhile the lofty mounds abide,
Check the proud surge, and stay the swelling tide;
Yet restless still the waves unwearied roll,
Work underneath at length, and sap the sinking mole.
With force renew'd the baffled warrior bends,
Where to the shore the jutting wall extends;
There proves, by land and sea, his various might,
And wins his passage by the double fight.
Wide o'er the plains diffus'd, his legions range,
And their close camp for freer fields exchange.
So, rais'd by melting streams of Alpine snow,
Beyond his utmost margin swells the Po,
And loosely lets the spreading deluge flow:
Where'er the weaker banks oppress'd retreat,
And sink beneath the heapy water's weight,
Forth gushing at the breach they burst their way,
And wasteful o'er the drowned country stray:
Far distant fields and meads they wander o'er,
And visit lands they never knew before.
Here, from its seat the mouldering earth is torn,
And by the flood to other masters borne;
While gathering there it heaps the growing soil,
And loads the peasant with his neighbours' spoil.

Soon as, ascending high, a rising flame
To Cæsar's sight (the combat's signal) came,
Swift to the place approaching near, he found
The ruin scatter'd by the victor round,
And his proud labours humbled to the ground:
Thence to the hostile camp his eyes he turns,
Where, for their peace and sleep secure, he mourns,
With rancorous despite and envious anguish burns.
At length resolv'd (so rage inspir'd his breast),
He means to break the happy victor's rest;
Once more to kindle up the fatal strife,
And dash their joys, with hazard of his life.
Straight to Torquatus [16] fierce he bends his way,
(Torquatus near a neighbouring castle lay)
But he, by prudent caution taught to yield,
Trusts to his walls, and quits the open field;
There, safe within himself, he stands his ground,
And lines the guarded rampart strongly round.
So, when the seamen from afar descry
The clouds grow black upon the louring sky,
Hear the winds roar, and mark the seas run high;

[16] When Pompey had forced his passage through Cæsar's lines, Cæsar, to repair the loss and disgrace of that action, attacked with thirty-three cohorts a castle of the enemy's, commanded by Torquatus. He had now beat the besieged out of the ditch, when Pompey, hearing of their distress, came himself with the fifth legion to their assistance. Cæsar's horse, fearing to be inclosed, gave way first; which the foot seeing, and that Pompey was there in person, fled likewise. If Pompey had made as much advantage of his success here, as Lucan insinuates a more cruel conqueror would have done, this action might have decided the war at once.

They furl the fluttering sheet with timely care,
And wisely for the coming storm prepare.
But now the victor, with resistless haste,
Proud o'er the ramparts of the fort had pass'd;
When swift descending from the rising grounds,
Pompey with lengthening files the foe surrounds.
As when in Etna's hollow caves below,
Round the vast furnace kindling whirlwinds blow;
Rous'd in his baleful bower the giant roars [17],
And with a burst the burning deluge pours;
Then pale with horror shrieks the shuddering swain,
To see the fiery ruin spread the plain.
Nor with less horror, Cæsar's bands behold
Huge hostile dusty clouds their rear infold;
Unknowing whom to meet, or whom to shun,
Blind with their fear, full on their fates they run.
Well, on that day, the world repose had gain'd,
And bold rebellion's blood had all been drain'd,
Had not the pious chief the rage of war restrain'd.
Oh, Rome! how free, how happy hadst thou been!
Thy own great mistress, and the nation's queen!
Had Sylla [18], then, thy great avenger stood,
And dy'd his thirsty sword in traitors' blood.
But oh! for ever shalt thou now bemoan
The two extremes, by which thou wert undone;
The ruthless father, and too tender son.
With fatal pity, Pompey, hast thou spar'd,
And given the blackest crime the best reward:

17 Enceladus, who was struck with lightning, and laid there by Jupiter.

18 Though Lucan was rather a favourer of Sylla, yet see how even he paints the cruelty of his victories in the second book.

How had that one, one happy day, withheld
The blood of Utica, and Munda's field!
The Pharian Nile had known no crime more great [19]
Than some vile Ptolemy's untimely fate;
Nor Afric, then, nor Juba had bemoan'd,
Nor Scipio's [20] blood the Punic ghosts aton'd;
Cato [21] had, for his country's good, surviv'd,
And long in peace a hoary patriot liv'd;
Rome had not worn a tyrant's hated chain,
And fate had undecreed Pharsalia's plain.
But Cæsar, weary of the' unlucky land,
Swift to Æmathia leads his shatter'd band;
While Pompey's wary friends, with caution wise,
To quit the baffled foe's pursuit advise.
To Italy [22] they point his open way,
And bid him make the willing land his prey.
"Oh! never, (he replies) shall Pompey come,
Like Cæsar arm'd and terrible to Rome;
Nor need I from those sacred walls have fled,
Could I have borne our streets with slaughter red,
And seen the forum pil'd with heaps of dead.
Much rather let me pine in Scythia's frost,
Or burn on swarthy Libya's sultry coast;
No clime, no distant region is too far,
Where I can banish, with me, fatal war!

[19] That is, Pompey had not been murdered in Egypt. Juba and Petreius were vanquished by Cæsar in Africa, and killed each other.

[20] The Scipio meant here is Corn. Scipio, father of Pompey's wife Cornelia, who likewise killed himself on the same occasion in Afric.

[21] Cato's story is made common, as well as immortal, by Mr. Addison.

[22] Which he might easily have recovered.

I fled, to bid my country's sorrows cease;
And shall my victories invade her peace?
Let her but safe and free from arms remain,
And Cæsar still shall think she wears his chain."
He spoke, and eastward sought the forest wide,
That rising clothes Candavia's [23] shady side;
Thence to Æmathia took his destin'd way,
Reserv'd by fate for the deciding day.
Where Eurus blows, and wintry suns arise,
Thessalia's boundary, proud Ossa lies [24];
But when the god protracts the longer day,
Pelion's broad back [25] receives the dawning ray.
Where through the lion's fiery sign he flies,
Othrys his leafy groves for shades supplies.
On Pindus strikes the fady western light,
When glittering Vesper leads the starry night.
Northward, Olympus hides the lamps that roll
Their paler fires around the frozen pole.
The middle space [26], a valley low depress'd,
Once a wide, lazy, standing lake possess'd;

23 A wild mountainous country full of woods, upon the borders of Macedonia and Illyricum.

24 This chorographical description of Thessaly is mostly taken from Herodotus, and agrees, though not altogether, with the accounts and maps of the learned Cellarius. Ossa lies to the east.

25 This is a literal translation of my author; though, according to Cellarius, he must be out in his geography, as well as astronomy; for as the days lengthen, the sun rises to the northward of the east; whereas Cellarius places Pelion to the southward. For the rest, Othrys lies to the south, Pindus to W. S. W. and Olympus to the north.

26 He does not seem to mean here all that region which the ancient geographers call Thessaly, but the fields of Tempe and Pharsalia, and the neighbouring country, where the principal scene of action in this war lay.

While growing still the heapy waters stood,
Nor down through Tempe ran the rushing flood:
But when Alcides [27] to the task applied,
And cleft a passage through the mountains wide;
Gushing at once the thundering torrent flow'd,
While Nereus groan'd beneath the' increasing load.
Then rose (oh, that it still a lake had lain!)
Above the waves Pharsalia's fatal plain,
Once subject to the great Achilles' reign.
Then Phylace [28] was built, whose warriors boast
Their chief first landed on the Trojan coast;
Then Pteleos [29] ran her circling wall around,
And Dorion [30], for the Muses' wrath renown'd:
Then Trachin [31] high, and Melibœa [32] stood,
Where Hercules his fatal shafts bestow'd;

27 It is said Hercules made a passage between Ossa and Olympus, for the river Peneus to run into the sea.

28 A city in Phthiotis, a province of Thessaly, where Protesilaus reigned; who was the first that landed on the shore of Troy, in the famous expedition of the Greeks against that place; and was killed, according to the prediction of the oracle. Concerning him see Ovid's Epistles, and Metam. lib. 12.

29 Or rather Pteleum, a town upon the sea-coast in the same country.

30 Or Dotion, as Ascensus will have it. There is some dispute whether this place be in Magnesia in Thessaly, or Messenia in the Peloponnesus. Lucan is plainly of the first opinion. However that be, near this place Thamyrus, a Thracian poet, was punished with blindness by the Muses for daring to contend with them.

31 Or Heracleas, in the same country. Here lived Philoctetes, to whom Hercules at his death gave his fatal arrows, without which Troy could not be taken: Larissa and Argos were cities in the same country. For the first, see afterwards in book viii.

32 A city of Phthiotis.

Larissa strong arose, and Argos, now
A plain, submitted to the labouring plough.
Here stood the town, (if there be truth in fame)
That from Bœotian Thebes [33] receiv'd its name.
Here sad Agave's wandering sense return'd,
Here for her murder'd son the mother mourn'd;
With streaming tears she wash'd his ghastly head,
And on the funeral pile the precious relic laid.
The gushing waters [34] various soon divide,
And every river rules a separate tide;
The narrow Æas [35] runs a limpid flood,
Evenos [36] blushes with the Centaur's blood;
That gently mingles with the' Ionian sea,
While this, through Calydonia, cuts his way.
Slowly fair Io's aged father [37] falls,
And in hoarse murmurs his lost daughter calls.

33 The ancient geographers place a city called Thebes in Phthiotis. When Agave, queen of Thebes in Bœotia, had in her madness killed her son Pentheus, and cut off his head, at length recovering her senses, she fled into this country, and buried her son's head here, and probably gave the name of Thebes to the place where she settled.

34 From the cities that were built by the first inhabitants, the poet goes on to enumerate the famous rivers of Thessaly, which were left in their proper channels, after the great lake was emptied.

35 I find no river of this name among the ancient geographers, except one in Macedonia, which falls into the Ionian sea, by Apollonia. Ovid indeed makes the river Æas meet the Peneus, and I suppose Lucan follows him.

36 This was a river in Calydonia, part of Ætolia, where Nessus the centaur, attempting to ravish Deianira, the wife of Hercules, was killed by that hero.

This river, as likewise Achelous, (in the same country) are oddly introduced among the rivers of Thessaly.

37 Inachus is yet more remote, being a river of the Peloponn-

Thick Acheloüs rolls his troubled waves,
And heavily the neighbour-isles [38] he laves;
While pure Amphrysus [39] winds along the mead,
Where Phœbus once was wont his flocks to feed:
Oft on the banks he sat a shepherd swain,
And watch'd his charge upon the grassy plain.
Swift to the main his course Sperchios [40] bends,
And sounding to the Malian gulf descends.
No breezy air near calm Anauros [41] flies,
No dewy mists nor fleecy clouds arise.
Here Phœnix, Melas, and Asopus run,
And strong Apidanus [42] drives slow Enipeus on.
A thousand little brooks, unknown to fame,
Are mix'd, and lost in Peneus' [43] nobler name:
Bold Titaresus scorns his rule, alone;
And, join'd to Peneus, still himself is known:

nesus; unless we may suppose some river of less note in Thessaly, which took its name from that famous one of the Argives.

For the story of Jupiter ravishing his daughter Io, see Ovid. Metam. lib. i.

38 The Echinades, now Curzolari.

39 A river of Thessaly, near which Apollo, when he lay under Jupiter's displeasure for killing the Cyclops, kept sheep for Admetus, king of the country.

40 Now called Agriomela, a river of Phthiotis. It falls into the Sinus Maliacus, at the end of the Euripus, or gulf of Negropont.

41 This and the following rivers were all of Thessaly, but of no great name.

42 The river Apidanus falls into Enipeus.

43 Peneus was a river of note. He was the father of Daphne, Apollo's mistress.

This passage of Titaresus, or Titaresius, (according to Homer) falling into the Peneus, and not mingling with its waters, is taken from that poet; Iliad, b. ii.

As o'er the land his haughty waters glide,
And roll unmingling, a superior tide.
'Tis said, through secret channels winding forth,
Deep as from Styx he takes his hallow'd birth:
Thence, proud to be rever'd by gods on high,
He scorns to mingle with a mean ally.
When rising grounds uprear'd at length their heads,
And rivers shrunk within their oozy beds;
Bebrycians[44] first are said, with early care,
In furrows deep to sink the shining share.
The Lelegians next, with equal toil,
And Dolopes, invade the mellow soil.
To these the bold Æolidæ succeed,
Magnetes, taught to rein the fiery steed,
And Minyæ, to explore the deep decreed.

Οὗ δ' ὅγε Πηνειῷ συμμίσγεται, &c.

Or where the pleasing Titaresius glides,
And into Peneus rolls his easy tides;
Yet o'er the silver surface pure they flow,
The sacred stream, unmix'd with streams below,
Sacred and awful! From the dark abodes
Styx pours them forth the dreadful oath of gods.

Pope.

[44] I have followed the correction of Grotius in this place, but upon second thoughts must confess I think it wrong, and that it ought rather to be (as most editions have it) Bœbicians; from the lake Bœbe, and town of the same name in Phthiotis. The Bebryces were a people in Gallia Narbonensis. Of the other names which follow there is nothing particular to be remarked, but that they were the first inhabitants of several parts of Thessaly. Of the Minyæ only it may be observed, that they were the companions of Jason in his famous expedition to Colchos in quest of the golden fleece.

Here, pregnant by Ixion's bold embrace [45],
The mother cloud disclos'd the Centaurs' race:
In Pelethronian caves [46] she brought 'em forth,
And fill'd the land with many a monstrous birth.
Here dreadful Monychus first saw the light,
And prov'd on Pholoe's rending rocks his might;
Here tallest trees uprooting Rhœcus bore,
Which baffled storms had tried in vain before.
Here Pholus, of a gentler human breast,
Receiv'd the great Alcides for his guest.
Here, with brute-fury, lustful Nessus tried
To violate the hero's beauteous bride,
Till justly by the fatal shaft he died.
This parent-land the pious leach confess'd,
Chiron [47], of all the double race the best:
Midst golden stars he stands refulgent now,
And threats the scorpion with his bended bow.
Here love of arms and battle reign'd of old,
And form'd the first Thessalians fierce and bold:
Here, from rude rocks, at Neptune's potent stroke [48],
Omen of war, the neighing courser broke;

45 Ixion being in love with Juno, embracing a cloud for her, and begetting the Centaurs upon that cloud, is a known fable.

46 Pelethronium was a mountain in Thessaly. Monychus is the name of a Centaur; as likewise are Rhœcus, Pholus, and Nessus. For the latter see note 36 of this book.

47 This Centaur had many good qualities: he understood music and physic, was the tutor of Achilles, and afterwards translated into heaven, made that sign in the Zodiac which we call Sagittarius, or the Archer, next to Scorpio.

48 Lucan seems to allude in this place to the famous controversy between Neptune and Pallas, when to show their power he produced the first horse out of a rock, and she the first olive-tree out of the earth: but the commentators will have this to

Here, taught by skilful riders to submit,
He champ'd indignant on the foamy bit.
From fair Thessalia's Pegasæan shore,
The first bold pine the daring warriors bore,
And taught the sons of earth wide oceans to explore.
Here, when Itonus [49] held the regal seat,
The stubborn steel he first subdu'd with heat,
And the tough bars on sounding anvils beat:
In furnaces he ran the liquid brass,
And cast in curious works the molten mass.
He taught the ruder artist to refine,
Explor'd the silver and the golden mine,
And stamp'd the costly metal into coin.
From that old era avarice was known,
Then all the deadly seeds of war were sown;
Wide o'er the world, by tale, the mischief ran,
And those curs'd pieces were the bane of man.
Huge Python, here, in many a scaly fold,
To Cyrrha's cave [50] a length enormous roll'd:
Hence, Pythian games [51] the hardy Greeks' renown,
And laurel wreaths the joyful victor crown.

have happened in Attica, and not in Thessaly. The truth seems to have been, that the ancient Thessalians were a bold and hardy people, and that the Centauri and Lapithæ, inhabitants of that country, were the first who understood the manage of horses, and made use of them in battle.

49 According to some the son of Apollo, to others of Deucalion: he was king of Thessaly. Lucan gives him the honour of finding out the use and working of metals, and coining money; but this is disputed by other authors.

50 In or near the mountain Parnassus.

51 These were instituted to the honour of Apollo, upon his killing the serpent Python. See the Notes upon book v.

Here proud Alæus [52] durst the gods defy,
And taught his impious brood to scale the sky:
While mountains pil'd on mountains interfere
With Heaven's bright orbs, and stop the circling sphere.
To this curs'd land, by fate's appointed doom,
With one consent the warring leaders come;
Their camps are fix'd, and now the vulgar fear,
To see the terrible event so near.
A few, and but a few, with souls serene,
Wait the disclosing of the dubious scene.
But Sextus, mix'd among the vulgar herd,
Like them was anxious, and unmanly fear'd:
A youth unworthy of the hero's race,
And born to be his nobler sire's disgrace.
A day shall come [53], when this inglorious son
Shall stain the trophies all by Pompey won:
A thief and spoiler shall he live confess'd,
And act those wrongs his father's arms redress'd.

[52] Alæus was the father-in-law, or reputed father, of Otus and Ephialtes, two of the giants that made war upon Jupiter; his wife Iphimedia being impregnated with these chopping twins by Neptune. These are those called by Virgil *Aloïdæ Gemini* in the sixth book. The Sibyl says:

Hic et Aloïdas geminos, immania vidi
Corpora.

Here lie the' Alæan twins (I saw them both),
Enormous bodies of gigantic growth;
Who dar'd in fight the thunderer to defy,
Affect his heaven, and force him from the sky.
Dryden.

[53] In relation to the piracies suppressed with great glory to himself by Pompey, and, after his death, renewed and exercised with great rapine by his son Sextus in the Sicilian seas, after he had lost the battle of Munda in Spain.

Vex'd with a coward's fond impatience now,
He pries into that fate he fears to know;
Nor seeks he, with religious vows, to move
The Delphic tripod, or Dodonian Jove;
No priestly augur's arts employs his cares,
Nor Babylonian Seers [54], who read the stars;
He, nor by fibres, birds, or lightning's fires,
Nor any just though secret rites, inquires;
But horrid altars, and infernal pow'rs,
Dire mysteries of magic he explores,
Such as high heaven and gracious Jove abhors.
He thinks, 'tis little those above can know,
And seeks accurs'd assistance from below.
The place itself the impious means supplies,
While near Hæmonian hags [55] incamp'd he lies:
All dreadful deeds, all monstrous forms of old,
By fear invented, and by falsehood told,
Whate'er transcends belief, and reason's view,
Their art can furnish, and their power makes true.
The pregnant fields a horrid crop produce,
Noxious, and fit for witchcraft's deadly use;
With baleful weeds each mountain's brow is hung,
And listening rocks attend the charmer's song.
There, potent and mysterious plants arise,
Plants that compel the gods, and awe the skies;
There, leaves unfolded to Medea's view,
Such as her native Colchos never knew.
Soon as the dread Hæmonian voice ascends,
Through the whole vast expanse, each power attends;
Ev'n all those sullen deities, who know
No care of Heaven above, or earth below,

54 The Chaldeans, famous for their skill in astrology.

55 Thessaly, called likewise Hæmonia, was famous for witches.

Hear and obey. The' Assyrian then, in vain,
And Memphian priests, their local gods [56] detain;
From every altar loose at once they fly,
And with the stronger foreign call comply.
The coldest hearts Thessalian numbers warm,
And ruthless bosoms own the potent charm;
With monstrous power they rouse perverse desire,
And kindle into lust the wintry sire:
Where noxious cups, and poisonous philters fail,
More potent spells and mystic verse prevail.
No draughts so strong the knots of love [57] prepare,
Crop'd from her younglings by the parent-mare.
Oft, sullen bridegrooms, who unkindly fled
From blooming beauty, and the genial bed,
Melt, as the thread [58] runs on; and, sighing, feel
The giddy whirling of the magic wheel.
Whene'er the proud enchantress gives command,
Eternal motion stops her active hand;
No more heaven's rapid circles journey on,
But universal nature stands foredone:
The lazy god of day forgets to rise,
And everlasting night pollutes the skies.

56 Gods who were particularly worshipped in particular places by votaries of their own, who yet durst not refuse to forsake those places when they were called by the Thessalian enchantments.

57 These are little excrescences of flesh upon the forehead of foals, which the mares bite off as soon as they are foaled; and if they are prevented, and those knots cut off, it is said they will not suffer their foals to suck, but hate them, and drive them away. This is mentioned as an ingredient for love-potions in Virgil's fourth Æneid.

58 This magical prevalence over hard-hearted men in love-matters, was, by winding or unwinding threads off or upon wheels: and, probably, muttering some spell over them as they wound or unwound. See Virgil's eighth Eclogue.

Jove wonders, to behold her shake the pole,
And, unconsenting, hears his thunders roll.
Now, with a word, she hides the sun's bright face,
And blots the wide ethereal azure space:
Loosely, anon, she shakes her flowing hair,
And straight the stormy louring Heavens are fair:
At once, she calls the golden light again,
The clouds fly swift away, and stops the drisly rain.
In stillest calms, she bids the waves run high,
And smooths the deep, though Boreas shakes the sky:
When winds are hush'd, her potent breath prevails,
Wafts on the bark, and fills the flagging sails.
Streams have run back at murmurs of her tongue,
And torrents from the rock suspended hung.
No more the Nile [59] his wonted seasons knows,
And in a line the strait Mæander flows.
Arar [60] has rush'd with headlong waters down,
And driven unwillingly the sluggish Rhone.
Huge mountains have been levell'd with the plain,
And far from Heaven has tall Olympus lain.
Riphæan crystal [61] has been known to melt,
And Scythian snows a sudden summer felt.
No longer press'd by Cynthia's moister beam,
Alternate Tethys heaves her swelling stream;
By charms forbid, her tides revolve no more,
But shun the margin of the guarded shore.
The pondrous earth, by magic numbers strook,
Down to her inmost centre deep has shook;

59 This river increases and decreases always at the same times of the year. See afterwards in the tenth book. The Mæander is famous for its crooked turnings and windings.

60 The Arar is naturally slow, and the Rhone rapid.

61 Ice upon the Riphæan mountains, in the extreme northern parts both of Europe and Asia.

Then, rending with a yawn, at once made way,
To join the upper and the nether day;
While wondering eyes, the dreadful cleft between,
Another starry firmament have seen.
Each deadly kind, by nature form'd to kill,
Fear the dire hags, and execute their will;
Lions, to them, their nobler rage submit,
And fawning tigers couch beneath their feet;
For them the snake foregoes her wintry hold,
And on the hoary frost untwines her fold:
The poisonous race they strike with stronger death,
And blasted vipers die by human breath.

What law the heavenly natures thus constrains,
And binds ev'n godheads in resistless chains?
What wondrous power do charms and herbs imply,
And force them thus to follow and to fly?
What is it can command them to obey?
Does choice incline, or awful terror sway?
Do secret rites their deities atone,
Or mystic piety to man unknown?
Do strong enchantments all immortals brave?
Or is there one determin'd god[62] their slave?
One, whose command obedient nature awes,
Who, subject still himself to magic laws,
Acts only as a servile second cause?
Magic the starry lamps from heaven can tear,
And shoot them gleaming through the dusky air;

[62] The poet seems to allude here to that god whom they called Demogorgon, who was the father and creator of all the other gods: who, though himself was bound in chains in the lowest hell, was yet so terrible to all the others, that they could not bear the very mention of his name; as appears towards the end of this book. Him, Lucan supposes to be subject to the power of magic, as all the other deities of what kind soever were to him.

Can blot fair Cynthia's countenance serene,
And poison with foul spells the silver queen.
Now pale the ghastly goddess shrinks with dread,
And now black smoky fires involve her head;
As when earth's envious interposing shade
Cuts off her beamy brother from her aid:
Held by the charming song, she strives in vain,
And labours with the long pursuing pain;
Till down, and downward still, compell'd to come,
On hallow'd herbs she sheds her fatal foam [63].
But these, as arts too gentle and too good,
Nor yet with death or guilt enough embrew'd,
With haughty scorn the fierce Erictho view'd.
New mischief she, new monsters durst explore,
And dealt in horrors never known before.
From towns and hospitable roofs she flies,
And every dwelling of mankind defies;
Through unfrequented deserts lonely roams,
Drives out the dead, and dwells within their tombs.
Spite of all laws which heaven or nature know,
The rule of gods above, and man below;
Grateful to hell the living hag descends,
And sits in black assemblies [64] of the fiends.
Dark matted elf-locks dangling on her brow,
Filthy, and foul, a loathsome burden grow:
Ghastly, and frightful pale, her face is seen,
Unknown to cheerful day, and skies serene:
But when the stars are veil'd, when storms arise,
And the blue forky flame at midnight flies,

63 The ancients fancied the moon to be drawn down from heaven by witchcraft, when she was eclipsed; and that at those times she shed a sort of venomous juice upon some particular plants, which was of great use in magic.

64 Which no living creature besides herself could do.

Then forth from graves she takes her wicked way,
And thwarts the glancing lightnings as they play.
Where'er she breathes, blue poisons round her spread,
The withering grass avows her fatal tread,
And drooping Ceres[65] hangs her blasted head.
Nor holy rites, nor suppliant prayer she knows,
Nor seeks the gods with sacrifice or vows:
Whate'er she offers is the spoil of urns,
And funeral fire upon her altars burns;
Nor needs she send a second voice on high,
Scar'd at the first, the trembling gods comply.
Oft in the grave the living has she laid,
And bid reviving bodies leave the dead:
Oft at the funeral pile she seeks her prey,
And bears the smoking ashes warm away;
Snatches some burning bone, or flaming brand,
And tears the torch from the sad father's hand[66];
Seizes the shroud's loose fragments as they fly,
And picks the coal where clammy juices fry.
But when the dead in marble tombs are plac'd,
Where the moist carcase by degrees shall waste,
There, greedily on every part she flies,
Strips the dry nails, and digs the goary eyes.
Her teeth from gibbets gnaw the strangling noose,
And from the cross dead murderers unloose:
Her charms the use of sun-dried marrow find,
And husky entrails wither'd in the wind;

65 The goddess of husbandry, corn, &c.

66 The nearest of kin to the deceased always set fire to the funeral pile.

These actions of Erictho were reckoned as the greatest impieties among the ancients.

Oft drops the ropy gore upon her tongue,
With cordy sinews oft her jaws are strung,
And thus suspended oft the filthy hag has hung.
Where'er the battle bleeds, and slaughter lies,
Thither, preventing birds and beasts, she hies;
Nor then content to seize the ready prey,
From their fell jaws she tears their food away:
She marks the hungry wolf's pernicious tooth,
And joys to rend the morsel from his mouth.
Nor ever yet remorse could stop her hand,
When human gore her cursed rites demand.
Whether some tender infant, yet unborn,
From the lamenting mother's side is torn;
Whether her purpose asks some bolder shade,
And by her knife, the ghost she wants, is made;
Or whether, curious in the choice of blood,
She catches the first gushing of the flood;
All mischief is of use, and every murder good.
When blooming youths in early manhood die,
She stands a terrible attendant by;
The downy growth from off their cheeks she tears,
Or cuts, left-handed, some selected hairs.
Oft when in death her gasping kindred lay,
Some pious office[67] would she feign to pay;
And while close hovering o'er the bed she hung,
Bit the pale lips, and crop'd the quivering tongue;
Then, in hoarse murmurs, ere the ghost could go,
Mutter'd some message to the shades below.
A fame like this around the region spread,
To prove her power, the younger Pompey led.
Now half her sable course the night had run,
And low beneath us roll'd the beamy sun;

[67] As receiving the last breath of the dying person.

When the vile youth in silence cross'd the plain,
Attended by his wonted worthless train.
Through ruins waste and old, long wandering round,
Lonely upon a rock, the hag they found.
There, as it chanc'd, in sullen mood she sate,
Pondering upon the war's approaching fate:
At that same hour she ran new numbers o'er,
And spells, unheard by hell itself before.
Fearful, lest wavering destiny might change,
And bid the war in distant regions range,
She charm'd Pharsalia's field with early care,
To keep the warriors and the slaughter there.
So may her impious arts in triumph reign,
And riot in the plenty of the slain:
So, many a royal ghost she may command,
Mangle dead heroes with a ruthless hand,
And rob of many an urn Hesperia's mourning land.
Already she enjoys the dreadful field,
And thinks what spoils the rival chiefs[68] shall yield;
With what fell rage each corse she shall invade,
And fly rapacious on the prostrate dead.
To her a lowly suppliant, thus begun
The noble Pompey's much unworthy son.
"Hail! mighty mistress of Hæmonian arts,
To whom stern fate her dark decrees imparts;
At thy approving, bids her purpose stand,
Or alters it at thy rever'd command.
From thee, my humbler awful hopes presume
To learn my father's, and my country's doom:
Nor think this grace to one unworthy done,
When thou shalt know me for great Pompey's son:

[68] Cæsar and Pompey.

With him, all fortunes am I born to share,
His ruin's partner, or his empire's heir[69].
Let not blind chance for ever wavering stand,
And awe us with her unresolving hand:
I own my mind unequal to the weight,
Nor can I bear the pangs of doubtful fate:
Let it be certain what we have to fear,
And then—no matter——Let the time draw near.
Oh! let thy charms this truth from heaven compel,
Or force the dreadful Stygian gods to tell.
Call death, all pale and meagre, from below,
And from herself her fatal purpose know;
Constrain'd by thee, the phantom shall declare
Whom she decrees to strike, and whom to spare.
Nor ever can thy skill divine foresee,
Through the blind maze of long futurity,
Events more worthy of thy arts and thee."

Pleas'd that her magic fame diffusely flies,
Thus, with a horrid smile, the hag replies.

"Hadst thou, oh noble youth[70]! my aid implor'd
For any less decision of the sword;
The gods, unwilling, should my power confess,
And crown thy wishes with a full success.
Hadst thou desir'd some single friend to save,
Long had my charms withheld him from the grave;
Or would thy hate some foe this instant doom,
He dies, though heaven decrees him years to come.

69 I do not know whether the word 'empire' is not a little too strong; it is intended to mean no more than that legal power Pompey was possessed of.

70 Though Lucan gives Sextus Pompeius a vile character, it is not improper, for the mouth that speaks here, to call him noble; nor for the dead soldier, whom she raises to life afterwards, to do the same.

But when effects are to their causes chain'd,
From everlasting[71] mightily ordain'd;
When all things labour for one certain end,
And on one action centre and depend:
Then far behind, we own, our arts are cast,
And magic is by fortune's power surpass'd.
Howe'er, if yet thy soul can be content,
Only to know that undisclos'd event;
My potent charms o'er nature shall prevail,
And from a thousand mouths extort the tale:
This truth the fields, the floods, the rocks shall tell,
The thunder of high heaven, or groans of hell.
Though still more kindly oracles remain,
Among the recent deaths[72] of yonder plain.
Of these a corse our mystic rites shall raise,
As yet unshrunk by Titan's parching blaze;
So shall no maim the vocal pipes confound,
But the sad shade shall breathe, distinct in human sound."

While yet he spoke, a double darkness spread,
Black clouds and murky fogs involve her head,
While o'er the' unburied heaps her footsteps tread.

71 I have observed in the life of Lucan, that he was a disciple of Cornutus, the stoic-philosopher, of which this and many other passages in this poem are proofs. It is true, he talks in many places of the wanton and unaccountable disposal of things below, by fortune and the gods: yet that does not hinder us from supposing all those disposals necessarily preordained. Nay, I have heard it affirmed by a critic, who I think understands this author very well, that wherever he names fortune he means fate. How far that may be made good I do not know.

72 Occasioned by some skirmishes of parties from the two armies.

Wolves howl'd, and fled where'er she took her way,
And hungry vultures left the mangled prey:
The savage race, abash'd, before her yield,
And while she culls her prophet, quit the field.
To various carcases by turns she flies,
And, griping with her gory fingers, tries;
Till one of perfect organs can be found,
And fibrous lungs uninjur'd by a wound.
Of all the flitting shadows of the slain,
Fate doubts which ghost shall turn to life again.
At her strong bidding (such is her command)
Armies at once had left the Stygian strand;
Hell's multitudes had waited on her charms,
And legions of the dead had risen to arms.
Among the dreadful carnage strew'd around,
One, for her purpose fit, at length she found;
In his pale jaws a rusty hook she hung,
And drag'd the wretched lifeless load along:
Anon, beneath a craggy cliff she stay'd,
And in a dreary delve her burden laid;
There evermore the wicked witch delights
To do her deeds accurs'd, and practise hellish rites.
Low as the realms where Stygian Jove[73] is crown'd,
Subsides the gloomy vale within the ground;
A downward grove, that never knew to rise,
Or shoot its leafy honours to the skies,
From hanging rocks declines its drooping head,
And covers in the cave with dreadful shade;
Within dismay, and fear, and darkness dwell,
And filth obscene besmears the baleful cell.

[73] Pluto. So Virgil calls Proserpine 'infernal Juno.'

There, lasting night no beamy dawning knows,
No light but such as magic flames disclose;
Heavy, as in Tænarian caverns [74], there
In dull stagnation sleeps the lazy air.
There meet the boundaries of life and death,
The borders of our world, and that beneath;
Thither the rulers of the' infernal court
Permit their airy vassals to resort:
Thence, with like ease, the sorceress could tell,
As if descending down, the deeds of hell.
And now she for the solemn task prepares;
A mantle patch'd with various threads she wears,
And binds, with twining snakes, her wilder hairs.
All pale, for dread, the dastard youth she spied,
Heartless his mates stood quivering by his side.
"Be bold! (she cries) dismiss this abject fear;
Living, and human, shall the form appear, [hear.
And breathe no sounds but what ev'n you may
How had your vile, your coward souls been quell'd,
Had you the livid Stygian lakes beheld;
Heard the loud floods of rolling sulphur roar,
And burst in thunder on the burning shore?
Had you survey'd yon prison-house of woe,
And giants bound in adamant below?
Seen the vast dog with curling vipers swell;
Heard screaming Furies, at my coming, yell,
Double their rage, and add new pains to hell?"

74 Tænarus, Tænarum, or Tænarium, (for it is written all these several ways) was a promontory of Laconia in Peloponnesus, and near it a town of the same name. The promontory is now called Cape Metapan in the Morea. Here was a cave, or deep hole, very famous among the ancients; as being supposed to be one of the mouths of hell, through which Hercules dragged Cerberus up to the light

This said: she runs the mangled carcase o'er,
And wipes from every wound the crusty gore;
Now with hot blood the frozen breast she warms,
And with strong lunar dews[75] confirms her charms.
Anon she mingles every monstrous birth,
Which nature, wayward and perverse, brings forth.
Nor entrails of the spotted Lynx she lacks,
Nor bony joints from fell Hyæna's backs;
Nor deer's hot marrow, rich with snaky food[76];
Nor foam of raging dogs that fly the flood[77].
Her store the tardy Remora[78] supplies,
With stones[79] from eagles warm, and dragons' eyes;
Snakes that on pinions cut their airy way,
And nimbly o'er Arabian deserts prey;
The viper[80] bred in Erythræan streams,
To guard in costly shells the growing gems;
The slough by Libya's horned serpent cast;
With ashes by the dying Phœnix plac'd
On odorous altars, in the fragrant east.

75 See note 62 of this book.

76 It was an ancient tradition, that deer, when they were grown old, had a power of drawing serpents out of their holes with their breath; which they afterwards killed and eat, and thereby renewed their youth.

77 This symptom not only attends upon mad dogs, but those that are bitten by them.

78 A fish that sticks to the bottom of ships, and hinders their way.

79 What we call eagle-stones, said to be found in the nests of eagles. The eyes of dragons, pulverized and mixed with honey, were said to be used for anointing the eyes, in order to fortify them for beholding spectres or ghosts.

80 It was reported among the ancients, that in the Red or Erythræan sea, a viper breeds in the same shell where the pearls grow; but I do not remember to have met any modern confirmation of this piece of natural history.

To these she joins dire drugs, without a name,
A thousand poisons never known to fame;
Herbs, o'er whose leaves the hag her spells had sung,
And wet with cursed spittle as they sprung;
With every other mischief most abhor'd,
Which hell, or worse Erictho, could afford.
At length, in murmurs hoarse her voice was heard,
Her voice, beyond all plants, all magic fear'd,
And by the lowest Stygian gods rever'd.
Her gabbling tongue a muttering tone confounds,
Discordant, and unlike to human sounds:
It seem'd, of dogs the bark, of wolves the howl,
The doleful screeching of the midnight owl;
The hiss of snakes, the hungry lion's roar,
The bound of billows beating on the shore;
The groan of winds amongst the leafy wood,
And burst of thunder from the rending cloud:
'Twas these, all these in one. At length she breaks
Thus into magic verse, and thus the gods bespeaks.
"Ye Furies! and thou black accursed hell!
Ye woes! in which the damn'd for ever dwell;
Chaos [81], the world, and form's eternal foe!
And thou sole arbiter of all below,
Pluto! whom ruthless fates a god ordain,
And doom to immortality of pain;
Ye fair Elysian mansions of the bless'd,
Where no Thessalian charmer hopes to rest;
Styx! and Persephone, compell'd to fly
Thy fruitful mother, and the cheerful sky!
Third Hecate [82]! by whom my whispers breathe
My secret purpose to the shades beneath;

[81] Or confusion.

[82] This goddess was called Luna in heaven, Diana upon

Thou greedy dog[83], who at the' infernal gate
In everlasting hunger still dost wait!
And thou old Charon, horrible and hoar!
For ever labouring back from shore to shore;
Who, murmuring, dost in weariness complain,
That I so oft demand thy dead again:
Hear, all ye powers! if e'er your hell rejoice
In the lov'd horrors of this impious voice;
If still with human flesh[84] I have been fed
If pregnant mothers have, to please you, bled;
If from the womb these ruthless hands have torn
Infants, mature and struggling to be born;
Hear and obey! Nor do I ask a ghost,
Long since receiv'd upon your Stygian coast;
But one that, new to death, for entrance waits,
And loiters yet before your gloomy gates.
Let the pale shade these herbs, these numbers hear[85],
And in his well-known, warlike form appear.
Here let him stand, before his leader's son,
And say what dire events are drawing on:
If blood be your delight, let this be done!"

Foaming she spoke: then rear'd her hateful head,
And hard at hand beheld the' attending shade.
Too well the trembling sprite the carcase knew,
And fear'd to enter into life anew:

earth, and Persephone or Proserpina in hell. In the pagan theology it was very usual for their gods to have many names, as well as many offices. This piece of superstition is exactly copied from them by the papists, in the several employments which are assigned to their saints.

83 Cerberus.

84 To make myself more agreeable to you.

85 The original is

Licet has exaudiat herbas.

Fain from those mangled limbs it would have run,
And, loathing, strove that house of pain to shun.
Ah, wretch! to whom the cruel fates deny
That privilege of human kind, to die!
Wroth was the hag at lingering death's delay,
And wonder'd hell could dare to disobey:
With curling snakes the senseless trunk she beats,
And curses dire, at every lash, repeats;
With magic numbers cleaves the groaning ground,
And thus barks downwards to the' abyss profound.
"Ye fiends hell-born! ye sisters of despair!
Thus, is it thus my will becomes your care?
Still sleep those whips within your idle hands,
Nor drive the loitering ghost this voice demands?
But mark me well! my charms, in fate's despite,
Shall drag you forth, ye Stygian dogs[86], to light;
Through vaults and tombs, where now secure you roam,
My vengeance shall pursue, and chase you home.
And thou, oh! Hecate, that dar'st to rise,
Various and alter'd to immortal eyes,
No more shalt veil thy horrors in disguise;
Still in thy form accursed shalt thou dwell,
Nor change the face that nature made for hell.
Each mystery beneath I will display,
And Stygian loves shall stand confess'd to-day.
Thee, Proserpine! thy fatal feast[87] I'll show,
What leagues detain thee in the realms below,
And why thy once fond mother loads thee now.

[86] The Furies. As if she would say, 'I will call you by your most detested name.'

[87] The fable of Proserpine's eating the kernel of a pomegranate, and by virtue of that being confined to hell, is a known story in Ovid. Ascensius, in his notes upon this place,

At my command earth's barrier shall remove,
And piercing Titan vex infernal Jove;
Full on his throne the blazing beams shall beat,
And light abhor'd afflict the gloomy seat.
Yet, am I yet, ye sullen fiends, obey'd?
Or must I call your master [88] to my aid?
At whose dread name the trembling furies quake,
Hell stands abash'd, and earth's foundations shake?
Who views the gorgons with intrepid eyes,
And your unviolable flood [89] defies?"
She said; and, at the word, the frozen blood
Slowly began to roll its creeping flood;
Through the known channels stole the purple tide,
And warmth and motion through the members glide;
The nerves are stretch'd, the turgid muscles swell,
And the heart moves within its secret cell;
The haggard eyes their stupid lights disclose,
And heavy by degrees [90] the corpse arose.

will have it to mean her immodest and incestuous commerce with her uncle Pluto. He says the word *mala*, apples, has often an obscene sense, and to prove it, quotes that verse in Virgil's Eclogues,

Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.

88 Demogorgon. See note 61 of this book.

89 Styx, by which when the gods swore, they were bound to observe what they promised.

90 In the translation of this passage, I have taken the liberty to vary so far from my author's sense, as to make the English quite contrary to the Latin. Lucan says, the corpse did not rise leisurely, but started up at once. I must own, I could not but think the slow heavy manner of rising by degrees, as in the translation, much more solemn and proper for the occasion. I have taken so few liberties of this kind, in comparison of what Mons. Brebeuf, the French translator, has done, that I hope my readers, if they do not approve of it, will however be the mor inclinable to pardon what I have altered from the original here.

Doubtful and faint the' uncertain life appears,
And death, all o'er, the livid visage wears,
Pale, stiff, and mute, the ghastly figure stands,
Nor knows to speak but at her dread commands.
When thus the hag: "Speak, what I wish to know,
And endless rest attends thy shade below;
Reveal the truth, and, to reward thy pain,
No charms shall drag thee back to life again;
Such hallow'd wood shall feed thy funeral fire,
Such numbers to thy last repose conspire,
No sister of our art thy ghost shall wrong,
Or force thee listen to her potent song.
Since the dark gods [91] in mystic tripods dwell,
Since doubtful truths ambiguous prophets tell;
While each event aright and plain is read,
To every bold inquirer of the dead:
Do thou unfold what end these wars shall wait;
Persons, and things, and time, and place relate,
And be the just interpreter of fate."

She spoke, and as she spoke a spell she made,
That gave new prescience to the' unknowing shade.
When thus the spectre, weeping all for woe;
"Seek not from me the Parcæ's will to know.
I saw not what their dreadful looms [92] ordain,
Too soon recall'd to hated life again;
Recall'd, ere yet my waiting ghost had pass'd
The silent stream, that wafts us all to rest.
All I could learn was from the loose report
Of wandering shades, that to the banks resort.

[91] Since oracles and prophets are silent or unintelligible, do thou for the honour of necromancy (the art of inquiring by the dead) speak plainly and truly.

[92] In which the Parcæ (or destinies) spun, or rather wove, the fates of mankind.

Uproar and discord, never known till now,
Distract the peaceful realms of death below.
From blissful plains of sweet Elysium some,
Others from doleful dens and torments come;
While in the face of every various shade,
The woes of Rome too plainly might be read.
In tears lamenting, ghosts of patriots[93] stood,
And mourn'd their country in a falling flood;
Sad were the Decii, and the Curii seen,
And heavy was the great Camillus' mien:
On fortune loud indignant Sylla rail'd,
And Scipio his unhappy race bewail'd;
The censor sad foresaw his Cato's doom,
Resolv'd to die for liberty and Rome.
Of all the shades that haunt the happy field,
Thee only, Brutus[94]! smiling I beheld!
Thee, thou first consul, haughty Tarquin's dread,
From whose just wrath the conscious tyrant fled,
When freedom first uprear'd her infant head.
Meanwhile, the damn'd exult amidst their pains,
And Catiline[95] audacious breaks his chains.

93 For the Decii, Curii, and Camilli, see the notes on books first and second. Their sadness upon this occasion foretold Cæsar's success; whom they looked upon as an enemy to, and subverter of, the commonwealth they had so gloriously defended. The Scipio mentioned here is probably Scipio Africanus, who foresees the death of Corn. Scipio, Pompey's father-in-law; as Cato the Censor is concerned for his great grandson Cato of Utica.

94 L. Junius Brutus, who drove out the Tarquins. The poet represents him as pleased with the hopes that one of his family was to revenge the cause of Rome by the death of Cæsar.

Thee only.] That is, 'thee only amongst the just and virtuous, and those who were lovers of their country.'

95 Catiline and Cethegus were concerned in a famous conspiracy for the destruction of Rome. (For these and the Marii,

There the Cethegan naked race I view'd,
The Marii fierce, with human gore embrew'd,
The Gracchi, fond of mischief-making laws,
And Drusi, popular in faction's cause;
All clap'd their hands in horrible applause.
The crash of brazen fetters rung around,
And hell's wide caverns trembled with the sound.
No more the bounds of fate their guilt constrain,
But proudly they demand the' Elysian plain.
Thus they, while dreadful Dis[96], with busy cares,
New torments for the conquerors[97] prepares;
New chains of adamant he forms below,
And opens all his deep reserves of woe:
Sharp are the pains for tyrants kept in store,
And flames yet ten times hotter than before.
But thou, oh noble youth! in peace depart,
And soothe with better hopes thy doubtful heart:
Sweet is the rest, and blissful is the place,
That wait thy sire, and his illustrious race.
Nor fondly seek to lengthen out thy date,
Nor envy the surviving victor's fate;
The hour draws near when all alike must yield,
And death shall mix the fame of every field.
Haste then, with glory, to your destin'd end,
And proudly from your humbler urns[98] descend;

see book ii.) The Drusi and the Gracchi were tribunes of the people, who had been great sticklers for the Agrarian and Frumentarian laws, by which they would have reduced every man's estate and the provisions for his family to an equality. They were somewhat like the Levellers in Oliver Cromwell's time, and were the authors of very dangerous seditions and confusion in the state. See book i. note 31.

96 Pluto.

97 For Cæsar and those of his party.

98 You of Pompey's race shall not be buried with magni-

Bold in superior virtue shall you come,
And trample on the demigods of Rome.
Ah! what shall it import the mighty dead,
Or by the Nile or Tiber[99] to be laid?
'Tis only for a grave your wars are made.
Seek not to know what for thyself remains,
That shall be told[100] in fair Sicilia's plains;
Prophetic there, thy father's shade shall rise,
In awful vision to thy wondering eyes:
He shall thy fate reveal; though doubting yet,
Where he may best advise thee to retreat.
In vain to various climates shall you run,
In vain pursuing fortune strive to shun,
In Europe, Afric, Asia, still undone.
Wide as your triumphs shall your ruins lie,
And all in distant regions shall you die.
Ah, wretched race! to whom the world can yield
No safer refuge, than Emathia's field!"
He said, and with a silent, mournful look,
A last dismission from the hag bespoke.
Nor can the sprite, discharg'd by Death's cold hand,
Again be subject to the same command.
But charms and magic herbs must lend their aid,
And render back to rest the troubled shade.
A pile of hollow'd wood Erictho builds,
The soul with joy its mangled carcase yields;

ficence, and afterwards deified, as Cæsar and his descendants may be; but in the next life you will be infinitely superior to them, more glorious, and more happy.

99 Pompey was killed in Egypt, and Cæsar in Rome.

100 This passage is a plain proof that Lucan intended to carry on his poem much further than the period at which he left it; since he alludes here to an appearance of Pompey's ghost to his son, which was undoubtedly to be introduced in the subsequent part of his story.

She bids the kindling flames ascend on high,
And leaves the weary wretch at length to die.
Then, while the secret dark their footsteps hides,
Homeward the youth, all pale for fear, she guides.
And, for the light began to streak the east,
With potent spells the dawning she repress'd;
Commanded night's obedient queen to stay,
And, till they reach'd the camp, withheld the rising day.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT.

In the seventh book is told, first, Pompey's dream the night before the battle of Pharsalia; after that, the impatient desire of his army to engage, which is reinforced by Tully. Pompey, though against his own opinion and inclination, agrees to a battle. Then follows the speech of each general to his army, and the battle itself: the flight of Pompey; Cæsar's behaviour after his victory; and an invective against him, and the very country of Thessaly, for being the scene (according to this and other authors) of so many misfortunes to the people of Rome.

LATE, and unwilling, from his watery bed,
Uprear'd the mournful sun his cloudy head;
He sicken'd to behold Emathia's plain,
And would have sought the backward east again:
Full oft he turn'd him from the destin'd race, [face.
And wish'd some dark eclipse might veil his radiant
Pompey[1], meanwhile, in pleasing visions pass'd
The night, of all his happy nights the last.

[1] Plutarch says, that the night before the battle Pompey dreamed, that as he went into the theatre, the people received him with great applause; and that he himself adorned the temple of Venus the Victorious with many spoils. This vision partly encouraged and partly disheartened him; fearing lest that adorn-

It seem'd as if, in all his former state,
In his own theatre secure he sate:
About his side unnumber'd Romans crowd,
And, joyful, shout his much-lov'd name aloud;
The echoing benches seem to ring around,
And his charm'd ears devour the pleasing sound.
Such both himself, and such the people seem,
In the false prospect of the feigning dream;
As when, in early manhood's beardless bloom,
He stood the darling hope and joy of Rome.
When fierce Sertorius by his arms suppress'd,
And Spain subdued, the conqueror confess'd;
When rais'd with honours never known before,
The consul's purple, yet a youth [2], he wore:
When the pleas'd senate sat with new delight,
To view the triumph of a Roman knight.
Perhaps, when our good days no longer last,
The mind runs backward, and enjoys the past:
Perhaps, the riddling visions of the night
With contrarieties delude our sight;
And when fair scenes of pleasure they disclose,
Pain they foretel, and sure ensuing woes.
Or was it not, that, since the fates ordain
Pompey should never see his Rome again,
One last good office yet they meant to do,
And gave him in a dream this parting view?
Oh, may no trumpet bid the leader wake!
Long, let him long, the blissful slumber take!
Too soon the morrow's sleepless night will come,
Full fraught with slaughter, misery, and Rome;

ing a place consecrated to Venus should be performed with spoils taken from himself by Cæsar, who derived his family from that goddess.

[2] See the notes upon Cæsar's speech to his soldiers in the first book.

With horror, and dismay, those shades shall rise,
And the lost battle live before his eyes.
How bless'd his fellow-citizens had been,
Though but in dreams, their Pompey to have seen!
Oh! that the gods, in pity, would allow
Such long-tried friends their destiny to know;
So each to each might their sad thoughts convey,
And make the most of their last mournful day.
But now, unconscious of the ruin nigh,
Within his native land he[3] thinks to die:
While her fond hopes[4] with confidence presume,
Nothing so terrible from fate can come,
As to be robb'd of her lov'd Pompey's tomb.
Had the sad city fate's decree foreknown,
What floods, fast falling, should her loss bemoan;
Then should the lusty youth, and fathers hoar,
With mingling tears, their chief renown'd deplore;
Maids, matrons, wives, and babes, a helpless train,
As once for godlike Brutus[5], should complain;
Their tresses should they tear, their bosoms beat,
And cry loud-wailing in the doleful street.
Nor shalt thou, Rome, thy gushing sorrows keep,
Though aw'd by Cæsar, and forbid to weep;
Though while he tells thee of thy Pompey dead,
He shakes his threatening falchion o'er thy head.
Lamenting crowds the conqueror shall meet,
And with a peal of groans his triumph greet;
In sad procession, sighing shall they go,
And stain his laurels with the streams of woe.

3 Pompey. 4 Pompey's country, Rome.

5 The people of Rome made a solemn mourning of a year for L. Junius Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins, as for a public and common father.

But now the fainting stars at length gave way,
And hid their vanquish'd fires in beamy day;
When round the leader's tent [6] the legions crowd,
And, urg'd by fate, demand the fight aloud.
Wretches! that long their little life to waste,
And hurry on those hours that fly too fast!
Too soon, for thousands, shall the day be done,
Whose eyes no more shall see the setting sun.
Tumultuous speech, the' impulsive rage confess'd,
And Rome's bad genius rose in every breast.
With vile disgrace they blot their leader's name,
Pronounce ev'n Pompey fearful, slow, and tame,
And cry, 'He sinks beneath his father's [7] fame.'
Some charge him with ambition's guilty views,
And think 'tis power and empire he pursues;
That, fearing peace, he practises delay,
And would, for ever, make the world obey.
While eastern kings of lingering wars complain,
And wish to view their native realms again.
Thus when the gods are pleas'd to plague mankind,
Our own rash hands are to the task assign'd;
By them ordain'd the tools of fate to be,
We blindly act the mischiefs they decree;
We call the battle, we the sword prepare,
And Rome's destruction is the Roman pray'r.
The general voice, united, Tully takes,
And for the rest the sweet persuader speaks.
Tully, for happy eloquence renown'd,
With every Roman grace of language crown'd;
Beneath whose rule and government rever'd,
Fierce Catiline [8] the peaceful axes fear'd:

6 Pompey's. 7 Cæsar.

8 M. Tullius Cicero, the famous orator, was consul at the time of Catiline's conspiracy; and it was by his prudence principally that it was suppressed.

But now, detain'd amidst an armed throng,
Where lost his arts, and useless was his tongue,
The orator had borne the camp too long.
He to the vulgar side his pleading draws,
And thus enforces much their feeble cause:
" For all that fortune for thy arms has done,
For all thy fame acquir'd, thy battles won;
This only boon her suppliant vows implore,
That thou wouldst deign to use her aid once more:
In this, O Pompey! kings and chiefs unite,
And, to chastise proud Cæsar, ask the fight.
Shall he, one man against the world combin'd,
Protract destruction, and embroil mankind?
What will the vanquish'd nations murmuring say,
Where once thy conquests cut their winged way;
When they behold thy virtue lazy now,
And see thee move thus languishing and slow?
Where are those fires that warm'd thee to be great?
That stable soul, and confidence in fate?
Canst thou the gods ungratefully mistrust?
Or think the senate's sacred cause unjust?
Scarce are the' impatient ensigns yet withheld:
Why art thou, thus, to victory compell'd?
Dost thou Rome's chief, and in her cause, appear?
'Tis her's to choose the field, and she appoints it here.
Why is this ardour of the world withstood,
The injur'd world, that thirsts for Cæsar's blood?
See! where the troops with indignation stand,
Each javelin trembling in an eager hand,
And wait, unwillingly, the last command.
Resolve the senate then, and let them know,
Are they thy servants, or their servant thou?"
Sore sigh'd the listening chief, who well could
Some dire delusion by the gods decreed; [read

He saw the fates malignantly inclin'd
To thwart his purpose, and perplex his mind.
" Since thus (he cried) it is by all decreed,
Since my impatient friends and country need
My hand to fight, and not my head to lead;
Pompey no longer shall your fate delay,
But let pernicious fortune take her way,
And waste the world on one devoted day.
But oh! be witness thou my native Rome,
With what a sad foreboding heart I come;
To thy hard fate unwillingly I yield,
While thy rash sons compel me to the field.
How easily had Cæsar been subdu'd,
And the bless'd victory been free from blood!
But the fond Romans cheap renown disdain;
They wish for deaths to purple o'er the plain,
And reeking gore their guilty swords to stain.
Driv'n by my fleets, behold, the flying foe
At once the empire of the deep forego;
Here by necessity they seem to stand,
Coop'd up within a corner of the land.
By famine to the last extremes compell'd, [field;
They snatch green harvests from the' unripen'd
And wish we may this only grace afford,
To let them die like soldiers, by the sword.
" 'Tis true, it seems an earnest of success,
That thus our bolder youth for action press:
But let them try their inmost hearts with care,
And judge betwixt true valour, and rash fear;
Let them be sure this eagerness is right,
And certain fortitude demands the fight.
In war, in dangers, oft it has been known,
That fear has driv'n the headlong coward on,

Give me the man, whose cooler soul can wait
With patience, for the proper hour of fate.
See what a prosperous face our fortunes bear!
Why should we trust them to the chance of war?
Why must we risk the world's uncertain doom,
And rather choose to fight than overcome?
Thou goddess, Chance! who to my careful hand
Hast given this wearisome supreme command;
If I have, to the task of empire just,
Enlarg'd the bounds committed to my trust;
Be kind, and to thyself the rule resume,
And, in the fight, defend the cause of Rome:
To thy own crowns the wreath of conquest join;
Nor let the glory nor the crime be mine.
But see! thy hopes, unhappy Pompey! fail:
We fight; and Cæsar's stronger vows prevail.
Oh, what a scene of guilt this day shall show!
What crowds shall fall, what nations be laid low!
Red shall Enipeus run with Roman blood,
And to the margin swell his foamy flood.
Oh! if our cause my aid no longer need,
Oh! may my bosom be the first to bleed:
Me let the thrilling javelin foremost strike,
Since death and victory are now alike.
To-day [9], with ruin shall my name be join'd,
Or stand the common curse of all mankind;
By every woe the vanquish'd shall be known,
And every infamy the victor crown."
He spoke; and, yielding to the' impetuous crowd,
The battle to his frantic bands allow'd.

9 'If I conquer, it must be by the slaughter of my fellow-'citizens, and consequently I become the object of their hate. 'If I am conquered, I must be ruined myself.'

So, when long vex'd by stormy Corus' [10] blast,
The weary pilot quits the helm at last;
He leaves his vessel to the winds to guide,
And drive unsteady with the tumbling tide.
Loud through the camp the rising murmurs sound,
And one tumultuous hurry runs around;
Sudden their busy hearts began to beat [11],
And each pale visage wore the marks of fate.
Anxious they see the dreadful day is come,
That must decide the destiny of Rome.
This single vast concern employs the host,
And private fears are in the public lost.
Should earth be rent, should darkness quench the sun,
Should swelling seas above the mountains run,
Should universal nature's end draw near,
Who could have leisure for himself to fear?
With such consent his safety each forgot,
And Rome and Pompey took up every thought.
And now the warriors all, with busy care,
Whet the dull sword, and point the blunted spear;
With tougher nerves they string the bended bow,
And in full quivers steely shafts bestow:
The horseman sees his furniture made fit,
Sharpens the spur, and burnishes the bit;
Fixes the rein to check, or urge his speed,
And animates to fight the snorting steed.
Such once the busy gods' employments were,
If mortal men to gods we may compare,
When earth's bold sons began their impious war.

[10] Corus is, according to Cellarius's scheme of winds, N.W. and by W.; but here it is taken for any wind.

[11] It is by no means an improper thought, that though the soldiers were very eager for the battle, they might yet be in some consternation when they perceived it was resolved upon in earnest; especially, when so much was to depend upon it.

The Lemnian power [12], with many a stroke, restor'd
Blue Neptune's trident, and stern Mars's sword;
In terrible array, the blue-eyed maid
The horrors of her Gorgon-shield display'd;
Phœbus his once victorious shafts renew'd,
Disus'd, and rusty with the Python's blood;
While, with unwearied toil, the Cyclops strove
To forge new thunders for imperial Jove.
Nor wanted then dire omens [13], to declare
What curs'd events Thessalia's plains prepare.
Black storms oppos'd against the warriors lay,
And lightnings thwarted their forbidden way;
Full in their eyes the dazzling flashes broke,
And with amaze their troubled senses stroke:
Tall fiery columns in the skies were seen,
With watery Typhons [14] interwove between.
Glancing along the bands, swift meteors shoot,
And from the helm the plumy honours cut;
Sudden the flame dissolves the javelin's head,
And liquid runs the shining steely blade.
Strange to behold! their weapons disappear,
While sulphurous odour taints the smoking air.
The standard, as unwilling to be borne,
With pain from the tenacious earth is torn:

12 Vulcan, who kept his shop and forge at Lemnos.

13 Most of these portents are related by Valerius Maximus to have happened to Pompey, in his march from Dyrrhachium into Thessaly; and, according to him, they were so many warnings to avoid a battle with Cæsar.

14 Typhons were what our seamen call water-spouts. Accounts of them are frequently to be met with in voyages, especially in the West Indian seas. They appear like vast pillars of water moving upon the surface of the sea; and, when they break, are very dangerous to any ships that are near. I never heard of any in an inland country; though they may possibly be drawn up, upon lakes or large rivers, by hurricanes.

Anon, black swarms hang clustering on its height,
And press the bearer with unwonted weight [15].
Big drops of grief each sweating marble wears,
And Parian gods [16] and heroes stand in tears.
No more the' auspicious victim tamely dies [17],
But, furious, from the hallow'd fane he flies;
Breaks off the rites with prodigies profane,
And bellowing seeks Emathia's fatal plain.
But who, O Cæsar! who were then thy gods?
Whom didst thou summon from their dark abodes?
The Furies listen'd to thy grateful vows,
And dreadful to the day the powers of hell arose.
Did then the monsters, Fame records, appear?
Or were they only phantoms form'd by fear?
Some saw the moving mountains meet like foes,
And, rending earth, new gaping caves disclose.
Others beheld a sanguine torrent take
Its purple course through fair Bœbeïs' lake [18];
Heard each returning night, portentous, yield
Loud shouts of battle on Pharsalia's field:
While others thought they saw the light decay,
And sudden shades oppress the fainting day;

[15] The standards sticking too fast in the ground, or having bees swarm upon them, were omens always reckoned of the worst kind, of which Livy gives several instances; particularly before the battle of Thrasymene, in the second Punic war.

[16] From the island of Paros came the whitest and finest marble, of which the statues of gods, or great men, were usually made. This island was one of the Cyclades in the Ægean sea, and is now called Pario.

[17] This repugnance in the victim to submit to the sacrifice was reckoned very unlucky.

[18] Not far from Pharsalia, in that part of Thessaly called Magnetia.

Fancied wild horrors in each other's face,
And saw the ghosts of all their buried race;
Beheld them rise and glare with pale affright,
And stalk around 'em in the new-made night.
Whate'er the cause [19], the crowd, by Fate decreed,
To make their brothers, sons, and fathers bleed,
Consenting, to the prodigies agreed;
And while they thirst impatient for that blood,
Bless these nefarious omens all—as good.
But wherefore should we wonder, to behold
That death's approach by madness was foretold?
Wild are the wandering thoughts which last survive;
And these had not another day to live.
These shook for what they saw; while distant climes,
Unknowing, trembled for Emathia's crimes.
Where Tyrian Gades sees the setting sun,
And where Araxes' rapid waters run,
From the bright orient to the glowing west,
In every nation, every Roman breast
The terrors of that dreadful day confess'd.
Where Aponus [20] first springs in smoky steam,
And full Timavus [21] rolls his nobler stream;
Upon a hill that day, if Fame be true,
A learned augur [22] sat, the skies to view:—

[19] These prodigies (the poet says) were agreeable to that horrible disposition of mind which at that time had possessed both parties, and prepared them for imbrewing their hands in the blood of their nearest relations and fellow-citizens.

[20] Aponus is a fountain famous for medicinal waters, near Padua in Italy. Suetonius mentions it (Cap. 14. of the Life of Tiberius) upon a remarkable occasion.

[21] Timavus is a river in the same country, once a large and very famous one. It is now called Friuli, but is almost dried up, and shrunk to nothing.

[22] Upon the day when the famous battle of Pharsalia wa

" 'Tis come, the great event is come, (he cried)
Our impious chiefs their wicked war decide."
Whether the Seer observ'd Jove's forky flame,
And mark'd the firmament's discordant frame;
Or whether, in that gloom of sudden night,
The struggling sun declar'd the dreadful fight:
From the first birth of morning in the skies,
Sure never day like this was known to rise;
In the blue vault, as in a volume spread,
Plain might the Latian destiny be read.
Oh Rome! oh people, by the gods assign'd
To be the worthy masters of mankind!
On thee the Heavens with all their signals wait,
And suffering nature labours with thy fate.
When thy great names to latest times convey'd,
By fame, or by my verse, immortal made,
In free-born nations justly shall prevail,
And rouse their passions with this noblest tale;
How shall they fear for thy approaching doom,
As if each past event were yet to come!
How shall their bosoms swell with vast concern,
And long the doubtful chance of war to learn!
Ev'n then the favouring world with thee shall join,
And every honest heart to Pompey's cause incline.
Descending now, the bands in just array,
From burnish'd arms reflect the beamy day;
In an ill hour they spread the fatal field,
And with portentous blaze the neighbouring mountains gild.

fought, C. Cornelius, an augur, was then at Padua; and, observing his rules of augury, told them that stood by him the very instant when the battle began; and going again to his art, returned as it were inspired, and cried out aloud, " Cæsar, thou hast conquer'd!"

On the left wing, bold Lentulus, their head,
The first and fourth selected legions led[23];
Luckless Domitius, vainly brave in war,
Drew forth the right with unauspicious care.
In the mid battle daring Scipio fought,
With eight full legions from Cilicia brought.
Submissive here to Pompey's high command,
The warrior undistinguish'd took his stand,
Reserv'd to be the chief, on Libya's burning sand.
Near the low marshes and Enipeus' flood,
The Pontic horse, and Cappadocian stood.
While kings and tetrarchs proud, a purple train,
Liegemen and vassals to the Latian reign,
Possess'd the rising grounds and drier plain.
Here troops of black Numidians scour the field,
And bold Iberians narrow bucklers wield;
Here twang the Syrian and the Cretan bow,
And the fierce Gauls provoke their well-known foe[24].

Go, Pompey[25]! lead to death the' unnumber'd host,
Let the whole human race at once be lost.

[23] Some say the first and the third. However, they were two of the best legions. Concerning this disposition of the army there is some dispute, which is not of very great consequence to us. The several commanders here mentioned have been all mentioned before.

[24] The Commentators suppose, that the Gauls here mentioned to be in Pompey's army, were certain Allobroges [Savoyards], who deserted from Cæsar's army with Ægus and Roscillus, at the last engagement near Dyrrhachium, mentioned in the sixth book, just after the story of Scæva.

[25] Lucan in this, as in many other places, mentions the army of Pompey as very numerous, a vast multitude: whereas the historians hardly give him 50,000 men, and not above 30,000 to Cæsar: and perhaps the poet's imagination was

Let nations upon nations heap the plain,
And tyranny want subjects for its reign.
Cæsar, as chance ordain'd, that morn decreed
The spoiling bands of foragers to lead;
When with a sudden, but a glad surprise,
The foe, descending, strook his wondering eyes.
Eager, and burning for unbounded sway,
Long had he borne the tedious war's delay;
Long had he struggled with protracting time,
That sav'd his country, and defer'd his crime:
At length, he sees the wish'd-for day is come,
To end the strife for liberty and Rome;
Fate's dark mysterious threatnings to explain,
And ease the impatience of ambition's pain.
But when he saw the vast event so nigh,
Unusual horror damp'd his impious joy;
For one cold moment sunk his heart suppress'd,
And doubt hung heavy on his anxious breast.
Though his past fortunes promise now success,
Yet Pompey, from his own, expects no less.
His changing thoughts revolve with various cheer,
While these forbid to hope, and those to fear.
At length his wonted confidence returns,
With his first fires his daring bosom burns;
As if secure of victory he stands,
And, fearless, thus bespeaks the listening bands:
"Ye warriors! who have made your Cæsar great,
On whom the world, on whom my fortunes wait;

swelled with the thought of that great number of nations, either subject to the Romans, or confederated with them, of which Pompey's army was composed. Plutarch (in Pompey's Life) says, Cæsar's army consisted of 22,000 men, and Pompey's of twice that number. He is likewise very particular in the order of the battle.

To-day the gods whate'er you wish, afford,
And Fate attends on the deciding sword.
By your firm aid alone your leader stands,
And trusts his all to your long-faithful hands.
This day shall make our promis'd glories good,
The hopes of Rubicon's distinguish'd flood.
For this bless'd morn we trusted long to fate,
Defer'd our fame, and bade the triumph wait.
This day, my gallant friends, this happy day,
Shall the long labours of your arms repay;
Shall give you back to every joy of life,
To the lov'd offspring, and the tender wife;
Shall find my veteran out a safe retreat,
And lodge his age within a peaceful seat.
The long dispute of guilt shall now be clear'd,
And conquest shall the juster cause reward.
Have you, for me, with sword and fire laid waste
Your country's bleeding bosom, as you pass'd?
Let the same swords as boldly strike to-day,
And the last wounds shall wipe the first away.
Whatever faction's partial notions are,
No hand is wholly innocent in war.
Yours is the cause to which my vows are join'd,
I seek to make you free, and masters of mankind.
I have no hopes, no wishes of my own,
But well could hide me in a private gown:
At my expense of Fame exalt your pow'rs,
Let me be nothing, so the world be yours.
Nor think the task too bloody shall be found,
With easy glory shall our arms be crown'd.
Yon host come learn'd in academic rules [26],
A band of disputants from Grecian schools:

[26] Meaning those supplies that Pompey had drawn out of Greece.

To these, luxurious eastern crowds are join'd,
Of many a tongue and many a differing kind:
Their own first shouts shall fill each soul with fears,
And their own trumpets shock their tender ears.
Unjustly this, a civil war, we call,
Where none but foes of Rome, barbarians, fall[27].
On then, my friends! and end it at a blow;
Lay these soft lazy worthless nations low.
Show Pompey, that subdued 'em, with what ease
Your valour gains such victories as these:
Show him, if justice still the palm confers,
One triumph was too much for all his wars.
From distant Tigris shall Armenians come,
To judge between the citizens of Rome?
Will fierce Barbarian aliens waste their blood,
To make the cause of Latian Pompey good?
Believe me, no. To them we're all the same,
They hate alike the whole Ausonian name;
But most those haughty masters whom they know,
Who taught their servile vanquish'd necks to bow.
Meanwhile, as round my joyful eyes are roll'd,
None but my tried companions I behold:
For years in Gaul we made our hard abode,
And many a march in partnership have trod.
Is there a soldier to your chief unknown?
A sword, to whom I trust not, like my own?

[27] The nations which Pompey had vanquished in Asia, whom he now drew to his assistance. Nor is it ill reasoned to imagine, that these people should have very little concern for the preservation of the Roman State, but rather be glad to contribute to its ruin. But more particularly it is improbable they should engage heartily on that very man's side who had conquered and inslaved them.

Could I not mark each javelin in the sky,
And say from whom the fatal weapons fly?
Ev'n now I view auspicious furies rise,
And rage redoubled flashes in your eyes.
With joy those omens of success I read,
And see the certain victory decreed;
I see the purple deluge float the plain,
Huge piles of carnage, nations of the slain;
Dead chiefs, with mangled monarchs, I survey,
And the pale Senate crowns the glorious day.
But, oh! forgive my tedious lavish tongue,
Your eager virtue I withhold too long:
My soul exults with hopes too fierce to bear,
I feel good fortune and the gods draw near.
All we can ask with full consent they yield,
And nothing bars us but this narrow field.
The battle o'er, what boon can I deny?
The treasures of the world before you lie!
Oh, Thessaly! what stars, what powers divine,
To thy distinguish'd land this great event assign?
Between extremes to-day our fortune lies,
The vilest punishment, and noblest prize.
Consider well the captive's lost estate,
Chains, racks, and crosses, for the vanquish'd wait.
My limbs are each allotted to its place,
And my pale head the Rostrum's [28] height shall grace:
But that's a thought unworthy Cæsar's care;
More for my friends than for myself I fear.
On my good sword securely I rely,
And, if I conquer not, am sure to die.

[28] The public pleading-place. Cicero's head and hands were afterwards put up there by M. Antony.

But oh! for you, my anxious soul foresees,
Pompey shall copy Sylla's curs'd decrees;
The Martian field shall blush with gore again,
And massacres once more the peaceful Septa stain [29].
Hear, oh! ye gods, who in Rome's strugglings share,
Who leave your Heaven, to make our earth your care;
Hear, and let him, the happy victor, live,
Who shall with mercy use the power you give;
Whose rage for slaughter with the war shall cease,
And spare his vanquish'd enemies in peace.
Nor is Dyrrhachium's fatal field forgot [30].
Nor what was then our brave companions' lot;
When, by advantage of the straiter ground,
Successful Pompey compass'd us around;
When quite disarm'd your useless valour stood,
Till his fell sword was satiated with blood.
But gentler hands, but nobler hearts you bear,
And, oh! remember 'tis your leader's pray'r,
Whatever Roman flies before you, spare.
But while oppos'd, and menacing they stand,
Let no regard withhold the lifted hand:
Let friendship, kindred, all remorse give place,
And mangling wounds deform the reverend face:
Still let resistance be repaid with blood,
And hostile force, by hostile force subdued;
Stranger, or friend, whatever be the name,
Your merit still, to Cæsar, is the same.
Fill then the trenches, break the ramparts round,
And let our works lie level with the ground;
So shall no obstacles our march delay,
Nor stop, one moment, our victorious way:

29 See book ii. note 25.

30 He means the engagement mentioned in the sixth book.

Nor spare your camp; this night we mean to lie
In that, from whence the vanquish'd foe shall fly."
Scarce had he spoke, when sudden at the word
They seize the lance, and draw the shining sword:
At once the turfy fences all lie waste,
And through the breach the crowding legions haste;
Regardless all of order and array
They stand, and trust to fate alone the day.
Each had propos'd an empire to be won,
Had each once known a Pompey for his son;
Had Cæsar's soul inform'd each private breast,
A fiercer fury could not be express'd.
With sad presages, Pompey now beheld
His foes advancing o'er the neighbouring field:
He saw the gods had fix'd the day of fate,
And felt his heart hang heavy with new weight.
Dire is the omen, when the valiant fear; [cheer.
Which yet he strove to hide with well-dissembled
High on his warrior-steed, the chief o'erran
The wide array, and thus at length began:
"The time to ease your groaning country's pain,
Which long your eager valour sought in vain;
The great deciding hour at length is come,
To end the strivings of distracted Rome:
For this one last effort exert your pow'r,
Strike home to-day, and all your toils are o'er.
If the dear pledges of connubial love, [move;
Your household gods, and Rome, your souls can
Hither by fate they seem together brought,
And for that prize, to-day, the battle shall be fought.
Let none the favouring gods assistance fear;
They always make the juster cause their care.
The flying dart to Cæsar shall they guide,
And point the sword at his devoted side:

Our injur'd laws shall be on him made good,
And liberty establish'd in his blood.
Could Heav'n, in violence of wrath, ordain
The world to groan beneath a tyrant's reign;
It had not spar'd your Pompey's head so long,
Nor lengthen'd out my age—to see the wrong.
All we can wish for, to secure success,
With large advantage here our arms possess:
See, in the ranks of every common band,
Where Rome's illustrious names for soldiers stand.
Could the great dead revisit life again,
For us, once more, the Decii would be slain;
The Curii and Camilli might we boast,
Proud to be mingled in this noblest host.
If men, if multitudes, can make us strong;
Behold, what tribes unnumber'd march along!
Where'er the zodiac turns its radiant round,
Wherever earth, or people, can be found;
To us the nations issue forth in swarms,
And in Rome's cause all human nature arms.
What then remains, but that our wings inclose,
Within their ample folds, our shrinking foes?
Thousands and thousands, useless, may we spare;
Yon handful will not half employ our war.
Think from the summit of the Roman wall,
You hear our loud-lamenting matrons call;
Think with what tears, what lifted hands they sue,
And place their last, their only hopes in you.
Imagine, kneeling age before you spread,
Each hoary, reverend, majestic head;
Imagine Rome herself your aid implor'd,
To save her from a proud imperious lord.
Think how the present age, how that to come,
What multitudes from you expect their doom:

On your success dependent all rely;
These to be born in freedom, those to die.
Think (if there be a thought can move you more,
A pledge more dear than those I nam'd before)
Think you behold (were such a posture meet)
Ev'n me, your Pompey, prostrate at your feet:
Myself, my wife, my sons, a suppliant band,
From you our lives and liberties demand;
Or conquer you, or I to exile borne,
My last dishonourable years shall mourn,
Your long reproach, and my proud father's scorn.
From bonds, from infamy, your general save,
Nor let this hoary head descend to earth a slave."
Thus while he spoke, the faithful legions round
With indignation caught the mournful sound;
Falsely, they think, his fears those dangers view,
But vow to die, ere Cæsar proves them true.
What differing thoughts the various hosts incite,
And urge their deadly ardour for the fight!
Those bold ambition kindles into rage,
And these their fears for liberty engage.
How shall this day the peopled earth deface,
Prevent mankind, and rob the growing race!
Though all the years to come should roll in peace,
And future ages bring their whole increase;
Though nature all her genial powers employ,
All shall not yield what these curs'd hands destroy.
Soon shall the greatness of the Roman name,
To unbelieving ears, be told by fame;
Low shall the mighty Latian towers be laid,
And ruins crown our Alban mountain's head;
While yearly magistrates[31], in turns compell'd
To lodge by night upon the' uncover'd field,

[31] Of these *feriæ latinæ*, or latin festivals, mention has been

Shall at old doting Numa's laws repine, [assign.
Who could to such bleak wilds his Latine rites
Ev'n now behold! where waste Hesperia lies,
Where empty cities shock our mournful eyes;
Untouch'd by time, our infamy they stand,
The marks of civil discord's murderous hand.
How is the stock of human kind brought low!
Walls want inhabitants, and hands the plough.
Our fathers' fertile fields by slaves are till'd[32],
And Rome with dregs of foreign lands is fill'd.
Such were the heaps, the millions of the slain,
As 'twere the purpose of Emathia's plain,
That none for future mischiefs should remain.
Well may our annals less misfortunes yield,
Mark Allia's flood[33], and Cannæ's fatal field;
But let Pharsalia's day be still forgot,
Be ras'd at once from every Roman thought.
'Twas there that fortune, in her pride, display'd
The greatness her own mighty hands had made;
Forth in array the powers of Rome she drew,
And set her subject-nations all to view;
As if she meant to show the haughty queen,
Ev'n by her ruins, what her height had been.
Oh, countless loss! that well might have supplied
The desolation of all deaths beside.

made before. They were celebrated at night by the new consuls on the Alban mountain to Jupiter Latialis; they were instituted by Numa, and portions of meat were then distributed to the people, in memory of a league made between the ancient Romans and the Latins.

32 See book i. p. 51.

33 Where the Gauls cut off the Roman army, and afterwards sacked the city. This happened on XVI. KAL. SEXTIL. or our 17th of July.

Though famine with blue pestilence conspire,
And dreadful earthquakes with destroying fire;
Pharsalia's blood the gaping wounds had join'd,
And built again the ruins of mankind.
Immortal gods! with what resistless force
Our growing empire ran its rapid course!
Still every year with new success was crown'd,
And conquering chiefs enlarg'd the Latian bound:
Till Rome stood mistress of the world confess'd,
From the gray orient to the ruddy west;
From pole to pole her wide dominions run,
Where'er the stars or brighter Phœbus shone;
As Heaven and earth were made for her alone.
But now, behold how fortune tears away
The gift of ages in one fatal day!
One day shakes off the vanquish'd Indians chain,
And turns the wandering Däæ [34] loose again:
No longer shall the victor-consul now
Trace our Sarmatian cities with the plough:
Exulting Parthia shall her slaughters boast,
Nor feel the vengeance due to Crassus' ghost.
While liberty, long wearied by our crimes,
Forsakes us for some better barbarous climes:
Beyond the Rhine and Tanais she flies,
To snowy mountains, and to frozen skies;
While Rome, who long pursued that chiefest good,
O'er fields of slaughter, and through seas of blood,

34 A people of Scythia, near the Caspian sea, part of the present Asiatic Tartars. These wild people, when they were subdued by the Roman consuls, were, in order to their being civilized, appointed to live (contrary to their native custom) in cities, the circuit or bounds of which the consuls themselves marked out with a plough drawn by a bull and a cow yoked together.

In slavery her abject state shall mourn,
Nor dare to hope the goddess will return.
Why were we ever free? Oh, why has heav'n
A short-liv'd transitory blessing giv'n?
Of thee first, Brutus, justly we complain:
Why didst thou break thy groaning country's chain,
And end the proud lascivious tyrant's reign?
Why did thy patriot-hand on Rome bestow
Laws, and her consuls' righteous rule to know?
In servitude more happy had we been,
Since Romulus first wall'd his refuge in [35],
Ev'n since the twice six vultures bade him build,
To this curs'd period of Pharsalia's field.
Medes and Arabians, of the slavish East,
Beneath eternal bondage may be bless'd;
While, of a differing mould and nature, we,
From sire to son, accustom'd to be free,
Feel indignation rising in our blood,
And blush to wear the chains that make them proud.
Can there be gods who rule yon azure sky?
Can they behold Emathia from on high,
And yet forbear to bid their lightnings fly?
Is it the business of a thundering Jove,
To rive the rocks, and blast the guiltless grove?
While Cassius [36] holds the balance in his stead,
And wreaks due vengeance on the tyrant's head.

35 Romulus at first called his city Asylum, or a refuge: and so indeed it was; for all the vagabonds, outlaws, and such sort of people, to resort to. The augury, taken from the appearing of the vultures, was rather relating to the naming than building the city: the two brothers Romulus and Remus, contending for that honour, agreed to refer it to the best augury which should appear; accordingly Remus saw six vultures, and Romulus twelve.

36 Who was one of those that killed Cæsar.

The sun ran back from Atreus' monstrous feast,
And his fair beams in murky clouds suppress'd:
Why shines he now? why lends his golden light
To these worse parricides, this more accursed sight?
But chance guides all: the gods their task forego,
And providence no longer reigns below.
Yet are they just, and some revenge afford,
While their own heavens are humbled by the sword;
And the proud victors[37], like themselves, ador'd:
With rays adorn'd, with thunders arm'd they stand,
And incense, prayers, and sacrifice demand;
While trembling, slavish, superstitious Rome,
Swears by a mortal wretch, that moulders in a tomb.
Now either host the middle plain had pass'd,
And front to front in threatening ranks were plac'd;
Then every well-known feature stood to view,
Brothers their brothers, sons their fathers knew.
Then first they feel the curse of civil hate,
Mark where their mischiefs are assign'd by fate,
And see from whom themselves destruction wait.
Stupid awhile, and at a gaze they stood,
While creeping horror froze the lazy blood:
Some small remains of piety withstand,
And stop the javelin in the lifted hand;
Remorse for one short moment stept between,
And motionless, as statues, all were seen.
And oh! what savage fury could engage,
While lingering Cæsar yet suspends his rage?

37 The succeeding emperors: who were not only deified after they were dead, but had even altars, temples, priests, and sacrifices appointed for them while they were alive.

For him, ye gods! for Crastinus [38], whose spear,
With impious eagerness, began the war,
Some more than common punishment prepare;
Beyond the grave long lasting plagues ordain,
Surviving sense, and never-ceasing pain.

Straight, at the fatal signal, all around
A thousand fifes, a thousand clarions sound;
Beyond where clouds, or glancing lightnings fly,
The piercing clangors strike the vaulted sky.
The joining battles shout, and the loud peal
Bounds from the hill, and thunders down the vale;
Old Pelion's caves the doubling roar return,
And Oeta's rocks and groaning Pindus mourn;
From pole to pole the tumult spreads afar,
And the world trembles at the distant war.

Now flit the thrilling darts through liquid air,
And various vows from various masters bear:
Some seek the noblest Roman heart to wound,
And some to err upon the guiltless ground;
While chance decrees the blood that shall be spilt,
And blindly scatters innocence and guilt.
But random shafts too scanty death afford,
A civil war is business for the sword:
Where face to face the parricides may meet,
Know whom they kill, and make the crime complete.

Firm in the front, with joining bucklers clos'd,
Stood the Pompeian infantry dispos'd:

38 This Crastinus, or Crassinius, (for so he is likewise called) was an old soldier of Cæsar's; and though he was now *emeritus*, or discharged from the service, he engaged voluntarily in this war, and began this famous battle. It is said of him, that before he went on he told his general, that "he would that day deserve his praise, dead or alive." Breaking through the enemy's ranks, he was killed by a spear, that ran in at his mouth and out at the neck behind.

So crowded was the space, it scarce affords
The power to toss their piles, or yield their swords.
Forward, thus thick embattled though they stand,
With headlong wrath rush furious Cæsar's band;
In vain the lifted shield their rage retards,
Or plaited mail devoted bosoms guards;
Through shields, through mail, the wounding weapons go,
And to the heart drive home each deadly blow.
Oh, rage ill match'd! Oh, much unequal war,
Which those wage proudly, and these tamely bear!
These, by cold stupid piety disarm'd;
Those, by hot blood and smoking slaughter warm'd.
Nor in suspense uncertain fortune hung,
But yields, o'ermaster'd by a power too strong,
And borne by fate's impetuous stream along.

From Pompey's ample wings, at length, the horse
Wide o'er the plain extending take their course;
Wheeling around the hostile line they wind,
While, lightly arm'd, the shot succeed behind.
In various ways the various bands[39] engage,
And hurl upon the foe the missile rage;
There fiery darts and rocky fragments fly,
And heating bullets whistle through the sky:
Of feather'd shafts, a cloud thick shading goes,
From Arab, Mede, and Ituræan[40] bows:
But driven by random aim they seldom wound;
At first they hide the heaven, then strew the ground;
While Roman hands unerring mischief send,
And certain deaths on every pile attend.

39 Of archers, slingers, &c.

40 Ituræa was a part of Palestine, said to contain the two tribes of Reuben and Dan. Cellarius places it more north, between the head of the river Jordan and mount Hermon.

But Cæsar, timely careful, to support
His wavering front against the first effort,
Had plac'd his bodies of reserve behind,
And the strong rear with chosen cohorts lin'd.
There, as the careless foe the fight pursue,
A sudden band and stable, forth he drew;
When soon, oh shame! the loose barbarians yield,
Scattering their broken squadrons o'er the field.
And show, too late, that slaves[41] attempt in vain
The sacred cause of freedom to maintain.
The fiery steeds, impatient of a wound,
Hurl their neglected riders to the ground;
Or on their friends with rage ungovern'd turn,
And trampling o'er the helpless foot are borne.
Hence foul confusion and dismay succeed,
The victors murder, and the vanquish'd bleed:
Their weary hands the tir'd destroyers ply,
Scarce can these kill so fast as those can die.
Oh, that Emathia's ruthless guilty plain
Had been contented with this only stain;
With these rude bones had strewn her verdure o'er,
And dy'd her springs with none but Asian gore!
But if so keen her thirst for Roman blood,
Let none but Romans make the slaughter good;
Let not a Mede nor Cappadocian fall,
No bold Iberian, nor rebellious Gaul:
Let these alone survive for times to come,
And be the future citizens of Rome.
But fear, on all alike, her powers employ'd,
Did Cæsar's business, and like fate destroy'd.
Prevailing still the victors held their course,
Till Pompey's main reserve oppos'd their force;

[41] Meaning the Asiatics, of whom chiefly Pompey's cavalry was composed.

There, in his strength, the chief unshaken stood,
Repell'd the foe, and made the combat good;
There in suspense the' uncertain battle hung,
And Cæsar's favouring goddess doubted long;
There no proud monarchs led their vassals on,
Nor eastern bands in gorgeous purple shone;
There the last force of laws and freedom lay,
And Roman patriots struggled for the day.
What parricides the guilty scene affords!
Sires, sons, and brothers, rush on mutual swords!
There every sacred bond of nature bleeds; [deeds.
There met the war's worst rage, and Cæsar's blackest

But oh! my muse, the mournful theme forbear,
And stay thy lamentable numbers here;
Let not my verse to future times convey,
What Rome committed on this dreadful day;
In shades and silence hide her crimes from fame,
And spare thy miserable country's shame.

But Cæsar's rage shall with oblivion strive,
And for eternal infamy survive.
From rank to rank, unwearied, still he flies,
And with new fires their fainting wrath supplies:
His greedy eyes each sign of guilt explore,
And mark whose sword is deepest dy'd in gore;
Observe where pity and remorse prevail,
What arm strikes faintly, and what cheek turns pale.
Or, while he rides the slaughter'd heaps around,
And views some foe expiring on the ground,
His cruel hands the gushing blood restrain,
And strive to keep the parting soul in pain:
As when Bellona drives the world to war,
Or Mars comes thundering in his Thracian car;
Rage horrible darts from his Gorgon shield,
And gloomy terror broods upon the field;

Hate, fell and fierce, the dreadful gods impart,
And urge the vengeful warrior's heaving heart:
The many shout, arms clash, the wounded cry,
And one promiscuous peal groans upward to the sky.
Nor furious Cæsar, on Emathia's plains,
Less terribly the mortal strife sustains;
Each hand unarm'd he fills with means of death,
And cooling wrath rekindles at his breath:
Now with his voice, his gesture now, he strives,
Now with his lance the lagging soldier drives:
The weak he strengthens, and confirms the strong,
And hurries war's impetuous stream along.
"Strike home, (he cries) and let your swords erase
Each well-known feature of the kindred face:
Nor waste your fury on the vulgar band;
See! where the hoary doting senate stand:
There laws and right at once you may confound,
And liberty shall bleed at every wound."
The curs'd destroyer spoke; and, at the word,
The purple nobles sunk beneath the sword:
The dying patriots groan upon the ground,
Illustrious names, for love of laws renown'd.
The great Metelli and Torquati bleed,
Chiefs worthy (if the state had so decreed,
And Pompey were not there) mankind to lead.
Say thou! thy sinking country's only prop,
Glory of Rome, and liberty's last hope;
What helm, oh Brutus! could, amidst the crowd,
Thy sacred undistinguish'd visage shroud?
Where fought thy arm that day? But ah, forbear!
Nor rush unwary on the pointed spear;
Seek not to hasten on untimely fate,
But patient for thy own Emathia[42] wait:

[42] The fields of Philippi, which not only Lucan, but even

Nor hunt fierce Cæsar on this bloody plain,
To-day thy steel pursues his life in vain.
Somewhat is wanting to the tyrant yet,
To make the measure of his crimes complete;
As yet he has not every law defied,
Nor reach'd the utmost heights of daring pride.
Erelong, thou shalt behold him Rome's proud lord,
And ripen'd by ambition for thy sword:
Then, thy griev'd country vengeance shall demand,
And ask the victim at thy righteous hand.
Among huge heaps of the Patrician slain,
And Latian chiefs, who strew'd that purple plain,
Recording story has distinguish'd well,
How brave, unfortunate Domitius[43] fell.
In every loss of Pompey still he shar'd,
And died in liberty, the best reward;
Though vanquish'd oft by Cæsar, ne'er enslav'd,
Ev'n to the last the tyrant's power he brav'd:
Mark'd o'er with many a glorious streaming wound,
In pleasure sunk the warrior to the ground:
No longer forc'd on vilest terms to live,
For chance to doom, and Cæsar to forgive.
Him, as he pass'd insulting o'er the field,
Roll'd in his blood, the victor proud beheld:

Virgil and Ovid, confound with Pharsalia. M. Brutus, who was killed at Philippi, fought here as a private soldier.

43 This is the same Domitius who was made prisoner at Corfinium, and set at liberty by Cæsar, (see the second book) and afterwards vanquished at Massilia by D. Brutus, Cæsar's lieutenant. He was designed, by the Pompeian faction, Cæsar's successor in Gaul. This whole passage seems to be the pure effect of Lucan's partiality against Cæsar, and is of a piece with the cruelty he makes him guilty of, both in the battle and after it.

"And can (he cried) the fierce Domitius fall,
Forsake his Pompey, and expecting Gaul?
Must the war lose that still successful sword,
And my neglected province want a lord?"
He spoke; when, lifting slow his closing eyes,
Fearless the dying Roman thus replies:
"Since wickedness stands unrewarded yet,
Nor Cæsar's arms their wish'd success have met;
Free and rejoicing to the shades I go,
And leave my chief[44] still equal to his foe:
And if my hopes divine thy doom aright,
Yet shalt thou bow thy vanquish'd head ere night.
Dire punishments[45] the righteous gods decree,
For injur'd Rome, for Pompey, and for me;
In hell's dark realms thy tortures I shall know,
And hear thy ghost lamenting loud below."
He said; and soon the leaden sleep prevail'd,
And everlasting night his eyelids seal'd.
But oh! what grief the ruin can deplore!
What verse can run the various slaughter o'er!
For lesser woes our sorrows may we keep;
No tears suffice a dying world to weep.
In differing groups ten thousand deaths arise,
And horrors manifold the soul surprise.
Here the whole man is open'd at a wound,
And gushing bowels pour upon the ground:

[44] The fate of the battle not being then determined.

[45] I do not know whether this passage is not a little too obscure in the English: the meaning is, that 'Domitius did 'not doubt but the gods would punish Cæsar severely for the 'injuries he had done to Rome, to Pompey, and even to him-'self.'

Another, through the gaping jaws is gor'd,
And in his utmost throat receives the sword:
At once, a single blow a third extends;
The fourth, a living trunk dismember'd stands.
Some in their breasts erect the javelin bear,
Some cling to earth with the transfixing spear.
Here, like a fountain, springs a purple flood,
Spouts on the foe, and stains his arms with blood.
There horrid brethren on their brethren prey;
One starts, and hurls a well-known head away.
While some detested son, with impious ire,
Lops by the shoulders close his hoary sire:
Ev'n his rude fellows damn the cursed deed,
And bastard-born[46] the murderer aread.
No private house its loss lamented then,
But count the slain by nations, not by men.
Here Grecian streams and Asiatic run,
And Roman torrents drive[47] the deluge on.
More than the world at once was given away,
And late posterity was lost that day:
A race of future slaves receiv'd their doom,
And children yet unborn were overcome.
How shall our miserable sons complain,
That they are born beneath a tyrant's reign?
"Did our base hands (with justice shall they say)
The sacred cause of liberty betray?
Why have our fathers given us up a prey?

46 Concluding from so unnatural an action, that the person killed could not be the real and true son of the man who killed him.

47 As being larger in quantity, stronger than the others, and overpowering them.

Their age, to ours, the curse of bondage leaves;
Themselves were cowards, and begot us slaves."
'Tis just[48]: and fortune, that impos'd a lord,
One struggle for their freedom might afford;
Might leave their hands their proper cause to fight,
And let them keep, or lose themselves, their right
But Pompey now the fate of Rome descried,
And saw the changing gods forsake her side:
Hard to believe, though from a rising ground
He view'd the universal ruin round,
In crimson streams he saw destruction run,
And in the fall of thousands felt his own.
Nor wish'd he, like most wretches in despair,
The world one common misery might share:
But with a generous, great, exalted mind,
Besought the gods to pity poor mankind,
To let him die, and leave the rest behind:
This hope came smiling to his anxious breast,
For this his earnest vows were thus address'd:
" Spare man, ye gods! oh, let the nations live!
Let me be wretched, but let Rome survive.
Or if this head suffices not alone,
My wife, my sons, your anger shall atone:
If blood the yet unsated war demand,
Behold my pledges left in fortune's hand!
Ye cruel powers, who urge me with your hate,
At length behold me crush'd beneath the weight:
Give then your long-pursuing vengeance o'er,
And spare the world, since I can lose no more."
So saying, the tumultuous field he cross'd,
And warn'd from battle his despairing host;

[48] This complaint of our posterity is just.

Gladly the pains of death he had explor'd,
And fall'n undaunted on his pointed sword;
Had he not fear'd the' example might succeed,
And faithful nations by his side would bleed.
Or did his swelling soul disdain to die
While his insulting father stood so nigh?
Fly where he will, the gods shall still pursue,
Nor his pale head shall 'scape the victor's view.
Or else, perhaps, and fate the thought approv'd,
For her dear sake he fled whom best he lov'd:
Malicious fortune to his wish agreed,
And gave him in Cornelia's sight to bleed.
Borne by his winged steed at length away,
He quits the purple plain, and yields the day.
Fearless of danger, still secure and great,
His daring soul supports his lost estate;
Nor groans his breast, nor swell his eyes with tears,
But still the same majestic form he wears.
An awful grief sat decent in his face,
Such as became his loss, and Rome's disgrace:
His mind, unbroken, keeps her constant frame,
In greatness and misfortune still the same;
While Fortune, who his triumphs once beheld,
Unchanging, sees him leave Pharsalia's field.
Now, disentangled from unwieldy pow'r,
O Pompey! run thy former honours o'er:
At leisure now review the glorious scene,
And call to mind how mighty thou hast been!
From anxious toils of empire turn thy care,
And from thy thoughts exclude the murderous war;
Let the just gods bear witness on thy side,
Thy cause no more shall by the sword be tried.

Whether sad Afric shall her loss bemoan,
Or Munda's plains beneath their burden groan,
The guilty bloodshed shall be all their own.
No more the much-lov'd Pompey's name shall charm
The peaceful world, with one consent, to arm;
Nor for thy sake, nor aw'd by thy command,
But for themselves, the fighting senate stand:
The war but one distinction shall afford,
And liberty, or Cæsar, be the word.
Nor, oh! do thou thy vanquish'd lot deplore,
But fly with pleasure from those seas of gore:
Look back upon the horror, guiltless thou,
And pity Cæsar, for whose sake they flow.
With what a heart, what triumph shall he come,
A victor, red with Roman blood, to Rome?
Though misery thy banishment attends,
Though thou shalt die by thy false Pharian friends;
Yet trust securely to the choice of heav'n,
And know thy loss was for a blessing giv'n: [curse;
Though flight may seem the warrior's shame and
To conquer, in a cause like this, is worse.
And oh! let every mark of grief be spar'd,
May no tear fall, no groan, no sigh be heard;
Still let mankind their Pompey's fate adore,
And reverence thy fall, ev'n as thy height of pow'r.
Meanwhile survey the' attending world around,
Cities by thee possess'd [49], and monarchs crown'd:
On Afric or on Asia cast thy eye,
And mark the land where thou shalt choose to die.
Larissa [50] first the constant chief beheld,
Still great, though flying from the fatal field:

[49] The Latin is, *Aspice possessas urbes.* He means those cities in which he placed the Cilician pirates, after he had vanquished them at sea.

[50] Now called Larza; a city of Thessaly, towards Macedonia,

With loud acclaim her crowds his coming greet,
And, sighing, pour their presents at his feet.
She crowns her altars, and proclaims a feast:
Would put on joy to cheer her noble guest;
But weeps, and begs to share his woes at least.
So was he lov'd ev'n in his lost estate,
Such faith, such friendship on his ruins wait;
With ease Pharsalia's loss might be supplied,
While eager nations hasten to his side:
As if misfortune meant to bless him more
Than all his long prosperity before.
"In vain (he cries) you bring the vanquish'd aid;
Henceforth, to Cæsar be your homage paid;
Cæsar, who triumphs o'er yon heaps of dead."
With that, his courser urging on to flight,
He vanish'd from the mournful city's sight.
With cries, and loud laments, they fill the air,
And curse the cruel gods, in fierceness of despair.
Now in huge lakes Hesperian crimson stood,
And Cæsar's self grew satiated with blood.
The great Patricians fall'n, his pity spar'd
The worthless, unresisting, vulgar herd.
Then, while his glowing fortune yet was warm,
And scattering terror spread the wild alarm,
Straight to the hostile camp his way he bent,
Careful to seize the hasty flier's tent,
The leisure of a night, and thinking[51] to prevent.
Nor reck'd he much the weary soldiers' toil,
But led them prone, and greedy to the spoil,
"Behold, (he cries) our victory complete,
The glorious recompense attends ye yet:

not far from Pharsalus, in whose neighbourhood this battle was fought.

[51] Though Cæsar, a few verses further, tells his soldiers their victory was complete: it is plain he did not think it so till he

Much have you done, to-day, for Cæsar's sake;
'Tis mine to show the prey, 'tis yours to take.
'Tis yours, whate'er the vanquish'd foe has left;
'Tis what your valour gain'd, and not my gift.
Treasures immense yon wealthy tents enfold,
The gems of Asia, and Hesperian gold:
For you the once great Pompey's store attends,
With regal spoils of his barbarian friends:
Haste then, prevent the foe, and seize that good,
For which you paid so well with Roman blood."
He said; and with the rage of rapine stung,
The multitude tumultuous rush along.
On swords and spears, on sires and sons they tread,
And all remorseless spurn the hoary dead.
What trench can intercept, what fort withstand
The brutal soldier's rude rapacious hand;
When eager to his crime's reward he flies,
And, bath'd in blood, demands the horrid prize?
There, wealth collected from the world around,
The destin'd recompense of war, they found.
But oh! not golden Arimaspus'[52] store,
Nor all the Tagus, or rich Iber pour,
Can fill the greedy victor's griping hands;
Rome, and the capitol, their pride demands:
All other spoils they scorn, as worthless prey,
And count their wicked labours rob'd of pay.

was master of Pompey's camp: apprehending that the enemy might re-collect themselves during the night, and perhaps make a new stand in their camp next morning.

[52] Arimaspus, or Arimaspe, was a river in that part of Scythia now called Ingria; out of which the inhabitants (who were likewise named Arimaspians) gathered gold-dust.

The Hesperian gold, mentioned before, was what had been collected in Spain, which was Pompey's province. I do not know whether I have before observed, that Spain, as well as Italy, was called Hesperia.

Here, in Patrician tents, plebeians rest,
And regal couches are by ruffians press'd:
There, impious parricides the bed invade,
And sleep where late their slaughter'd sires were laid.
Meanwhile the battle stands in dreams renew'd,
And Stygian horrors o'er their slumbers brood.
Astonishment and dread their souls infest,
And guilt sits painful on each heaving breast.
Arms, blood, and death, work in the labouring brain;
They sigh, they start, they strive, and fight it o'er again.
Ascending fiends infect the air around,
And hell breathes baleful through the groaning ground:
Hence dire affright distracts the warriors' souls,
Vengeance divine their daring hearts controls,
Snakes hiss, and livid flame tormenting rolls.
Each, as his hands in guilt have been imbrued,
By some pale spectre flies all night pursued.
In various forms the ghosts unnumber'd groan,
The brother, friend, the father, and the son:
To every wretch his proper phantom fell,
While Cæsar sleeps the general care of hell.
Such were his pangs as mad Orestes [53] felt,
Ere yet the Scythian altar purg'd his guilt.
Such horrors Pentheus, such Agave knew; [drew,
He when his rage first came, and she when hers with-
Present and future swords his bosom bears,
And feels the blow that Brutus now defers.
Vengeance, in all her pomp of pain, attends;
To wheels she binds him, and with vultures rends,
With racks of conscience, and with whips of fiends.
But soon the visionary horrors pass,
And his first rage with day resumes its place:

53 When Orestes had, to revenge his father, killed his mother Clytemnestra, he was haunted with furies, till his sister Iphigenia

Again his eyes rejoice, to view the slain,
And run unwearied o'er the dreadful plain.
He bids his train prepare his impious board,
And feasts amidst the heaps of death abhor'd.
There each pale face at leisure he may know,
And still behold the purple current flow.
He views the woful wide horizon round,
Then joys that earth[54] is nowhere to be found,
And owns those gods he serves his utmost wish have crown'd;
Still greedy to possess the curs'd delight,
To glut his soul, and gratify his sight,
The last funereal honours he denies,
And poisons with the stench Emathia's skies.
Not thus the sworn inveterate foe of Rome[55]
Refus'd the vanquish'd consul's[56] bones a tomb:
His piety the country round beheld,
And bright with fires shone Cannæ's fatal field.
But Cæsar's rage from fiercer motives rose;
These were his countrymen, his worst of foes.
But oh! relent, forget thy hatred past,
And give the wandering shades to rest at last.

had purified him, and expiated his crime at the altar of Diana Taurica, in Scythia, where she was priestess. The following verse,

Cum fureret Pentheus; aut cum desîsset Agave,

I take to mean, that Pentheus was not possessed with more horror when he affronted and denied the divinity of Bacchus, nor his mother Agave, when, recovering from her madness, she found she had killed her son for a wild beast.

54 That is, was hid by the dead bodies.

55 Hannibal.

56 P. Æmilius and M. Marcellus were both killed by Hannibal, and treated with all honours due to their character, though enemies.

Nor seek we single honours for the dead,
At once let nations on the pile be laid:
To feed the flame, let heapy forests rise,
Far be it seen to fret the ruddy skies,
And grieve despairing Pompey where he flies.
Know too, proud conqueror! thy wrath in vain
Strews with unburied carcases the plain.
What is it to thy malice, if they burn,
Rot in the field, or moulder in the urn?
The forms of matter all, dissolving, die,
And lost in nature's bleeding bosom lie.
Though now thy cruelty denies a grave,
These and the world one common lot shall have;
One last appointed flame, by fate's decree,
Shall waste yon azure heavens, this earth, and sea;
Shall knead the dead up in one mingled mass,
Where stars and they shall undistinguish'd pass.
And though thou scorn their fellowship, yet know,
High as thy own can soar, these souls shall go;
Or find, perhaps, a better place below.
Death is beyond thy goddess Fortune's pow'r,
And parent earth receives whate'er she bore.
Nor will we mourn those Romans' fate, who lie
Beneath the glorious covering of the sky;
That starry arch for ever round them turns,
A nobler shelter far than tombs or urns.
But wherefore parts the loathing victor hence?
Does slaughter strike too strongly on thy sense?
Yet stay, yet breathe the thick infectious steam,
Yet quaff with joy the blood-polluted stream.
But see, they fly! the daring warriors yield!
And the dead heaps drive Cæsar from the field!
Now to the prey, gaunt wolves, a howling train,
Speed hungry from the far Bistonian plain;

From Pholoe the tawny lion comes,
And growling bears forsake their darksome homes:
With these, lean dogs in herds obscene repair,
And every kind that snuffs the tainted air.
For food, the cranes their wonted flight delay,
That erst to warmer Nile had wing'd their way:
With them the feather'd race convene from far,
Who gather to the prey, and wait on war.
Ne'er were such flocks of vultures seen to fly,
And hide with spreading plumes the crowded sky:
Gorging on limbs in every tree they sat,
And dropt raw morsels down, and gory fat:
Oft their tir'd talons, loosening as they fled,
Rain'd horrid offals on the victor's head.
But while the slain supplied too full a feast,
The plenty bred satiety at last;
The ravenous feeders riot at their ease,
And single out what dainties best may please.
Part borne away, the rest neglected lie,
For noonday suns and parching winds to dry;
Till length of time shall wear them quite away,
And mix them with Emathia's common clay.
Oh, fatal Thessaly! oh, land abhor'd!
How have thy fields the hate of heaven incur'd;
That thus the gods to thee destruction doom,
And load thee with the curse of falling Rome!
Still to new crimes [57], new horrors dost thou haste,
When yet thy former mischiefs scarce were past.
What rolling years, what ages can repay,
The multitudes thy wars have swept away!
Though tombs and urns their numerous store should spread,
And long antiquity yield all her dead;

57 Meaning the battle of Philippi. But of this see before.

Thy guilty plains more slaughter'd Romans hold,
Than all those tombs and all those urns infold.
Hence bloody spots shall stain thy grassy green,
And crimson drops on bladed corn be seen:
Each ploughshare some dead patriot shall molest,
Disturb his bones, and rob his ghost of rest.
Oh! had the guilt of war been all thy own,
Were civil rage confin'd to thee alone;
No mariner his labouring bark should moor,
In hopes of safety, on thy dreadful shore;
No swain thy spectre-haunted plain should know,
Nor turn thy blood-stain'd fallow with his plough:
No shepherd e'er should drive his flock to feed,
Where Romans slain enrich the verdant mead:
All desolate should lie thy land, and waste,
As in some scorch'd[58] or frozen region plac'd.
But the great gods forbid our partial hate
On Thessaly's distinguish'd land to wait;
New blood and other slaughters they decree,
And others shall be guilty too, like thee.
Munda and Mutina shall boast their slain,
Pachynus' waters share the purple stain,
And Actium justify Pharsalia's plain.

[58] Some uninhabitable part of the world.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT.

From Pharsalia, Pompey flies, first to Larissa, and after to the sea-shore, where he embarks upon a small vessel for Lesbos. There, after a melancholy meeting with Cornelia, and his refusal of the Mitylenians' invitations, he embarks with his wife for the coast of Asia. In the way thither he is joined by his son Sextus, and several persons of distinction, who had fled likewise from the late battle; and among the rest by Deiotarus, king of Gallo-Græcia. To him he recommends the soliciting of supplies from the king of Parthia, and the rest of his allies in Asia. After coasting Cilicia for some time, he comes at length to a little town called Syedra or Syedræ, where great part of the Senate meet him. With these he deliberates upon the present circumstances of the Commonwealth, and proposes either Mauritania, Egypt, or Parthia, as the proper places where he may hope to be received, and from whose kings he may expect assistance. In his own opinion he inclines to the Parthians; but this, Lentulus, in a long oration, opposes very warmly; and in consideration of young Ptolemy's personal obligations to Pompey, prefers Egypt. This advice is generally approved and followed, and Pompey sets sail accordingly for Egypt. Upon his arrival on that coast, the king calls a council; where, at the instigation of Pothinus, a villanous minister, it is resolved to take his life; and the execution of this order is committed to the care of Achillas, formerly the king's governor, and then general of the army. He, with Septimius, a renegado Roman soldier, who had formerly served under Pompey, upon some frivolous pretences, persuades him to quit his ship, and come into

their boat; where, as they make towards the shore, he treacherously murders him, in the sight of his wife, his son, and the rest of his fleet. His head is cut off, and his body thrown into the sea. The head is fixed upon a spear, and carried to Ptolemy; who, after he had seen it, commands it to be embalmed. In the succeeding night, one Cordus, who had been a follower of Pompey, finds the trunk floating near the shore, brings it to land with some difficulty; and with a few planks that remained from a shipwrecked vessel, burns it. The melancholy description of this mean funeral, with the poet's invective against the gods and fortune, for their unworthy treatment of so great a man, concludes this book.

Now through the vale, by great Alcides made[1],
And the sweet maze of Tempe's pleasing shade,
Cheerless, the flying chief renew'd his speed,
And urg'd, with gory spurs, his fainting steed.
Fall'n from the former greatness[2] of his mind,
He turns where doubtful paths obscurely wind.
The fellows of his flight increase his dread,
While hard behind the trampling horsemen tread:

[1] See the sixth book, note 27, as likewise Lucan himself, in that place.

[2] This is one of the passages which, if Lucan had lived to give the last hand to this work, I cannot but think he would have altered. The fear that he gives to Pompey, on occasion of his flight, is very unlike the character he himself, or indeed any other writer, has given him. It is something the more remarkable from a passage in the latter end of the foregoing book, where he is said to leave the field of battle with great bravery and constancy of mind. Though it is very judiciously observed, on comparing that passage and this together, by Martin Lasso de Oropesa, the Spanish translator, that the desire of seeing his wife, which was the occasion of his resolution to leave the field, and survive such a loss as that battle was, in the seventh book, might in this place likewise be the reason for the fear and anxiety which he showed in his flight.

He starts at every rustling of the trees,
And fears the whispers of each murmuring breeze.
He feels not yet, alas! his lost estate;
And though he flies, believes himself still great;
Imagines millions for his life are bid,
And rates his own, as he would Cæsar's head.
Where'er his fear explores untrodden ways,
His well-known visage still his flight betrays.
Many he meets unknowing of his chance,
Whose gathering forces to his aid advance.
With gaze astonish'd, these their chief behold,
And scarce believe what by himself is told.
In vain to covert, from the world he flies,
Fortune still grieves him with pursuing eyes:
Still aggravates, still urges his disgrace,
And galls him with the thoughts of what he was.
His youthful triumph sadly now returns,
His Pontic and piratic wars he mourns,
While stung with secret shame and anxious care he burns.
Thus age to sorrows oft the great betrays,
When loss of empire comes with length of days.
Life and enjoyment still one end shall have,
Lest early misery prevent the grave.
The good that lasts not, was in vain bestow'd,
And ease, once past, becomes the present load:
Then let the wise, in fortune's kindest hour,
Still keep one safe retreat within his pow'r;
Let death be near, to guard him from surprise,
And free him, when the fickle goddess flies.
Now to those shores the hapless Pompey came,
Where hoary Peneus rolls his ancient stream:
Red with Emathian slaughter ran his flood,
And dy'd the ocean deep in Roman blood.

There a poor bark [3], whose keel perhaps might glide
Safe down some river's smooth descending tide,
Receiv'd the mighty master of the main,
Whose spreading navies hide the liquid plain.
In this he braves the winds and stormy sea,
And to the Lesbian isle directs his way.
There the kind partner of his every care,
His faithful, lov'd Cornelia, languish'd there:
At that sad distance more unhappy far,
Than in the midst of danger, death, and war.
There on her heart, ev'n all the live-long day,
Fore-boding thought a weary burden lay:
Sad visions haunt her slumbers with affright,
And Thessaly returns with every night.
Soon as the ruddy morning paints the skies,
Swift to the shore the pensive mourner flies;
There, lonely sitting on the cliff's bleak brow,
Her sight she fixes on the seas below;
Attentive marks the wide horizon's bound,
And kens each sail that rises in the round:
Thick beats her heart, as every prow draws near,
And dreads the fortunes of her lord to hear.
At length, behold! the fatal bark is come!
See! the swoln canvass labouring with her doom:
Preventing fame, misfortune lends him wings,
And Pompey's self his own sad story brings.

[3] Lucan mentions this very emphatically, because Pompey had even at that very time a great fleet lying at Corcyra, and in the bay of Ambrachia.

Plutarch and Appian relate, that Pompey in his flight from Darissa came all along through Tempe to the shore, and lodged that night in the cottage of a fisherman. About morning he went to sea, in a little boat, and, sailing along by the shore, met with a ship of greater burden, of which one Petitius, a Roman, was captain, who knowing Pompey took him in, and transported him to Lesbos.

Now bid thy eyes, thou lost Cornelia, flow;
And change thy fears to certain sorrows now.
Swift glides the woeful vessel on to land;
Forth flies the headlong matron to the strand.
There soon she found what worst the gods could do,
There soon her dear much-alter'd lord she knew;
Though fearful all, and ghastly was his hue.
Rude o'er his face his hoary locks were grown,
And dust was cast upon his Roman gown.
She saw, and fainting sunk in sudden night;
Grief stopt her breath, and shut out loathsome light:
The loosening nerves no more their force exert,
And motion ceas'd within the freezing heart;
Death kindly seem'd her wishes to obey,
And, stretch'd upon the beach, a corse she lay.
But now the mariners the vessel moor,
And Pompey, landing, views the lonely shore.
The faithful maids their loud lamentings ceas'd,
And reverently their ruder grief suppress'd.
Straight, while with duteous care they kneel around,
And raise their wretched mistress from the ground,
Her lord infolds her with a strict embrace,
And joins his cheek close to her lifeless face:
At the known touch, her failing sense returns,
And vital warmth in kindling blushes burns.
At length, from virtue thus he seeks relief,
And kindly chides her violence of grief.
"Canst thou then sink, thou daughter of the great[4],
Sprung from the noblest guardians of our state;
Canst thou thus yield to the first shock of fate?

4 Descended from the Scipios.

Whatever deathless [5] monuments of praise
Thy sex can merit, 'tis in thee to raise.
On man alone life's ruder trials wait,
The fields of battle, and the cares of state;
While the wife's virtue then is only tried,
When faithless fortune quits her husband's side.
Arm then thy soul, the glorious task to prove,
And learn thy miserable lord to love.
Behold me of my power and pomp bereft,
By all my kings, and by Rome's fathers left:
Oh! make that loss thy glory; and be thou
The only follower of Pompey now.
This grief becomes thee not, while I survive;
War wounds not thee, since I am still alive:
These tears a dying husband should deplore,
And only fall when Pompey is no more.
'Tis true, my former greatness all is lost;
Who weep for that, no love for me can boast,
But mourn the loss of what they valued most."
Mov'd at her lord's reproof, the matron rose;
Yet, still complaining, thus avow'd her woes.
" Ah! wherefore was I not much rather led,
A fatal bride, to Cæsar's hated bed?
To thee unlucky, and a curse, I came,
Unbless'd by yellow Hymen's holy flame.
My bleeding Crassus, and his sire, stood by,
And fell Erynnis shook her torch on high.
My fate on thee the Parthian vengeance [6] draws,
And urges Heaven to hate the juster cause.

5 Meaning that his misfortunes gave her the noblest occasion of exerting the greatness of her mind.

6 A like misfortune with that of my first husband, who was killed by the Parthians.

Ah, my once greatest lord! ah, cruel hour!
Is thy victorious head in Fortune's pow'r?
Since miseries my baneful love pursue,
Why did I wed thee only to undo?
But see, to death my willing neck I bow;
Atone the angry gods by one kind blow.
Long since, for thee, my life I would have giv'n;
Yet, let me, yet prevent the wrath of Heav'n.
Kill me, and scatter me upon the sea;
So shall propitious tides thy fleets convey,
Thy kings be faithful, and the world obey.
And thou, where'er thy sullen phantom flies,
O Julia! let thy rival's blood suffice;
Let me the rage of jealous vengeance bear,
But him, thy lord, thy once-lov'd Pompey, spare."
She said, and sunk within his arms again;
In streams of sorrow melt the mournful train:
Ev'n his, the warrior's eyes, were forc'd to yield,
That saw, without a tear, Pharsalia's field.
Now to the strand the Mitylenians[7] press'd,
And humbly thus bespoke their noble guest:
"If, to succeeding times, our isle shall boast
The pledge of Pompey left upon her coast;
Disdain not, if thy presence now we claim,
And fain would consecrate our walls to fame.
Make thou this place in future story great,
Where pious Romans may direct their feet,
To view with adoration thy retreat.
This may we plead, in favour of the town;
That while mankind the prosperous victor own,
Already, Cæsar's foes avow'd, are we,
Nor add new guilt, by duty paid to thee.

7 Mitylene was the chief city of Lesbos.

Some safety too our ambient seas secure;
Cæsar wants ships, and we defy his pow'r.
Here may Rome's scatter'd fathers well unite,
And arm against a second happier fight.
Our Lesbian youth with ready courage stands
To man thy navies, or recruit thy bands.
For gold, whate'er to sacred use is lent,
Take it, and the rapacious foe prevent.
This only mark of friendship we intreat,
Seek not to shun us in thy low estate;
But let our Lesbos in thy ruin prove,
As in thy greatness, worthy of thy love.
Much was the leader mov'd, and joy'd to find
Faith had not quite abandon'd human-kind.
" To me (he cried) for ever were you dear;
Witness the pledge committed to your care:
Here in security I plac'd my home,
My household-gods, my heart, my wife, my Rome.
I know what ransom [8] might your pardon buy,
And yet I trust you, yet to you I fly.
But, oh! too long my woes you singly bear;
I leave you, not for lands which I prefer,
But that the world the common load may share.
Lesbos! for ever sacred be thy name!
May late posterity thy truth proclaim!
Whether thy fair example spread around,
Or whether singly faithful thou art found:
For 'tis resolv'd, 'tis fix'd within my mind,
To try the doubtful world, and prove mankind.
Oh grant, good heav'n! if there be one alone,
One gracious power so lost a cause to own;

[8] You might deserve greatly of Cæsar, by delivering me up to him.

Grant, like the Lesbians, I my friends may find;
Such who, though Cæsar threaten, dare be kind:
Who, with the same just hospitable heart,
May leave me free to enter, or depart."
He ceas'd; and to the ship his partner bore,
While loud complainings fill the sounding shore.
It seem'd as if the nation with her pass'd,
And banishment had laid their island waste.
Their second sorrows they to Pompey give,
For her, as for their citizen, they grieve,
Ev'n though glad victory had call'd her thence,
And her lord's bidding been the just pretence;
The Lesbian matrons had in tears been drown'd,
And brought her weeping to their watery bound.
So was she lov'd, so winning was her grace,
Such lowly sweetness dwelt upon her face;
In such humility her life she led,
Ev'n while her lord was Rome's commanding head,
As if his fortune were already fled.
Half hid in seas descending Phœbus lay,
And upwards half, half downwards shot the day;
When wakeful cares revolve in Pompey's soul,
And run the wide world o'er, from pole to pole.
Each realm, each city, in his mind are weigh'd;
Where he may fly, from whence depend on aid.
Wearied at length beneath that load of woes,
And those sad scenes his future views disclose,
In conversation for relief he sought,
And exercis'd on various themes his thought.
Now sits he by the careful pilot's side,
And asks what rules their watery journey guide;
What lights of heaven his art attends to most,
Bound for the Libyan or the Syrian coast?
To him, intent upon the rolling skies,
The heav'n-instructed shipman thus replies:

" Of all yon multitude of golden stars,
Which the wide rounding sphere incessant bears,
The cautious mariner relies on none,
But keeps him to the constant pole alone.
When o'er the yard the lesser Bear aspires,
And from the topmast gleam its paly fires,
Then Bosphorus near neighbouring we explore,
And hear loud billows beat the Scythian shore:
But when Calisto's shining son descends,
And the low Cynosure toward ocean bends,
For Syria straight we know the vessel bears,
Where first Canopus' southern sign appears.
If still upon the left those stars thou keep,
And passing Pharos, plough the foamy deep,
Then right a head thy luckless bark shall reach
The Libyan shoals, and Syrt's unfaithful beach.
But say, for lo! on thee attends my hand,
What course dost thou assign? what seas, what land?
Speak, and the helm shall turn at thy command."
To him the chief, by doubts uncertain toss'd:
" Oh! fly the Latian and Thessalian coast:
Those only lands avoid. For all beside,
Yield to the driving winds, and rolling tide;
Let fortune, where she please, a port provide.
Till Lesbos did my dearest pledge restore,
That thought determin'd me to seek that shore:
All ports, all regions, but those fatal two,
Are equal to unhappy Pompey now."
Scarce had he spoke, when straight the master veer'd,
And right for Chios [9] and for Asia steer'd.

[9] Scio, an island in the Archipelago, not far from the coast of Asia: it lies southward from Lesbos.

The working waves the course inverted feel,
And dash and foam beneath the winding keel;
With art like this, on rapid chariots borne,
Around the column [10] skilful racers turn:
The nether wheels bear nicely on the goal,
The further wide in distant circles roll.
Now day's bright beams the various earth disclose,
And o'er the fading stars the sun arose;
When Pompey, gathering to his side, beheld
The scatter'd relics of Pharsalia's field.
First from the Lesbian isle his son drew near,
And soon a troop of faithful chiefs appear.
Nor purple princes yet disdain to wait
On vanquish'd Pompey's humbler low estate.
Proud monarchs, who in eastern kingdoms reign,
Mix in the great illustrious exile's train.
From these, apart, Deiotarus he draws,
The long approv'd companion of his cause:
"Thou best (he cries) of all my royal friends!
Since with our loss Rome's power and empire ends;
What yet remains, but that we call from far
The eastern nations, to support the war?
Euphrates has not own'd proud Cæsar's side,
And Tigris rolls a yet unconquer'd tide.
Let it not grieve thee, then, to seek for aid
From the wild Scythian, and remotest Mede.
To Parthia's monarch my distress declare,
And at his throne speak this my humble pray'r.

[10] This was a pillar of marble placed at the end of the course appointed for the chariot-races among the ancients; and to turn nicely and closely round this, without touching, was reckoned a piece of great skill and dexterity in the driver.

If faith in ancient leagues is to be found,
Leagues by our altars and your Magi[11] bound;
Now string the Getic and Armenian bow,
And in full quivers feather'd shafts bestow.
If when o'er Caspian hills my troops I led,
'Gainst Allans, in eternal warfare bred,
I sought not once to make your Parthians yield,
But left them free to range the Persian field.
Beyond the' Assyrian bounds my eagles flew,
And conquer'd realms, that Cyrus never knew:
Ev'n to the utmost east I urg'd my way,
And, ere the Persian, saw the rising day:
Yet while beneath my yoke the nations bend,
I sought the Parthian, only as my friend.
Yet more; when Carræ blush'd with Crassus' blood,
And Latium her severest vengeance vow'd;
When war with Parthia[12] was the common cry,
Who stop'd the fury of that rage, but I?
If this be true, through Zeugma[13] take your way,
Nor let Euphrates' stream the march delay;
In gratitude, to my assistance come;
Fight Pompey's cause, and conquer willing Rome."
He said; the monarch cheerfully obey'd,
And straight aside his royal robes he laid;
Then bid his slaves their humbler vestments bring:
And in that servile veil conceals the king.

[11] These Magi were priests, or philosophers, of a peculiar sect instituted by Zoroaster; of whom see at large Dr. Prideaux in his 'Learned Connection,' &c. vol. i.

[12] Pompey dissuaded the Senate from a war with Parthia, while there was one afoot with Gaul.

[13] Zeugma was a town on the river Euphrates, built by Alexander the Great. Perhaps, about the time of this civil war, it might be the boundary of the Roman and Parthian dominions. For Carræ, see the notes on the first book, about the beginning.

Thus majesty gives its proud trappings o'er,
And humbly seeks for safety from the poor:
The poor, who no disguises need, nor wear;
Unbless'd with greatness, and unvex'd with fear.
His princely friend now safe convey'd to land,
The chief o'erpass'd the fam'd Ephesian strand,
Icaria's [14] rocks, with Colophon's [15] smooth deep,
And foamy cliffs with rugged Samos keep.
From Coan [16] shores soft breathes the western wind,
And Rhodes and Gnidos [17] soon are left behind:
Then crossing o'er Telmessos' [18] ample bay,
Right to Pamphilia's coast he cuts his way,
Suspicious of the land, he keeps the main,
Till poor Phaselis [19], first, receives his wandering train.
There free from fears, with ease he may command
Her citizens, scarce equal to his band.
Nor lingering there, his swelling sails are spread,
Till he discerns proud Taurus' rising head:
A mighty mass he stands, while down his side
Descending Dipsas rolls his headlong tide.
In a slight bark he runs securely o'er
The pirates once infested dreadful shore.
Ah! when he set the watery empire free,
And swept the fierce Cilician from the sea,

14 Now Nicaria, an island of the Archipelago, north of Patmos, and west of Samos.

15 Formerly an ancient city on the coast of Ionia, now Altobosco, a village of Natolia.

16 Co, or Cos, now Stanchie; an island on the coast of Caria.

17 Or rather Cnidos, a city on the coast of Caria.

18 A city on the coast of Lycia.

19 A little city on the coast between Lycia and Pamphylia; in the latter of these provinces is Syedra, where Pompey met and consulted with the remains of the Senate.

Could the successful warrior have forethought
'Twas for his future safety then he fought!
At length the gathering fathers of the state
In full assembly on their leader wait:
Within Syedra's walls their Senate meets,
Whom, sighing, thus the' illustrious exile greets.
" My friends! who with me fought, who with me fled,
And now are to me in my country's stead;
Though quite defenceless and unarm'd we stand,
On this Cilician, naked, foreign strand;
Though every mark of fortune's wrath we bear,
And seem to seek for counsel in despair;
Preserve your souls undaunted, free, and great,
And know I am not fall'n entirely yet.
Spite of the ruins of Emathia's plain,
Yet can I rear my drooping head again.
From Afric's dust abandon'd Marius rose [20],
To seize the fasces, and insult his foes.
My loss is lighter, less is my disgrace;
Shall I despair to reach my former place?
Still on the Grecian seas my navies ride,
And many a valiant leader owns my side.
All that Pharsalia's luckless field could do,
Was to disperse my forces, not subdue.
Still safe beneath my former fame I stand,
Dear to the world, and lov'd in every land.
'Tis yours to counsel and determine, whom
We shall apply to in the cause of Rome;
What faithful friend may best assistance bring;
The Libyan, Parthian, or Egyptian king [21].
For me, what course my thoughts incline to take,
Here freely and at large I mean to speak.

[20] See before in the second book.

[21] These were Juba, Phraates, and Ptolemy.

What most dislike me in the Pharian prince,
Are his raw years, and yet unpractis'd sense:
Virtue, in youth, no stable footing finds,
And constancy is built on manly minds.
Nor, with less danger, may our trust explore
The faith uncertain of the crafty Moor:
From Carthaginian blood he draws his race,
Still mindful of the vanquish'd town's disgrace;
From thence Numidian mischiefs he derives,
And Hannibal in his false heart survives:
With pride he saw submissive Varus [22] bow,
And joys to hear the Roman power lies low.
To warlike Parthia therefore let us turn,
Where stars unknown in distant azure burn;
Where Caspian hills to part the world arise,
And night and day succeed in other skies;
Where rich Assyrian plains Euphrates laves,
And seas discolour'd roll their ruddy waves.
Ambition there delights in arms to reign,
There rushing squadrons thunder o'er the plain;
There young and old the bow promiscuous bend,
And fatal shafts with aim unerring send.
They first the Macedonian phalanx broke,
And hand to hand repell'd the Grecian stroke;
They drove the Mede and Bactrian from the field,
And taught aspiring Babylon to yield;
Fearless against the Roman pile they stood,
And triumph'd in our vanquish'd Crassus' blood.
Nor trust they to the points of piercing darts,
But furnish death with new improving arts;
In mortal juices dip'd their arrows fly,
And if they taste the blood, the wounded die.

[22] Varus, who had sought to Juba for assistance, was routed by Curio. See the fourth book, towards the end.

Too well their powers and favouring gods we know,
And wish our fate much rather would allow
Some other aid against the common foe.
With unauspicious succour shall they come,
Nurs'd in the hate and rivalship of Rome: [arm;
While these the neighbouring nations round shall
And the whole east rouse at the dire alarm.
Should the barbarian race their aid deny,
Yet would I choose in that strange land to die:
There let our shipwreck'd poor remains be thrown,
Our loss forgotten, and our names unknown:
Securely there ill-fortune would I brave,
Nor meanly sue to kings, whose crowns I gave [23]:
From Cæsar free, enjoy my latest hour,
And scorn his anger's and his mercy's pow'r.
Still when my thoughts my former days restore,
With joy methinks I run those regions o'er;
There much the better parts of life I prov'd,
Rever'd by all, applauded and belov'd;
Wide o'er Mæotis spread my happy name,
And Tanais ran conscious of my fame;
My vanquish'd enemies my conquests mourn'd,
And cover'd still with laurels I return'd.
Approve then, Rome, my present cares for thee:
Thine is the gain, whate'er the' event shall be.
What greater boon canst thou from heaven demand,
Than in thy cause to arm the Parthian's hand?
Barbarians thus shall wage thy civil war,
And those that hate thee in thy ruin share.
When Cæsar and Phraates battle join,
They must revenge or Crassus' wrongs or mine."

[23] Ptolemy, Tigranes, &c. but more especially Ptolemy.

The leader ceas'd; and straight a murmuring sound
Ran through the disapproving fathers round.
With these, in high pre-eminence, there sate
Distinguish'd Lentulus, the consul late:
None with more generous indignation stung,
Or nobler grief, beheld his country's wrong.
Sudden he rose, rever'd, and thus began,
In words that well became the subject and the man:
"Can then Pharsalia's ruins thus control
The former greatness of thy Roman soul?
Must the whole world, our laws and country, yield
To one unlucky day, one ill-fought field?
Hast thou no hopes of succour, no retreat,
But mean prostration at the Parthian's feet?
Art thou grown weary of our earth and sky;
That thus thou seek'st a fugitive to fly;
New stars to view, new regions to explore,
To learn new manners, and new gods adore?
Wilt thou before Chaldean altars bend,
Worship their fires [24], and on their kings depend?
Why didst thou draw the world to arms around;
Why cheat mankind with liberty's sweet sound;
Why on Emathia's plain fierce Cæsar brave;
When thou canst yield thyself a tyrant's slave?
Shall Parthia, who with terror shook from far,
To hear thee nam'd to head the Roman war,
Who saw thee lead proud monarchs in thy chain,
From wild Hyrcania and the Indian main;
Shall she, that very Parthia, see thee now,
A poor, dejected, humble suppliant bow?

[24] The worship of fire, or rather of the supreme being and principle of all things, under that symbol, was first taught among the eastern nations by Zoroaster and his disciples the Magi.

Then haughtily with Rome her greatness mate,
And scorn thy country, for thy groveling fate?
Thy tongue, in eastern languages untaught,
Shall want the words that should explain thy thought:
Tears then, unmanly, must thy suit declare;
And suppliant hands, uplifted, speak thy pray'r.
Shall Parthia (shall it to our shame be known)
Revenge Rome's wrongs, ere Rome revenge her own?
Our war no interfering kings demands,
Nor shall be trusted to barbarian hands:
Among ourselves our bonds we will deplore,
And Rome shall serve the rebel son[25] she bore.
Why wouldst thou bid our foes transgress their bound,
And teach their feet to tread Hesperian ground?
With ensigns, torn from Crassus, shall they come,
And with his ravish'd honours threaten Rome;
His fate those blood-stain'd eagles shall recal,
And hover dreadful o'er their native wall.
Canst thou believe the monarch who withheld
His only forces from Emathia's field,
Will bring his succours to thy waning state,
And bravely now defy the victor's hate?
No eastern courage forms a thought so great.
In cold laborious climes the wintry north
Brings her undaunted hardy warriors forth;
In body and in mind untaught to yield,
Stubborn of soul, and steady in the field;
While Asia's softer climate, form'd to please,
Dissolves her sons in insolence and ease.
Here silken robes invest unmanly limbs,
And in long trains the flowing purple streams.

[25] Cæsar.

Where no rude hills Sarmatia's wilds restrain,
Or rushing Tigris cuts the level plain,
Swifter than winds along the champain borne,
At liberty they fly, or fight, or turn;
And distant still, the vain pursuer scorn.
Nor with like ease they force their warlike way,
Where rough unequal grounds their speed delay.
Whene'er the thicker shades of night arise,
Unaim'd the shaft, and unavailing, flies.
Nor are they form'd with constancy to meet
Those toils, that make the panting soldier sweat:
To climb the heights, to stem the rapid flood,
To make the dusty noon-day battle good,
Horrid with wounds, and crusted o'er in blood.
Nor war's machines they know, nor have the skill
To shake the rampire, or the trench to fill:
Each fence that can their winged shafts endure,
Stands, like a fort impregnable, secure.
Light are their skirmishes, their war is flight,
And still to wheel their wavering troops delight.
To taint their coward darts is all their care,
And then to trust them to the flitting air.
Whene'er their bows have spent the feather'd store,
The mighty business of their war is o'er:
No manly strokes they try, nor hand to hand
With cleaving swords in sturdy combat stand.
With swords the valiant still their foes invade;
These call in drugs and poison to their aid.
Are these the powers to whom thou bidst us fly?
Is this the land in which thy bones would lie?
Shall these barbarian hands for thee provide
The grave, to thy unhappy friend [26] denied?

[26] To Crassus.

But, be it so! that death shall bring thee peace,
That here thy sorrows and thy toils shall cease.
Death is what man should wish. But oh! what fate
Shall on thy wife, thy sad survivor, wait?
For her, where lust with lawless empire reigns,
Somewhat more terrible than death remains.
Have we not heard, with what abhor'd desires
The Parthian Venus feeds her guilty fires?
How their wild monarch, like the bestial race,
Spreads the pollution of his lewd embrace?
Unaw'd by reverence of connubial rites,
In multitudes, luxurious, he delights:
When gorg'd with feasting, and inflam'd with wine,
No joys can sate him, and no laws confine;
Forbidding nature, then, commands in vain,
From sisters and from mothers to abstain.
The Greek and Roman, with a trembling ear,
The' unwilling crime of Œdipus may hear;
While Parthian kings like deeds with glory own,
And boast incestuous titles to the throne.
If crimes like these they can securely brave,
What laws, what power shall thy Cornelia save?
Think, how the helpless matron may be led,
The thousandth harlot, to the royal bed.
Though when the tyrant clasps his noble slave,
And hears to whom her plighted hand she gave,
Her beauties oft in scorn he shall prefer,
And choose to' insult the Roman name in her.
These are the powers to whom thou wouldst submit,
And Rome's revenge and Crassus' quite forget.
Thy cause, prefer'd to his, becomes thy shame,
And blots, in common, thine and Cæsar's name.
With how much greater glory might you join,
To drive the Daci, or to free the Rhine?

How well your conquering legions might you lead
'Gainst the fierce Bactrian, and the haughty Mede?
Level proud Babylon's aspiring domes, [tombs?
And with their spoils enrich our slaughter'd leaders'
No longer, Fortune! let our friendship last,
Our peace, ill-omen'd, with the barbarous east;
If civil strife with Cæsar's conquest end,
To Asia let his prosperous arms extend:
Eternal wars there let the victor wage,
And on proud Parthia pour the Roman rage.
There I, there all, his victories may bless,
And Rome herself make vows for his success.
Whene'er thou pass the cold Araxes o'er,
An aged shade[27] shall greet thee on the shore,
Transfix'd with arrows, mournful, pale, and hoar.
" And art thou (shall he cry, complaining) come
In peace and friendship to these foes of Rome?
Thou! from whose hand we hop'd revenge in vain,
Poor naked ghosts, a thin unburied train,
That flit, lamenting, o'er this dreary plain?
On every side new objects shall disclose
Some mournful monument of Roman woes;
On every wall fresh marks thou shalt descry,
Where pale Hesperian heads were fix'd on high:
Each river, as he rolls his purple tide,
Shall own his waves in Latian slaughter dy'd.
If sights like these thou canst with patience bear,
What are the horrors which thy soul would fear?
Ev'n Cæsar's self with joy may be beheld,
Enthron'd on slaughter in Emathia's field.
Say, then, we grant, thy cautions were not vain,
Of Punic frauds and Juba's faithless reign;
Abounding Egypt shall receive thee yet,
And yield, unquestion'd, a secure retreat.

[27] The ghost of Crassus.

By nature strengthen'd with a dangerous strand,
Her syrts and untried channels guard the land.
Rich in the fatness of her plenteous soil,
She plants her only confidence in Nile.
Her monarch, bred beneath thy guardian cares,
His crown, the largess of thy bounty, wears.
Nor let unjust suspicions brand his truth;
Candour and innocence still dwell with youth.
Trust not a power accustom'd to be great,
And vers'd in wicked policies of state.
Old kings, long harden'd in the regal trade,
By interest and by craft alone are sway'd,
And violate with ease the leagues they made:
While new ones still make conscience of the trust,
True to their friends, and to their subjects just."
He spoke; the listening fathers all were mov'd,
And with concurring votes the thought approv'd.
So much ev'n dying liberty prevail'd,
When Pompey's suffrage and his counsel fail'd.
And now Cicilia's coast the fleet forsake,
And o'er the watery plain for Cyprus make.
Cyprus, to love's ambrosial goddess dear,
For ever grateful smoke the altars there:
Indulgent still she hears the Paphian vows,
And loves the favourite seas from whence she rose.
So fame reports, if we may credit fame,
When her fond tales the birth of gods proclaim,
Unborn, and from eternity the same.
The craggy cliffs of Cyprus quickly past,
The chief runs southward o'er the ocean vast.
Nor views he, through the murky veil of night,
The Casian mountain's[28] far-distinguish'd height,
The high-hung lantern, or the beamy light.

[28] Casium, or rather Casius, was a promontory in the most easterly part of Egypt. At the foot of this mountain, on the

Haply at length the labouring canvass bore
Full on the furthest bounds of Egypt's shore,
Where near Pelusium parting Nile descends,
And in her utmost eastern channel ends.
'Twas now the time [29] when equal Jove on high
Had hung the golden balance of the sky:
But ah! not long such just proportions last!
The righteous season soon was chang'd and past;
And spring's encroachment on the shortening shade
Was fully to the wintry nights repaid:
When to the chief from shore they made report,
That, near high Casium, lay the Pharian court.
This known, he thither turns his ready sail,
The light yet lasting with the favouring gale.
The fleet arriv'd, the news flies swiftly round,
And their new guests the troubled court confound.
The time was short: howe'er the council met,
Vile ministers, a monstrous motley set:
Of these, the chief in honour, and the best,
Was old Achorëus, the Memphian priest:
In Isis and Osiris [30] he believ'd,
And reverend tales, from sire to son receiv'd;

sea-shore, was buried Pompey. Lucan says, that Pompey's fleet overshot this promontory, and did not see the light that was always kept on the top of it for the direction of sailors. Pelusium, mentioned just after this, was in Pompey's time a great city. It is now a poor village, and called, if I am not mistaken, Belbais or Bebais.

29 About the middle of September.

30 Of these two Egyptian deities see the third book of Herodotus, and other authors; but above all the learned Selden's *Syntagma de Diis Syris*. It will be sufficient to observe here, that they were husband and wife, and the two chief gods among the Egyptians.

Could mark the swell of Nile's [31] increasing tide,
And many in Apis [32] in his time had died;
Yet was his age with gentlest manners fraught,
Humbly he spoke, and modestly he taught.
With good intent the pious seer arose,
And told how much their state to Pompey owes:
What large amends their monarch ought to make,
Both for his own, and for his father's sake.
But fate had plac'd a subtler speaker there,
A tongue more fitted for a tyrant's ear,
Pothinus, deep in arts of mischief read,
Who thus, with false persuasion, blindly led
The easy king to doom his guardian dead.
"To strictest justice many ills [33] belong,
And honesty is often in the wrong:
Chiefly, when stubborn rules her zealots push,
To favour those whom fortune means to crush.
But thou, oh royal Ptolemy! be wise;
Change with the gods, and fly whom fortune flies.
Not earth, from yon high heavens which we admire,
Not from the watery element, the fire,
Are sever'd by distinction half so wide
As interest and integrity divide.
The mighty power of kings no more prevails,
When Justice comes with her deciding scales.

31 Of this see at large in the tenth book.

32 Apis was a living ox, worshipped likewise by the Egyptians. He was only suffered to live such a certain time, and then his own priests put him into the fountain of the sun and killed him. Upon the death of one they immediately, with great marks of grief, looked out for another; who was to be of the same race, and marked after the same manner; especially he was to have a white half-moon on the right side.

33 Many inconveniences and ill consequences, as to what regards the success of things in this world.

Freedom for all things, and a lawless sword,
Alone support an arbitrary lord.
He that is cruel must be bold in ills,
And find his safety from the blood he spills.
For piety, and virtue's starving rules,
To mean retirements let them lead their fools:
There may they still ingloriously be good;
None can be safe in courts who blush at blood.
Nor let this fugitive despise thy years,
Or think a name like his can cause thy fears:
Exert thyself, and let him feel thy pow'r,
And know, that we dare drive him from our shore.
But if thou wish to lay thy greatness down,
To some more just succession yield thy crown;
Thy rival sister willingly shall reign,
And save our Egypt from a foreign chain.
As now, at first, in neutral peace we lay,
Nor would be Pompey's friends, nor Cæsar's prey.
Vanquish'd where'er his fortune had been tried,
And driv'n with scorn from all the world beside,
By Cæsar chas'd, and left by his allies,
To us a baffled vagabond he flies.
The poor remaining senate loathe his sight,
And ruin'd monarchs curse his fatal flight:
While thousand phantoms from the' unburied slain,
Who feed the vultures of Emathia's plain,
Disastrous still pursue him in the rear,
And urge his soul with horror and despair.
To us for refuge now he seeks to run,
And would once more with Egypt be undone.
Rouse then, oh! Ptolemy, repress the wrong [34];
He thinks we have enjoy'd our peace too long:
And therefore kindly comes, that we may share
The crimes of slaughter, and the woes of war.

[34] The destruction and ruin that Pompey would involve us in.

His friendship shown to thee suspicions draws,
And makes us seem too guilty of his cause:
Thy crown bestow'd, the victor may impute;
The senate gave it, but at Pompey's suit.
Nor, Pompey! thou thyself shall think it hard,
If from thy aid by fate we are debar'd.
We follow where the gods constraining lead;
We strike at thine, but wish 'twere Cæsar's head.
Our weakness this, this fate's compulsion call;
We only yield to him who conquers all.
Then doubt not if thy blood we mean to spill;
Power awes us; if we can, we must and will.
What hopes thy fond mistaking soul betray'd,
To put thy trust in Egypt's feeble aid?
Our slothful nation, long disus'd to toil,
With pain suffice to till their slimy soil;
Our idle force due modesty should teach,
Nor dare to aim beyond its humble reach.
Shall we resist where Rome was forc'd to yield,
And make us parties to Pharsalia's field?
We mix'd not in the fatal strife before;
And shall we, when the world has given it o'er?
Now! when we know the' avenging victor's pow'r?
Nor do we turn unpitying from distress;
We fly not Pompey's woes, but seek success.
The prudent on the prosperous still attends,
And none but fools choose wretches for their friends."

He said; the vile assembly all assent,
And the boy-king his glad concurrence lent.
Fond of the royalty [35] his slaves bestow'd,
And by new power of wickedness made proud.

35 As if he was pleased that his ministers, who governed and controlled him on all other occasions, would give him leave to exercise his royal power for the commission of so base a murder,

Where Casium high o'erlooks the shoaly strand,
A bark with armed ruffians straight is man'd,
And the task trusted to Achillas' hand.
Can then Egyptian souls thus proudly dare?
Is Rome, ye gods! thus fall'n by civil war?
Can you to Nile transfer the Roman guilt,
And let such blood by coward hands be spilt?
Some kindred murderer at least afford,
And let him fall by Cæsar's worthy sword;
And thou, inglorious, feeble, beardless boy!
Darst thou thy hand in such a deed employ?
Does not thy trembling heart with horror dread
Jove's thunder grumbling o'er thy guilty head?
Had not his arms with triumphs oft been crown'd,
And ev'n the vanquish'd world his conquest own'd;
Had not the reverend senate call'd him head,
And Cæsar given fair Julia to his bed,
He was a Roman still: a name should be
For ever sacred, to a king like thee.
Ah fool! thus blindly by thyself undone,
Thou seek'st his ruin who upheld thy throne:
He only could thy feeble power maintain
Who gave thee first o'er Egypt's realm to reign.
The seamen, now advancing near to shore,
Strike the wide sail, and ply the plunging oar;
When the false miscreants the navy meet,
And with dissembled cheer the Roman greet.
They feign their hospitable land address'd,
With ready friendship, to receive her guest;
Excusing much an inconvenient shore,
Where shoals lie thick, and meeting currents roar:
From his tall ship, unequal to the place,
They beg him to their lighter bark to pass.
Had not the gods, unchangeably, decreed
Devoted Pompey in that hour to bleed,

A thousand signs the danger near foretel,
Seen by his sad presaging friends too well.
Had their low fawning justly been design'd,
If truth could lodge in an Egyptian mind,
Their king himself with all his fleet had come,
To lead in pomp his benefactor home.
But thus fate will'd; and Pompey chose to bear
A certain death before uncertain fear.
While now aboard the hostile boat he goes,
To follow him the frantic matron vows,
And claims her partnership in all his woes.
"But oh! forbear (he cries), my love, forbear;
Thou and my son remain in safety here.
Let this old head the danger first explore,
And prove the faith of yon suspected shore."
He spoke; but she, unmov'd at his commands,
Thus loud exclaiming, stretch'd her eager hands:
"Whither, inhuman! whither art thou gone?
Still must I weep our common griefs alone?
Joy still with thee forsakes my boding heart;
And fatal is the hour whene'er we part.
Why did thy vessel to my Lesbos turn?
Why was I from the faithful island borne?
Must I all lands, all shores alike forbear,
And only on the seas thy sorrows share?"
Thus to the winds loud plain'd her fruitless tongue,
While eager from the deck on high she hung;
Trembling with wild astonishment and fear,
She dares not, while her parting lord they bear,
Turn her eyes from him once, or fix them there.
On him his anxious navy all are bent,
And wait solicitous the dire event.
No danger aim'd against his life they doubt;
Care for his glory only fills their thought:

They wish he may not stain his name renown'd,
By mean submission to the boy he crown'd.
Just as he enter'd o'er the vessel's side,
" Hail, general!" the curs'd Septimius cried;
A Roman once in generous warfare bred,
And oft in arms by mighty Pompey led;
But now (what vile dishonour must it bring!)
The ruffian slave of an Egyptian king.
Fierce was he, horrible, inur'd to blood,
And ruthless as the savage of the wood.
Oh, Fortune! who but would have call'd thee kind,
And thought thee mercifully now inclin'd,
When thy o'erruling providence withheld
This hand of mischief from Pharsalia's field?
But thus thou scatter'st thy destroying swords,
And every land thy victims thus affords.
Shall Pompey at a tyrant's bidding bleed?
Can Roman hands be to the task decreed?
Ev'n Cæsar and his gods abhor the deed.
Say, you[36]! who with the stain of murder brand
Immortal Brutus's avenging hand;
What monstrous title, yet to speech unknown,
To latest times shall mark Septimius down?
Now in the boat defenceless Pompey sate,
Surrounded, and abandon'd to his fate.
Nor long they hold him in their power aboard,
Ere every villain drew his ruthless sword.
The chief perceiv'd their purpose soon, and spread
His Roman gown with patience o'er his head:
And when the curs'd Achillas pierc'd his breast,
His rising indignation close repress'd.
No sighs, no groans, his dignity profan'd,
Nor tears his still unsullied glory stain'd:

[36] If Brutus, who killed Cæsar, was a murderer, what is Septimius?

Unmov'd and firm he fix'd him on his seat,
And died, as when he liv'd and conquer'd, great!
Meanwhile, within his equal parting soul,
These latest pleasing thoughts revolving roll.
'In this my strongest trial, and my last,
As in some theatre I here am plac'd:
The faith of Egypt, and my fate, shall be
A theme for present times and late posterity.
Much of my former life was crown'd with praise,
And honours waited on my early days:
Then fearless let me this dread period meet,
And force the world to own the scene complete.
Nor grieve, my heart! by such base hands to bleed;
Whoever strikes the blow, 'tis Cæsar's deed.
What, though this mangled carcase shall be torn,
These limbs be toss'd about for public scorn;
My long prosperity has found its end,
And death comes opportunely, like a friend:
It comes, to set me free from Fortune's pow'r,
And gives what she can rob me of no more.
My wife and son behold me now, 'tis true;
Oh! may no tears, no groans, my fate pursue!
My virtue rather let their praise approve,
Let them admire my death, and my remembrance love.'
Such constancy in that dread hour remain'd,
And to the last the struggling soul sustain'd.
Not so the matron's feebler powers repress'd
The wild impatience of her frantic breast:
With every stab her bleeding heart was torn,
With wounds much harder to be seen than borne.
"'Tis I, 'tis I have murder'd him! (she cries)
My love the sword and ruthless hand supplies.
'Twas I allur'd him to my fatal isle,
That cruel Cæsar first might reach the Nile:

For Cæsar sure is there; no hand but his
Has right to such a parricide as this.
But whether Cæsar, or whoe'er thou art,
Thou hast mistook the way to Pompey's heart:
That sacred pledge in my sad bosom lies,
There plunge thy dagger, and he more than dies.
Me, too, most worthy of thy fury know,
The partner of his arms, and sworn your foe.
Of all our Roman wives, I singly bore
The camp's fatigue, the sea's tempestuous roar:
No dangers, not the victor's wrath, I fear'd;
What mighty monarchs durst not do I dar'd.
These guilty arms did their glad refuge yield,
And clasp'd him, flying from Pharsalia's field.
Ah Pompey! dost thou thus my faith reward?
Shalt thou be doom'd to die, and I be spar'd?
But fate shall many means of death afford,
Nor want the' assistance of a tyrant's sword.
And you, my friends, in pity, let me leap
Hence headlong, down amidst the tumbling deep:
Or to my neck the strangling cordage tie;
If there be any friend of Pompey nigh,
Transfix me, stab me; do but let me die!
My lord! my husband!—Yet thou art not dead;
And see! Cornelia is a captive led:
From thee their cruel hands thy wife detain,
Reserv'd to wear the' insulting victor's chain."
She spoke; and stiffening sunk in cold despair:
Her weeping maids the lifeless burden bear;
While the pale mariners the bark unmoor,
Spread every sail, and fly the faithless shore.
Nor agonies, nor livid death, disgrace
The sacred features of the hero's face;

In the cold visage, mournfully serene,
The same indignant majesty was seen;
There virtue still unchangeable abode,
And scorn'd the spite of every partial god.
The bloody business now complete and done,
New furies urge the fierce Septimius on.
He rends the robe that veil'd the hero's head,
And to full view expos'd the recent dead;
Hard in his horrid gripe the face he press'd,
While yet the quivering muscles life confess'd:
He drew the dragging body down with haste,
Then cross a rower's seat the neck he plac'd;
There, awkward, haggling, he divides the bone,
(The headsman's art was then but rudely known.)
Straight on the spoil his Pharian partner flies,
And robs the heartless villain of his prize.
The head, his trophy, proud Achillas bears;
Septimius an inferior drudge appears,
And in the meaner mischief poorly shares.
Caught by the venerable locks which grow
In hoary ringlets on his generous brow,
To Egypt's impious king that head they bear,
That laurels us'd to bind, and monarchs fear.
Those sacred lips, and that commanding tongue,
On which the listening forum oft has hung; [strain,
That tongue which could the world with ease re-
And ne'er commanded war or peace in vain;
That face, in which success came smiling home,
And doubled every joy it brought to Rome;
Now pale and wan, is fix'd upon a spear,
And borne, for public view, aloft in air.
The tyrant pleas'd beheld it, and decreed
To keep this pledge of his detested deed.

His slaves straight drain the serous parts away,
And arm the wasting flesh against decay; [pass,
Then drugs and gums [37] through the void vessels
And for duration fix the stiffening mass.
Inglorious boy! degenerate and base!
Thou last and worst of the Lagæan race!
Whose feeble throne ere long shall be compell'd
To thy lascivious sister's reign to yield [38]:
Canst thou, with altars and with rites divine,
The rash vain youth of Macedon enshrine;
Can Egypt such stupendous fabrics build;
Can her wide plains with pyramids be fill'd;
Canst thou, beneath such monumental pride,
Thy worthless Ptolemæan fathers hide;
While the great Pompey's headless trunk is toss'd
In scorn, unburied, on thy barbarous coast?
Was it so much? could not thy care suffice,
To keep him whole, and glut his father's eyes?
In this his fortune ever held the same,
Still wholly kind, or wholly cross, she came.
Patient his long prosperity she bore,
But kept this death, and this sad day, in store.
No meddling god did e'er his power employ,
To ease his sorrows, or to damp his joy;
Unmingled came the bitter and the sweet,
And all his good and evil was complete.
No sooner was he struck by fortune's hand,
But, see! he lies unburied on the sand:
Rocks tear him, billows toss him up and down,
And Pompey by a headless trunk is known.

37 That is, Ptolemy ordered it to be embalmed.

38 It was not long before Ptolemy was killed, and his sister Cleopatra reigned alone.

Yet ere proud Cæsar touch'd the Pharian Nile,
Chance found his mangled foe a funeral pile:
In pity half, and half in scorn, she gave
A wretched, to prevent a nobler grave.
Cordus [39], a follower long of Pompey's fate,
(His questor [40] in Idalian Cyprus late)
From a close cave, in covert where he lay,
Swift to the neighbouring shore betook his way:
Safe in the shelter of the gloomy shade,
And by strong ties of pious duty sway'd,
The fearless youth the wat'ry strand survey'd.
'Twas now the thickest darkness of the night,
And waning Phœbe lent a feeble light;
Yet soon the glimmering goddess plainly show'd
The paler corse, amidst the dusky flood.
The plunging Roman flies to its relief,
And with strong arms infolds the floating chief.
Long strove his labour with the tumbling main,
And drag'd the sacred burden on with pain.
Nigh weary now, the waves instruct him well,
To seize the' advantage of the' alternate swell:
Borne on the mounting surge, to shore he flies,
And on the beach in safety lands his prize.
There o'er the dead he hangs with tender care,
And drops in every gaping wound a tear:
Then lifting to the gloomy skies his head,
Thus to the stars, and cruel gods, he pray'd:
"See, fortune! where thy Pompey lies! and, oh!
In pity, one last little boon bestow.

39 Plutarch says this man's name was Philip.

40 A sort of collector or public treasurer. Cyprus is cal'd Idalian from a town, grove, or mountain, (perhaps there were all these) called Idalium, or Idalia, in that island, sacred to Venus.

He asks no heaps of frankincense to rise[41],
No eastern odours to perfume the skies;
No Roman necks his patriot corse to bear,
No reverend train of statues to appear;
No pageant shows his glories to record,
And tell the triumphs of his conquering sword;
No instruments in plaintive notes to sound,
No legions sad to march in solemn round:
A bier, no better than the vulgar need,
A little wood the kindling flame to feed,
With some poor hand to tend the homely fire,
Is all these wretched relics now require.
Your wrath, ye powers! Cornelia's hand denies;
Let that, for every other loss, suffice:
She takes not her last leave, she weeps not here,
And yet she is, ye gods! she is too near[42]."
Thus while he spoke, he saw where through the shade
A slender flame its gleamy light display'd;
There, as it chanc'd, abandon'd and unmourn'd,
A poor neglected body lonely burn'd.
He seiz'd the kindled brands; and "Oh! (he said)
Whoe'er thou art, forgive me, friendless shade;
And though unpitied and forlorn thou lie,
Thyself a better office shalt supply.
If there be sense in souls departed, thine
To my great leader shall her rites resign:

[41] In enumerating what was wanting to Pompey's funeral, the poet takes notice of the chief pieces of magnificence which were usual at the funerals of great men among the Romans. See the learned Dr. Kennet upon this subject, in his Roman Antiquities, in his chapter of the Roman Funerals.

[42] As having seen his murder, and now probably being in sight of his mean funeral. Book ix. p. 143.

With humble joy shall quit her meaner claim,
And blush to burn when Pompey wants the flame."
He said; and, gathering in his garment, bore
The glowing fragments to the neighbouring shore.
There soon arriv'd, the noble trunk he found,
Half wash'd into the flood, half resting on the ground.
With diligence his hands a trench prepare,
Fit it around, and place the body there.
No cloven oaks in lofty order lie,
To lift the great patrician to the sky:
By chance a few poor planks were hard at hand,
By some late shipwreck cast upon the strand;
These pious Cordus gathers where they lay,
And plants about the chief, as best he may.
Now while the blaze began to rise around,
The youth sat mournful by upon the ground:
"And, oh! (he cried) if this unworthy flame
Disgrace thy great majestic Roman name;
If the rude outrage of the stormy seas
Seem better to thy ghost than rites like these;
Yet let thy injur'd shade the wrong forget,
Which duty and officious zeal commit.
Fate seems itself in my excuse to plead,
And thy hard fortune justifies my deed.
I only wish'd, nor is that wish in vain,
To save thee from the monsters of the main;
From vultures' claws, from lions that devour,
From mortal malice, and from Cæsar's pow'r.
No longer then this humbler flame withstand,
'Tis lighted to thee by a Roman hand.
If ere the gods permit unhappy me
Once more thy lov'd Hesperian land to see;
With me thy exil'd ashes shall return,
And chaste Cornelia give thee to thy urn.

Meanwhile a signal shall my care provide,
Some future Roman votary to guide;
When with due rites thy fate he would deplore,
And thy pale head to these thy limbs restore:
Then shall he mark the witness of my stone,
And, taught by me, thy sacred ghost atone."
He spoke; and straight with busy pious hands
Heap'd on the smoking corse the scatter'd brands:
Slow sunk amidst the fire the wasting dead,
And the faint flame with dropping marrow fed.
Now 'gan the glittering stars to fade away
Before the rosy promise of the day,
When the pale youth the' unfinish'd rites forsook,
And to the covert of his cave betook.
Ah! why thus rashly would thy fears disclaim
That only deed which must record thy name?
Ev'n Cæsar's self[43] shall just applause bestow,
And praise the Roman that inters his foe.
Securely tell him where his son is laid,
And he shall give thee back his mangled head.
But soon behold! the bolder youth returns,
While, half consum'd, the smouldering carcase burns;
Ere yet the cleansing fire had melted down
The fleshy muscles from the firmer bone,

43 Insinuating that Cæsar would willingly reward the man who should tell him he had buried Pompey; since he might from thence certainly conclude he was dead.

The piety of the person who took so much care to perform these rites of funeral, though but mean ones, to Pompey, is the more insisted on by the poet, because the ancients had nothing in greater horror than to want them. Virgil says, that the unburied on the banks of Styx,

Centum annos errant, &c. Æn. vi.

He quench'd the relics in the briny wave,
And hid them hasty in a narrow grave:
Then with a stone the sacred dust he binds,
To guard it from the breath of scattering winds:
And lest some heedless mariner should come,
And violate the warrior's humble tomb;
Thus with a line the monument he keeps,
'*Beneath this stone the once great* Pompey *sleeps!*'
Oh Fortune! can thy malice swell so high?
Can'st thou with Cæsar's every wish comply?
Must he, thy Pompey once, thus meanly lie?
But oh! forbear, mistaken man, forbear!
Nor dare to fix the mighty Pompey there:
Where there are seas, or air, or earth, or skies,
Where'er Rome's empire stretches; Pompey lies!
Far be the vile memorial then convey'd,
Nor let this stone the partial gods upbraid.
Shall Hercules all Oeta's heights demand,
And Nysa's hill, for Bacchus only, stand;
While one poor pebble is the warrior's doom,
That fought the cause of Liberty and Rome?
If fate decrees he must in Egypt lie,
Let the whole fertile realm his grave supply:
Yield the wide country to his awful shade,
Nor let us bear on any part to tread,
Fearful to violate the mighty dead.
But if one stone must bear the sacred name,
Let it be fill'd with long records of fame.
There let the passenger with wonder read,
The pirates vanquish'd, and the ocean freed;
Sertorius taught to yield; the Alpine war;
And the young Roman knight's triumphal car.

With these the mighty Pontic king be plac'd,
And every nation of the vanquish'd east:
Tell with what loud applause of Rome he drove
Thrice his glad wheels to Capitolian Jove:
Tell too the patriot's greatest best renown,
Tell how the victor laid his empire down,
And chang'd his armour for the peaceful gown.
But ah! what marbles to the task suffice?
Instead of these, turn, Roman! turn thy eyes:
Seek the known name our Fasti us'd to wear,
The noble mark of many a glorious year;
The name that wont the trophied arch to grace [44],
And ev'n the temples of the gods found place:
Decline thee lowly, bending to the ground,
And there that name, that Pompey may be found.
Oh, fatal land! what curse can I bestow,
Equal to those we to thy mischiefs owe?
Well did the wise Cumæan maid of yore
Warn our Hesperian chiefs [45] to shun thy shore.
Forbid, just Heavens! your dews to bless the soil,
And thou, withhold thy waters, fruitful Nile!
Like Egypt, like the land of Æthiops, burn,
And her fat earth to sandy deserts turn.

[44] The triumphal arches were erected in honour of successful generals and emperors, and were properly adorned with military trophies. It may likewise be meant by the original, that such arches were built by the spoils gained from the enemies: but the former sense seems the more obvious.

[45] Cicero mentions a prophecy among the Sibyls' verses, that forbad Roman soldiers, or rather the Roman soldiery in general, to go to Egypt. The Quindecemviri, or Fifteen Priests, who had the custody of those oraculous pieces of poetry, interpreted it to another occasion; but Lucan applies it aptly enough in this place to Pompey.

Have we, with honours, dead Osiris crown'd,
And mourn'd him to the tinkling timbrel's sound[46];
Receiv'd her Isis to divine abodes,
And rank'd her dogs deform'd[47] with Roman gods:
While, in despite to Pompey's injur'd shade,
Low in her dust his sacred bones are laid?
And thou, oh Rome! by whose forgetful hand
Altars and temples, rear'd to tyrants, stand:
Canst thou neglect to call thy hero home,
And leave his ghost in banishment to roam?
What though the victor's frown, and thy base fear,
Bade thee, at first, the pious task forbear;
Yet now, at least, oh! let him now return,
And rest with honour in a Roman urn.
Nor let mistaken superstition dread,
On such occasions, to disturb the dead:
Oh! would commanding Rome my hand employ,
The impious task should be perform'd with joy:
How would I fly to tear him from that tomb,
And bear his ashes in my bosom home!
Perhaps when flames their dreadful ravage make,
Or groaning earth shall from the centre shake;
When blasting dews the rising harvest seize,
Or nations sicken with some dire disease;
The gods, in mercy to us, shall command
To fetch our Pompey from the' accursed land.

46 The sistrum (which I have here translated timbrel) was an odd sort of a brazen instrument of music, with loose pieces of the same metal that ran along upon little bars or wires. It was peculiarly dedicated to the worship of Isis and Osiris.

47 Anubis was an Egyptian god, always represented with a dog's head. *Icunculæ*, or little images of this kind, are frequently to be met with in collections of antiquities.

Then when his venerable bones draw near,
In long procession shall the priests appear,
And their great chief[48] the sacred relics bear.
Or if thou still possess the Pharian shore,
What traveller but shall thy grave explore;
Whether he tread Syene's burning soil,
Or visit sultry Thebes, or fruitful Nile:
Or if the merchant, drawn by hopes of gain,
Seek rich Arabia, and the ruddy main;
With holy rites thy shade he shall atone,
And bow before thy venerable stone.
For who but shall prefer thy tomb, above
The meaner fane of an Egyptian Jove?
Nor envy thou, if abject Romans raise
Statues and temples to their tyrant's praise;
Though his proud name on altars may preside,
And thine be wash'd by every rolling tide;
Thy grave shall the vain pageantry despise,
Thy grave, where that great god, thy fortune! lies.
Ev'n those who kneel not to the gods above[49],
Nor offer sacrifice or prayer to Jove,
To the bidental bend their humble eyes,
And worship where the buried thunder lies.
Perhaps fate wills, in honour to thy fame,
No marble shall record thy mighty name.

48 The *Pontifex Maximus.* This was an office of the greatest dignity, and in the time of the emperors always borne by themselves.

49 There has been much disputation among the commentators about this passage. I have followed the sense given by the learned Grotius. Concerning the religion of the bidental, or covering in, and consecrating things and places strucken by thunder, see note 81, of the first book.

So may thy dust, ere long, be worn away,
And all remembrance of thy wrongs decay:
Perhaps a better age shall come, when none
Shall think thee ever laid beneath this stone;
When Egypt's boast of Pompey's tomb [50], shall prove
As unbeliev'd a tale, as Crete relates of Jove.

[50] The Cretans pretended not only to be Jupiter's countrymen, but they likewise showed his tomb, for which Callimachus brands them as very distinguished and known liars. As for the tomb of Pompey, it is generally said to have been at the fount of Mount Casius, near Pelusium, in Egypt. The emperor Adrian not only had a great value for, and brought up many of the ancient statues of this great man, but likewise caused his monument to be magnificently repaired. Plutarch says, that his ashes were carried to his wife Cornelia, who caused them to be buried at a country-house he had near Alba, in Italy.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT.

The poet, having ended the foregoing book with the death of Pompey, begins this with his Apotheosis; from thence, after a short account of Cato's gathering up the relics of the battle of Pharsalia, and transporting them to Cyrene in Africa, he goes on to describe Cornelia's passion upon the death of her husband. Amongst other things, she informs his son Sextus of his father's last commands; to continue the war in defence of the commonwealth. Sextus sets sail for Cato's camp, where he meets his elder brother Cn. Pompeius, and acquaints him with the fate of their father. Upon this occasion the poet describes the rage of the elder Pompey, and the disorders that happened in the camp; both which Cato appeases. To prevent any future inconvenience of this kind, he resolves to put them upon action, and in order to that to join with Juba. After a description of the Syrts, and their dangerous passage by them, follows Cato's speech to encourage the soldiers to march through the deserts of Libya; then an account of Libya, the deserts, and their march. In the middle of which, is a beautiful digression concerning the temple of Jupiter-Ammon; with Labienus's persuasion to Cato, to inquire of the oracle concerning the event of the war, and Cato's famous answer. From thence, after a warm eulogy upon Cato, the author goes on to the account of the original of serpents in Afric; and this, with the description of the various kinds, and the several deaths of the soldiers by them, is perhaps the

most poetical part of this whole work. At Leptis he leaves Cato, and returns to Cæsar, whom he brings into Egypt, after having shown him the ruins of Troy; and from thence takes an occasion to speak well of poetry in general, and himself in particular. Cæsar upon his arrival on the coast of Egypt is met by an ambassador from Ptolemy with Pompey's head. He receives the present (according to Lucan) with a feigned abhorrence; and concludes the book with tears, and a seeming grief for the misfortune of so great a man.

Nor in the dying embers of its pile
Slept the great soul upon the banks of Nile;
Nor longer, by the earthy parts restrain'd,
Amidst its wretched relics was detain'd;
But active, and impatient of delay,
Shot from the mouldering heap, and upward urg'd its way.
Far in those azure regions of the air
Which border on the rolling starry sphere,
Beyond our orb [1], and nearer to that height
Where Cynthia drives around her silver light;
Their happy seats the demi-gods possess,
Refin'd by virtue, and prepar'd for bliss;
Of life unblam'd, a pure and pious race,
Worthy that lower heaven and stars to grace,
Divine, and equal to the glorious place.
There Pompey's soul, adorn'd with heavenly light,
Soon shone among the rest, and as the rest was bright.

[1] It was the opinion of many of the ancients, especially the Platonists, that there was a place of happiness assigned to good men between the moon and the earth. This the followers of Plato called the confines between life and death. Whoever has the curiosity to see their opinions upon this subject more at large, may find them in Macrobius's comment upon Scipio's vision; especially in lib. i. cap. 11.

New to the bless'd abode, with wonder fill'd,
The stars and moving planets he beheld;
Then looking down on the sun's feeble ray,
Survey'd our dusky, faint, imperfect day,
And under what a cloud of night we lay.
But when he saw, how on the shore forlorn
His headless trunk was cast for public scorn;
When he beheld how envious fortune still
Took pains to use a senseless carcase ill;
He smil'd at the vain malice of his foe,
And pitied impotent mankind below.
Then lightly passing o'er Emathia's plain,
His flying navy scatter'd on the main,
And cruel Cæsar's tents; he fix'd at last
His residence in Brutus' sacred breast:
There brooding o'er his country's wrongs he sate,
The state's avenger, and the tyrant's fate;
There mournful Rome might still her Pompey find,
There, and in Cato's free unconquer'd mind.
He[2], while in deep suspense the world yet lay,
Anxious and doubtful whom it should obey,
Hatred avow'd to Pompey's self did bear,
Though his companion in the common war.
Though, by the Senate's just command, they stood
Engag'd together for the public good:
But dread Pharsalia did all doubts decide,
And firmly fix'd him to the vanquish'd side.

[2] When Pompey followed Cæsar into Thessaly, he left Cato with some troops about Dyrrhachium. With these troops, and as many of those who fled from Pharsalia as he could gather up, Cato passed over from the continent to the island of Corcyra, near which island Pompey's navy then lay, in order to join Pompey.

His helpless country, like an orphan left,
Friendless and poor, of all support bereft,
He took and cherish'd with a father's care,
He comforted, he bad her not to fear;
And taught her feeble hands once more the trade of war.
Nor lust of empire did his courage sway,
Nor hate, nor proud repugnance to obey:
Passions and private interest he forgot;
Not for himself, but liberty, he fought.
Straight to Corcyra's port his way he bent,
The swift advancing victor to prevent;
Who marching sudden on, to new success,
The scatter'd legions might with ease oppress:
There, with the ruins of Æmathia's field,
The flying host, a thousand ships he fill'd.
Who that from land, with wonder, had descried
The passing fleet, in all its naval pride,
Stretch'd wide, and o'er the distant ocean spread,
Could have believ'd those mighty numbers fled?
Malea [3] o'erpast, and the Tænarian shore,
With swelling sails he for Cythera bore:
Then Crete he saw, and with a northern wind
Soon left the fam'd Dictæan isle [4] behind.
Urg'd by the bold Phycustine's [5] churlish pride,
(Their shores, their haven, to his fleet denied),

[3] A promontory on the southern part of the Peloponnesus (Morea). It is now called Cape Malio, or St. Angelo. Cythera is an island not far from Malea, now called Cerigo. It was famous among the ancients for the worship of Venus, hence called Cytheræa.

[4] Crete.

[5] Phycus was a promontory, with a town of the same name, on the coast of Cyrene in Africa.

The chief reveng'd the wrong; and, as he pass'd,
Laid their unhospitable city waste.
Thence wafted forward, to the coast he came
Which took of old from Palinure its name [6].
(Nor Italy this monument alone
Can boast; since Libya's Palinure has shown
Her peaceful shores were to the Trojan known).
From hence they soon descry, with doubtful pain,
Another navy on the distant main.
Anxious they stand, and now expect the foe,
Now their companions in the public woe:
The victor's haste inclines them most to fear;
Each vessel seems a hostile face to wear,
And every sail they spy, they fancy Cæsar there.
But, oh! those ships a different burden bore,
A mournful freight they wafted to the shore:
Sorrows, that might tears, ev'n from Cato, gain,
And teach the rigid stoic to complain.

When long the sad Cornelia's prayers, in vain,
Had tried the flying navy to detain;
With Sextus long had strove, and long implor'd,
To wait the relics of her murder'd lord;
The waves perchance might the dear pledge restore,
And waft him bleeding from the faithless shore.
Still grief and love their various hopes inspire,
Till she beholds her Pompey's funeral fire,

[6] On the coast of Naples is a promontory still called *Cabo di Palinuro*, from Palinurus, Æneas's pilot; who was drowned, or rather murdered by the people of the country, near that place. As for the Libyan Palinurus, the commentators assign it a place as a promontory likewise on the coast of Cyrene, though I do not find it mentioned amongst the ancient geographers. Cellarius has a lake called Paliurus, and a river of the same name, in the province of Cyrene.

Till on the land she sees the' ignoble flame
Ascend, unequal to the hero's name;
Then into just complaints at length she broke,
And thus with pious indignation spoke.
" Oh, fortune! dost thou then disdain to' afford
My love's last office to my dearest lord;
Am I one chaste, one last embrace denied?
Shall I not lay me by his clay-cold side,
Nor tears to bathe his gaping wounds provide?
Am I unworthy the sad torch to bear,
To light the flame, and burn my flowing hair?
To gather from the shore the noble spoil,
And place it decent on the fatal pile?
Shall not his bones and sacred dust be borne
In this sad bosom, to their peaceful urn?
Whate'er the last consuming flame shall leave,
Shall not this widow'd hand by right receive,
And to the gods the precious relics give?
Perhaps, this last respect which I should show,
Some vile Egyptian hand does now bestow,
Injurious to the Roman shade below.
Happy, my Crassus, were thy bones, which lay
Expos'd to Parthian birds and beasts of prey!
Here the last rites the cruel gods allow,
And, for a curse, my Pompey's pile bestow.
For ever will the same sad fate return?
Still an unburied husband must I mourn,
And weep my sorrows o'er an empty urn[7]?

[7] The ancients placed so much religion in performing funeral rites for the dead, that though the body was not in their power, they performed all the same ceremonies to it in its absence, and erected a monument, which (as it contained nothing) was called *Cenotaphium*, or an empty sepulchre.

But why should tombs be built, or urns be made?
Does grief like mine require their feeble aid?
Is he not lodg'd, thou wretch! within thy heart,
And fix'd in every dearest vital part?
O'er monuments surviving wives may grieve,
She ne'er will need 'em who disdains to live.
But oh! behold where yon malignant flames
Cast feebly forth their mean inglorious beams:
From my lov'd lord, his dear remains they rise,
And bring my Pompey to my weeping eyes:
And now they sink, the languid lights decay,
The cloudy smoke all eastward rolls away,
And wafts my hero to the rising day.
Me too the winds demand with freshening gales,
Envious they call, and stretch the swelling sails.
No land on earth seems dear as Egypt now,
No land that crowns and triumphs did bestow,
And with new laurels bound my Pompey's brow.
That happy Pompey to my thoughts is lost,
He that is left, lies dead on yonder coast;
He, only he, is all I now demand,
For him I linger near this cursed land:
Endear'd by crimes, for horrors lov'd the more,
I cannot, will not, leave the Pharian shore.
Thou, Sextus, thou shalt prove the chance of war,
And through the world thy father's ensigns bear,
Then hear his last command, intrusted to my care:—
'Whene'er my last, my fatal hour shall come,
Arm you my sons, for liberty and Rome;
While one shall of our free-born race remain,
Let him prevent the tyrant Cæsar's reign.
From each free city round, from every land,
Their warlike aid in Pompey's name demand.

These are the parties, these the friends he leaves,
This legacy your dying father gives.
If for the sea's wide rule your arms you bear,
A Pompey ne'er can want a navy there,
Heirs of my fame, my sons shall wage my war.
Only be bold, unconquer'd in the fight,
And, like your father, still defend the right.
To Cato, if for liberty he stand,
Submit, and yield you to his ruling hand,
Brave, just, and only worthy to command!'
At length to thee, my Pompey, I am just,
I have surviv'd, and well discharg'd my trust;
Through Chaos now, and the dark realms below,
To follow thee, a willing shade I go:
If longer with a lingering fate I strive,
'Tis but to prove the pain of being alive,
'Tis to be curs'd for daring to survive.
She, who could bear to see thy wounds, and live,
New proofs of love and fatal grief shall give.
Nor need she fly for succour to the sword,
The steepy precipice, and deadly cord;
She from herself shall find her own relief,
And scorn to die of any death—but grief."
So said the matron; and about her head
Her veil she draws, her mournful eyes to shade.
Resolv'd to shroud in thickest shades of woe,
She seeks the ship's deep darksome hold below:
There lonely left, at leisure to complain,
She hugs her sorrows, and enjoys her pain;
Still with fresh tears the living grief would feed,
And fondly loves it, in her husband's stead.
In vain the beating surges raise aloud,
And swelling Eurus grumbles in the shroud;

Her, nor the waves beneath, nor winds above,
Nor all the noisy cries of fear, can move;
In sullen peace compos'd for death she lies,
And waiting, longs to hear the tempest rise;
Then hopes the seamen's vows shall all be cross'd,
Prays for the storm, and wishes to be lost.
Soon from the Pharian coast the navy bore,
And sought through foamy seas the Cyprian shore;
Soft eastern gales prevailing thence alone,
To Cato's camp and Libya waft them on.
With mournful looks from land (as oft we know
A sad prophetic spirit waits on woe),
Pompey, his brother[8] and the fleet beheld,
Now near advancing o'er the watery field:
Straight to the beach with headlong haste he flies:
"Where is our father, Sextus, where? (he cries):
Do we yet live? Stands yet the sovereign state?
Or does the world with Pompey yield to fate?
Sink we at length before the conquering foe?
And is the mighty head of Rome laid low?"
He said; the mournful brother thus replied:
"O happy thou! whom lands and seas divide
From woes which did to these sad eyes betide.
These eyes! which of their horror still complain,
Since they beheld our godlike father slain.
Nor did his fate an equal death afford,
Nor suffer'd him to fall by Cæsar's sword.
Trusting in vain to hospitable gods,
He died, oppress'd by vile Egyptian odds:
By the curs'd monarch of Nile's slimy wave
He fell, a victim to the crown he gave.

[8] Cn. Pompeius, the elder brother, who was with Cato.

Yes! I beheld the dire, the bloody deed;
These eyes beheld our valiant father bleed:
Amaz'd I look'd, and scarce believ'd my fear,
Nor thought the' Egyptian could so greatly dare;
But still I look'd, and fancied Cæsar there.
But oh! not all his wounds so much did move,
Pierc'd my sad soul, and struck my filial love,
As that his venerable head they bear,
Their wanton trophy, fix'd upon a spear;
Through every town 'tis shown, the vulgar's sport,
And the lewd laughter of the tyrant's court.
'Tis said, that Ptolemy preserves this prize,
Proof of the deed to glut the victor's eyes.
The body, whether rent or borne away
By foul Egyptian dogs, and birds of prey;
Whether within their greedy maws entomb'd,
Or by those wretched flames, we saw, consum'd;
Its fate as yet we know not, but forgive:
That crime unpunish'd, to the gods we leave,
'Tis for the part preserv'd alone we grieve."
  Scarce had he ended thus, when Pompey, warm
With noble fury, calls aloud to arm;
Nor seeks in sighs and helpless tears relief,
But thus in pious rage express'd his grief:
  "Hence all aboard, and haste to put to sea;
Urge on against the winds our adverse way;
With me let every Roman leader go,
Since civil wars were ne'er so just as now.
Pompey's unburied relics ask your aid,
Call for due rites and honours to be paid.
Let Egypt's tyrant pour a purple flood,
And soothe the ghost with his inglorious blood.
Not Alexander shall his priests defend,
Forc'd from his golden shrine he shall descend:

In Mareotis [9] deep I'll plunge him down,
Deep in the sluggish waves the royal carcase drown.
From his proud pyramid Amasis [10] torn,
With his long dynasties [11] my rage shall mourn,
And floating down their muddy Nile, be borne.
Each stately tomb and monumental stone,
For thee, unburied Pompey, shall atone:
Isis no more shall draw the cheated crowd,
Nor god Osiris in his linen shrowd;
Strip'd of their shrines, with scorn they shall be cast,
To be by ignominious hands defac'd:
Their holy Apis, of diviner breed,
To Pompey's dust a sacrifice shall bleed,
While burning deities the flame shall feed.
Waste shall the land be laid, and never know
The tiller's care, nor feel the crooked plow:
None shall be left for whom the Nile may flow;
Till the gods banish'd, and the people gone,
Egypt to Pompey shall be left alone."
He said; then hasty to revenge he flew,
And seaward out the ready navy drew:
But cooler Cato did the youth asswage,
And, praising much, compress'd his filial rage.

[9] Or Mareia, was a famous lake not far from Alexandria. The wine that grew in the neighbouring country, and which took its name from hence, was reckoned excellent; though Lucan, in the tenth book, speaks despicably of it, in comparison of that which grows in the island of Meroë.

[10] Amasis was a famous king of Egypt, who succeeded Apriez, after having dethroned him. His story may be seen at large in the second book of Herodotus.

[11] The word *dynasty* is Greek, and signifies lordship, or government. It is most peculiarly applied to the Egyptian kings.

Meantime the shores, the seas, and skies around,
With mournful cries for Pompey's death resound.
A rare example have their sorrows shown,
(Yet in no age beside, nor people known,)
How falling power did with compassion meet,
And crowds deplor'd the ruins of the great.
But when the sad Cornelia first appear'd,
When on the deck her mournful head she rear'd,
Her locks hung rudely o'er the matron's face,
With all the pomp of grief's disorder'd grace:
When they beheld her, wasted quite with woe,
And spent with tears, that never ceas'd to flow,
Again they feel their loss, again complain,
And heaven and earth ring with their cries again.
Soon as she landed on the friendly strand,
Her lord's last rites employ her pious hand:
To his dear shade she builds a funeral pile,
And decks it proud with many a noble spoil.
There shone his arms with antique gold inlaid,
There the rich robes which she herself had made,
Robes to imperial Jove in triumph erst display'd:
The relics of his past victorious days,
Now this his latest trophy serve to raise,
And in one common flame together blaze.
Such was the weeping matron's pious care:
The soldiers, taught by her, their fires prepare;
To every valiant friend a pile they build,
That fell for Rome, in curs'd Pharsalia's field:
Stretch'd wide along the shores the flames extend,
And grateful to the wandering shades ascend.
So when Apulian hinds, with art, renew
The wintry pastures to their verdant hue,
That flowers may rise, and springing grass return
With spreading flames the wither'd fields they burn;

Garganus then and lofty Vultur[12] blaze,
And draw the distant wandering swains to gaze:
Far are the glittering fires descried by night,
And gild the dusky skies around with light.
But, oh! not all the sorrows of the crowd
That spoke their free impatient thoughts aloud;
That tax'd the gods, as authors of their woe,
And charge 'em with neglect of things below:
Not all the marks of the wild people's love,
The hero's soul, like Cato's praise, could move.
Few were his words, but from an honest heart,
Where faction and where favour had no part,
But truth made up for passion and for art.
"We've lost a Roman citizen, (he said)
One of the noblest of that name is dead;
Who, though not equal to our fathers found,
Nor by their strictest rules of justice bound,
Yet from his faults this benefit we draw,
He, for his country's good, transgress'd her law,
To keep a bold licentious age in awe.
Rome held her freedom still, though he was great;
He sway'd the Senate, but they rul'd the state.
When crowds were willing to have worn his chain,
He chose his private station to retain,
That all might free, and equal all remain.
War's boundless power he never sought to use,
Nor ask'd, but what the people might refuse:
Much he possess'd, and wealthy was his store,
Yet still he gather'd but to give the more;
And Rome, while he was rich, could ne'er be poor.
He drew the sword, but knew its rage to charm;
And lov'd peace best, when he was forc'd to arm;

[12] Mountains in Apulia; the latter not far from Venusia, the birth-place of Horace.

Unmov'd with all the glittering pomp of pow'r,
He took with joy, but laid it down with more:
His chaster household and his frugal board,
Nor lewdness did, nor luxury afford,
Ev'n in the highest fortunes of their lord.
His noble name, his country's honour grown,
Was venerable round the nations known,
And as Rome's fairest light and brightest glory
When betwixt Marius and fierce Sylla toss'd,
The commonwealth her ancient freedom lost,
Some shadow yet was left, some show of pow'r;
Now ev'n the name with Pompey is no more:
Senate and people [13] all at once are gone,
Nor need the tyrant blush to mount the throne.
Oh happy Pompey! happy in thy fate,
Happy by falling with the falling state,
Thy death a benefit the gods did grant,
Thou might'st have liv'd those Pharian swords to want.
Freedom, at least, thou dost by dying gain,
Nor liv'st to see thy Julia's father reign; slain [14].
Free death is man's first bliss, the next is to be
Such mercy only I from Juba crave [15],
(If fortune should ordain me Juba's slave)
To Cæsar let him show, but show me dead;
And keep my carcase, so he takes my head."
He said, and pleas'd the noble shade below,
More than a thousand orators could do;

13 All those laws that served for the preservation of the Senate's just authority, and the people's liberty.

14 I do not think this is so clearly expressed as it ought to be. The author's meaning is, that 'next to dying when and 'how one pleases, is the happiness of being compelled to die 'by another.'

15 To whom Cato then resolved to join himself.

Though Tully too had lent his charming tongue,
And Rome's full Forum with his praise had rung.
But discord new infects the sullen crowd,
And now they tell their discontents aloud:
When Tarchon [16] first his flying ensigns bore,
Call'd out to march, and hasten'd to the shore:
Him Cato thus, pursuing as he mov'd,
Sternly bespoke, and justly thus reprov'd.
"Oh, restless author of the roving war,
Dost thou again piratic arms prepare?
Pompey, thy terror and thy scourge, is gone,
And now thou hop'st to rule the seas alone."
He said, and bent his frown upon the rest;
Of whom one bolder thus the chief address'd,
And thus their weariness of war confess'd.
"For Pompey's sake (nor thou disdain to hear)
The civil war we wage, these arms we bear:
Him we prefer'd to peace. But (Cato) now,
That cause, that master of our arms lies low.
Let us no more our absent country mourn,
But to our homes and household-gods return;
To the chaste arms from whose embrace we fled,
And the dear pledges of the nuptial bed.
For oh! what period can the war attend, [end?
Which nor Pharsalia's field nor Pompey's death can
The better times of flying life are pass'd,
Let death come gently on, in peace, at last.

16 This Tarchon was a prince of the Cilicians, or perhaps rather a leader of some of the Cilician pirates, who had been formerly vanquished and pardoned by Pompey, and in this civil war came to his assistance. I have followed the common reading of Tarchon, though (according to the opinion of Grotius) this prince or general's name was Tarchondimotus.

Let age, at length, with providential care
The necessary pile and urn prepare;
All rites the cruel civil war denies,
Part ev'n of Pompey yet unburied lies.
Though vanquish'd, yet by no barbarian hand,
We fear not exile in a foreign land,
Nor are our necks by fortune now bespoke,
To bear the Scythian or Armenian yoke;
The victor still a citizen we own,
And yield obedience to the Roman gown.
While Pompey liv'd, he bore the sovereign sway;
Cæsar was next, and him we now obey:
With reverence be the sacred shade ador'd,
But war has given us now another lord:
To Cæsar and superior chance we yield;
All was determin'd in Emathia's field.
Nor shall our arms on other leaders wait,
Nor for uncertain hopes molest the state;
We follow'd Pompey once, but now we follow fate.
What terms, what safety can we hope for now,
But what the victor's mercy shall allow?
Once Pompey's presence justified the cause,
Then fought we for our liberties and laws;
With him the honours of that cause lie dead,
And all the sanctity of war is fled.
If, Cato, thou for Rome these arms dost bear,
If still thy country only be thy care,
Seek we the legions where Rome's ensigns fly,
Where her proud eagles wave their wings on high:
No matter who to Pompey's power succeeds,
We follow where a Roman consul leads."
This said, he leap'd aboard; the youthful sort
Join in his flight, and haste to leave the port:

The senseless crowd their liberty disdain,
And long to wear victorious Cæsar's chain.
Tyrannic power now sudden seem'd to threat
The ancient glories of Rome's free-born state,
Till Cato spoke; and thus defer'd her fate.

"Did then your vows and servile prayers conspire
Nought but a haughty master to desire?
Did you, when eager for the battle, come
The slaves of Pompey, not the friends of Rome?
Now, weary of the toil, from war you fly,
And idly lay your useless armour by;
Your hands neglect to wield the shining sword,
Nor can you fight, but for a king and lord.
Some mighty chief you want, for whom to sweat;
Yourselves you know not, or at least forget,
And fondly bleed, that others may be great:
Meanly you toil, to give yourselves away;
And die, to leave the world a tyrant's prey.
The gods and fortune do, at length, afford
A cause most worthy of a Roman sword.
At length, 'tis safe to conquer. Pompey now
Cannot, by your success, too potent grow:
Yet now, ignobly, you withhold your hands,
When nearer liberty your aid demands.
Of three who durst the sovereign power invade,
Two [17] by your fortune's kinder doom lie dead;
And shall the Pharian sword and Parthian bow
Do more for liberty and Rome than you?
Base as ye are, in vile subjection go,
And scorn what Ptolemy did ill bestow.
Ignobly innocent, and meanly good,
You durst not stain your hardy hands in blood:

[17] Crassus and Pompey, who, with Cæsar, composed the first Triumvirate.

Feebly awhile you fought, but soon did yield,
And fled the first from dire Pharsalia's field.
Go then, secure, for Cæsar will be good,
Will pardon those who are with ease subdued;
The pitying victor will in mercy spare
The wretch who never durst provoke his war.
Go, sordid slaves! one lordly master gone,
Like heir-looms go, from father to the son.
Still to enhance your servile merit more,
Bear sad Cornelia weeping from the shore;
Meanly for hire expose the matron's life,
Metellus' daughter [18] sell, and Pompey's wife.
Take too his sons: let Cæsar find in you
Wretches that may ev'n Ptolemy outdo.
But let not my devoted life be spar'd,
The tyrant greatly shall that deed reward:
Such is the price of Cato's hated head,
That all your former wars shall well be paid:
Kill me, and in my blood do Cæsar right;
'Tis mean to have no other guilt but flight."

He said, and stop'd the flying naval pow'r:
Back they return'd, repenting, to the shore.
As when the bees their waxen town forsake,
Careless in air their wandering way they take,
No more in clustering swarms condens'd they fly,
But fleet uncertain through the various sky;
No more from flowers they suck the liquid sweet,
But all their care and industry forget:
Then if at length the tinkling brass they hear,
With swift amaze their flight they soon forbear;
Sudden their flowery labours they renew,
Hang on the thyme, and sip the balmy dew:

[18] Cornelia was the daughter of Corn. Scipio Metellus.

Meantime, secure on Hybla's fragrant plain,
With joy exults the happy shepherd-swain;
Proud that his art had thus preserv'd his store,
He scorns to think his homely cottage poor.
With such prevailing force did Cato's care
The fierce impatient soldiers' minds prepare,
To learn obedience, and endure the war.
And now their minds, unknowing of repose,
With busy toil to exercise he chose;
Still with successive labours are they plied,
And oft in long and weary marches tried.
Before Cyrene's walls they now sit down;
And here the victor's mercy well was shown,
He takes no vengeance of the captive town:
Patient he spares, and bids the vanquish'd live,
Since Cato, who could conquer, could forgive.
Hence, Libyan Juba's realms they mean to explore,
Juba, who borders on the swarthy Moor;
But nature's boundaries the journey stay,
The Syrts [19] are fix'd athwart the middle way;
Yet led by daring virtue on they press,
Scorn opposition, and still hope success.
When nature's hand the first formation tried,
When seas from lands she did at first divide,
The Syrts, not quite of sea nor land bereft,
A mingled mass uncertain still she left;

19 The Syrts are two gulfs upon the coast of Africa in the Mediterranean sea: the first (which is that here mentioned) called Syrtis Major (now *Golpho di Solocho*) lies between Cyrenaica (now the kingdom of Barca) and the river Cinyps, or Cinyphus: the other, called Syrtis Minor (now *Golfo di Capes*), on the coast of Barbary, between Tunis and Tripoli. They are both very dangerous, as being full of shoals, banks of sand, and rocks.

For nor the land with seas is quite o'erspread,
Nor sink the waters deep their oozy bed,
Nor earth defends its shore, nor lifts aloft its head.
The site with neither, and with each complies,
Doubtful and inaccessible it lies;
Or 'tis a sea with shallows bank'd around,
Or 'tis a broken land with waters drown'd;
Here shores advanc'd o'er Neptune's rule we find,
And there an inland ocean lags behind.
Thus nature's purpose by herself destroy'd,
Is useless to herself and unemploy'd;
And part of her creation still is void.
Perhaps, when first the world and time began,
Her swelling tides and plenteous waters ran;
But long confining on the burning zone,
The sinking seas have felt the neighbouring sun:
Still by degrees we see how they decay,
And scarce resist the thirsty god of day.
Perhaps, in distant ages, 'twill be found,
When future suns have run the burning round,
These Syrts shall all be dry and solid ground:
Small are the depths their scanty waves retain,
And earth grows daily on the yielding main.
And now the loaden fleet[20] with active oars
Divide the liquid plain, and leave the shores,
When cloudy skies a gathering storm presage,
And Auster from the south began to rage:

[20] Plutarch says, that Cato took this journey by land, though our author makes him go part by sea, and the rest by land. He brings him as far as the river Triton, or Tritonis, with the fleet. This river, with a lake of the same name, was famous for the birth or first appearance of Pallas upon earth. She was from thence called Tritonia.

Full from the land the sounding tempest roars,
Repels the swelling surge, and sweeps the shores;
The wind pursues, drives on the rolling sand,
And gives new limits to the growing land.
'Spite of the seaman's toil the storm prevails;
In vain with skilful strength he hands the sails,
In vain the cordy cables bind them fast,
At once it rips and rends them from the mast;
At once the winds the fluttering canvass tear,
Then whirl and whisk it through the sportive air.
Some timely for the rising rage prepar'd,
Furl the loose sheet, and lash it to the yard:
In vain their care; sudden the furious blast
Snaps by the board, and bears away the mast:
Of tackling, sails, and masts, at once hereft,
The ship a naked helpless hull is left.
Forc'd round and round, she quits her purpos'd way,
And bounds uncertain o'er the swelling sea.
But happier some a steady course maintain,
Who stand far out, and keep the deeper main.
Their masts they cut, and driving with the tide,
Safe o'er the surge beneath the tempest ride.
In vain did, from the southern coast their foe,
All black with clouds, old stormy Auster blow;
Lowly secure amidst the waves they lay, [way.
Old Ocean heav'd his back, and roll'd 'em on their
Some on the shallows strike, and doubtful stand,
Part beat by waves, part fix'd upon the sand.
Now pent amidst the shoals the billows roar,
Dash on the banks, and scorn the new-made shore:
Now by the wind driven on in heaps they swell,
The stedfast banks both winds and waves repel:
Still with united force they rage in vain,
The sandy piles their station fix'd maintain,
And lift their heads secure amidst the watry plain

There 'scap'd from seas upon the faithless strand,
With weeping eyes the shipwreck'd seamen stand,
And, cast ashore, look vainly out for land.
Thus some were lost: but far the greater part,
Preserv'd from danger by the pilot's art,
Keep on their course, a happier fate partake,
And reach in safety the Tritonian lake.
These waters to the tuneful god are dear,
Whose vocal shell the sea-green Nereids hear:
These Pallas loves, so tells reporting fame,
Here first from heaven to earth the goddess came,
(Heaven's neighbourhood the warmer clime betrays,
And speaks the nearer sun's immediate rays)
Here her first footsteps on the brink she staid,
Here in the watery glass her form survey'd,
And call'd herself from hence—the chaste Tritonian maid.
Here Lethe's streams[21] from secret springs below
Rise to the light; here, heavily and slow,
The silent, dull, forgetful waters flow.
Here, by the wakeful dragon kept of old,
Hesperian plants grew rich with living gold;
Long since the fruit was from the branches torn,
And now the gardens their lost honours mourn.
Such was in ancient times the tale receiv'd,
Such by our good forefathers was believ'd:

[21] This is, according to Cellarius, a mistake in geography: he places both this river and the Hesperian gardens in the region of Cyrene, on the eastern side of the Syrtis Major. This river's taking its rise from hell, is a known fable. As common likewise is the story of the Hesperides, and their dragon, who watched the golden apples till their orchard was robbed by Hercules, and the pippins carried to Eurystheus; by whom, at Juno's command, he was put to so many pieces of hard service.

Nor let inquirers the tradition wrong,
Or dare to question now the poet's sacred song.
Then take it for a truth, the wealthy wood
Here under golden boughs low bending stood;
On some large tree his folds the serpent wound,
The fair Hesperian virgins watch'd around,
And join'd to guard the rich forbidden ground.
But great Alcides came to end their care,
Strip'd the gay grove, and left the branches bare;
Then back returning sought the Argive shore,
And the bright spoil to proud Eurystheus bore.
These famous regions and the Syrts o'erpass'd,
They reach'd the Garamantian coast[22] at last:
Here, under Pompey's care, the navy lies,
Beneath the gentlest clime of Libya's skies.
But Cato's soul, by dangers unrestrain'd,
Ease and a dull unactive life disdain'd.
His daring virtue urges to go on,
Through desert lands, and nations yet unknown;
To march, and prove the' unhospitable ground,
To shun the Syrts[23], and lead the soldier round.
Since now tempestuous seasons vex the sea,
And the declining year forbids the watery way;
He sees the cloudy drizzling winter near,
And hopes kind rains may cool the sultry air:
So happ'ly may they journey on secure,
Nor burning heats nor killing frosts endure;

22 This is another gross fault in geography: for the Garamantes were an inland people of Libya, that joined on the south to Ethiopia. This tract of land is now called by the Arabians, Zaara, or the Desert.

23 These were the lesser Syrts, round which Cato marched to Syrtis Parva in Byzacium, or Tunis.

But while cool winds the winter's breath supplies,
With gentle warmth the Libyan sun may rise,
And both may join and temper well the skies.
But ere the toilsome march he undertook,
The hero thus the listening host bespoke:
"Fellows in arms! whose bliss, whose chiefest good
Is Rome's defence, and freedom bought with blood;
You, who, to die with liberty, from far
Have follow'd Cato in this fatal war,
Be now for virtue's noblest task prepar'd,
For labours many, perilous and hard.
Think through what burning climes, what wilds we go,
No leafy shades the naked deserts know,
Nor silver streams through flowery meadows flow.
But horrors there, and various deaths abound,
And serpents guard the' unhospitable ground.
Hard is the way; but thus our fate demands:
Rome and her laws we seek amidst these sands.
Let those who, glowing with their country's love,
Resolve with me these dreadful plains to prove,
Nor of return nor safety once debate,
But only dare to go, and leave the rest to fate.
Think not I mean the dangers to disguise,
Or hide 'em from the cheated vulgar's eyes:
Those, only those, shall in my fate partake,
Who love the daring for the danger's sake;
Those who can suffer all the worst can come,
And think it what they owe themselves and Rome.
If any yet shall doubt, or yet shall fear;
If life be, more than liberty, his care;
Here, ere we journey further, let him stay,
Inglorious let him, like a slave, obey;
And seek a master in some safer way.

Foremost, behold, I lead you to the toil,
My feet shall foremost print the dusty soil:
Strike me the first, thou flaming god of day,
First let me feel thy fierce, thy scorching ray:
Ye living poisons all, ye snaky train,
Meet me the first upon the fatal plain.
In every pain, which you my warriors fear,
Let me be first, and teach you how to bear.
Who sees me pant for drought, or fainting first,
Let him upbraid me, and complain of thirst.
If e'er for shelter to the shades I fly,
Me let him curse, me for the sultry sky.
If while the weary soldier marches on,
Your leader by distinguish'd ease be known,
Forsake my cause, and leave me there alone.
The sands, the serpents, thirst, and burning heat,
Are dear to patience, and to virtue sweet;
Virtue, that scorns on coward terms to please,
Or cheaply to be bought, or won with ease:
But then she joys, then smiles upon her state,
Then fairest to herself, then most complete,
When glorious danger makes her truly great.
So Libya's plains alone shall wipe away
The foul dishonours of Pharsalia's day;
So shall your courage now transcend that fear:
You fled with glory there, to conquer here."
He said; and hardy love of toil inspir'd;
And every breast with godlike ardour fir'd.
Straight, careless of return, without delay
Through the wide waste he took his pathless way.
Libya, ordain'd to be his last retreat,
Receives the hero, fearless of his fate;
Here the good gods his last of labours doom,
Here shall his bones and sacred dust find room,
And his great head be hid within an humble tomb.

If this large globe [24] be portion'd right by fame,
Then one third part shall sandy Libya claim:
But if we count, as suns descend and rise,
If we divide by east and west the skies,
Then with fair Europe, Libya shall combine,
And both to make the western-half shall join:
Whilst wide-extended Asia fills the rest,
Of all from Tanais to Nile possess'd,
And reigns sole empress of the dawning east.
Of all the Libyan soil, the kindliest found
Far to the western seas extends its bound;
Where cooling gales, where gentle zephyrs fly,
And setting suns adorn the gaudy sky:
And yet ev'n here no liquid fountain's vein
Wells through the soil, and gurgles o'er the plain;
But from our northern clime, our gentler heav'n,
Refreshing dews and fruitful rains are driv'n:
All bleak, the god, cold Boreas spreads his wing,
And with our winter gives the Libyan spring.
No wicked wealth infects the simple soil,
Nor golden ores [25] disclose their shining spoil:
Pure is the glebe, 'tis earth, and earth alone,
To guilty pride and avarice unknown:
There citron groves [26], the native riches, grow,
There cool retreats and fragrant shades bestow,
And hospitably skreen their guests below.

[24] The ancients divided the world into three parts, Europe, Asia, and Africa or Libya; for that whole part is frequently called Libya: the other division, which was sometimes used, and is here mentioned by Lucan, was into the eastern and western parts.

[25] That which we call the Gold Coast, and Guinea, were very little if at all known to the ancients.

[26] See book i. note 22.

Safe by their leafy office, long they stood
A sacred, old, unviolated wood;
Till Roman luxury to Afric pass'd,
And foreign axes laid their honours waste,
Thus utmost lands are ransack'd, to afford
The far-fetch'd dainties, and the costly board
But rude and wasteful all those regions lie
That border on the Syrts, and feel too nigh
Their sultry summer sun, and parching sky.
No harvest there the scatter'd grain repays,
But withering dies, and ere it shoots decays:
There never loves to spring the mantling vine,
Nor wanton ringlets round her elm to twine:
The thirsty dust prevents the swelling fruit,
Drinks up the generous juice, and kills the root:
Through secret veins no tempering moistures pass,
To bind with viscous force the mouldering mass;
But genial Jove averse disdains to smile,
Forgets, and curses the neglected soil.
Thence lazy nature droops her idle head,
As every vegetable sense were dead;
Thence the wide dreary plains one visage wear,
Alike in summer, winter, spring, appear;
Nor feel the turns of the revolving year.
Thin herbage here (for some ev'n here is found)
The Nasamonian hinds[27] collect around;
A naked race, and barbarous of mind,
That live upon the losses of mankind:
The Syrts supply their wants and barren soil,
And strow the' unhospitable shores with spoil.

[27] The Nasamones were a barbarous people that lived nea the Syrtis Major.

Trade they have none, but ready still they stand,
Rapacious to invade the wealthy strand;
And hold a commerce thus with every distant land.

Through this dire country Cato's journey lay,
Here he pursued while virtue led the way.
Here the bold youth, led by his high command,
Fearless of storms and raging winds, by land
Repeat the dangers of the swelling main,
And strive with storms and raging winds again.
Here all at large, where nought restrains his force,
Impetuous Auster runs his rapid course;
Nor mountains here, nor stedfast rocks resist,
But free he sweeps along the spacious list.
No stable groves of ancient oaks arise,
To tire his rage, and catch him as he flies;
But wide, around, the naked plains appear,
Here fierce he drives unbounded through the air,
Roars and exerts his dreadful empire here.
The whirling dust, like waves in eddies wrought,
Rising aloft, to the mid Heaven is caught:
There hangs a sullen cloud; nor falls again,
Nor breaks, like gentle vapours, into rain.
Gazing, the poor inhabitant descries,
Where high above his land and cottage flies:
Bereft he sees his lost possessions there,
From earth transported, and now fix'd in air.
Not rising flames attempt a bolder flight;
Like smoke by rising flames uplifted, light
The sands ascend, and stain the Heavens with night.

But now his utmost power and rage to boast,
The stormy god invades the Roman host:

The soldier yields, unequal to the shock,
And staggers at the wind's stupendous stroke.
Amaz'd he sees that earth which lowly lay,
Forc'd from beneath his feet, and torn away.
Oh, Libya! were thy pliant surface bound,
And form'd a solid close compacted ground;
Or hadst thou rocks, whose hollows deep below
Would draw those raging winds that loosely blow;
Their fury, by thy firmer mass oppos'd,
Or in those dark infernal caves inclos'd,
Thy certain ruin would at once complete,
Shake thy foundations, and unfix thy seat.
But well thy flitting plains have learn'd to yield;
Thus, not contending, thou thy place hast held;
Unfix'd, art fix'd; and, flying, keep'st the field.
Helms, spears, and shields, snatch'd from the warlike host,
Through Heaven's wide regions far away were toss'd;
While distant nations, with religious fear,
Beheld them as some prodigy in air,
And thought the gods by them denounc'd a war.
Such haply was the chance, which first did raise
The pious tale in priestly Numa's days:
Such were those shields[28], and thus they came from Heaven,
A sacred charge to young Patricians giv'n:

[28] In the time of Numa Pompilius, there was a buckler found in Rome, such as the Romans called ancyle, which was supposed to be dropped down from Heaven. The Augurs, who were consulted upon the occasion, pronounced that wherever that shield should remain, the chief command and empire of the world should be fixed. Upon this Numa gave orders to a workman called Mamurra, that he should make eleven others exactly like that which came from Heaven, to prevent the true

Perhaps, long since, to lawless winds a prey,
From far barbarians were they forc'd away;
Thence through long airy journeys safe did come,
To cheat the crowd with miracles at Rome.
Thus wide o'er Libya rag'd the stormy south,
Thus every way assail'd the Latian youth:
Each several method for defence they try,
Now wrap their garments tight, now close they lie;
Now sinking to the earth, with weight they press,
Now clasp it to them with a strong embrace.
Scarce in that posture safe; the driving blast
Bears hard, and almost heaves them off at last.
Meantime a sandy flood comes rolling on,
And swelling heaps the prostrate legions drown:
New to the sudden danger, and dismay'd,
The frighted soldier hasty calls for aid,
Heaves at the hill, and struggling rears his head.
Soon shoots the growing pile, and, rear'd on high,
Lifts up its lofty summit to the sky:
High sandy walls, like forts, their passage stay,
And rising mountains intercept their way:
The certain bounds which should their journey guide,
The moving earth and dusty deluge hide;
So land-marks sink beneath the flowing tide.
As through mid seas uncertainly they move,
Led only by Jove's sacred lights above:
Part ev'n of them the Libyan clime denies,
Forbids their native northern stars to rise,
And shades the well-known lustre from their eyes.

one from being stolen. These *ancylia sacra*, or holy bucklers, were committed to the care of the Salii, who were priests of Mars; and always chosen out of the Patricians, or Roman nobility.

Now near approaching to the burning zone,
To warmer, calmer skies, they journey'd on.
The slackening storms the neighbouring sun confess,
The heat strikes fiercer, and the winds grow less;
Whilst parching thirst and fainting sweats increase.
As forward on the weary way they went,
Panting with drought, and all with labour spent,
Amidst the desert, desolate and dry,
One chanc'd a little trickling spring to spy:
Proud of the prize, he drain'd the scanty store,
And in his helmet to the chieftain bore.
Around in crowds the thirsty legions stood,
Their throats and clammy jaws with dust bestrew'd,
And all with wishful eyes the liquid treasure view'd.
Around the leader cast his careful look,
Sternly the tempting envied gift he took,
Held it, and thus the giver fierce bespoke:
"And think'st thou then, that I want virtue most?
Am I the meanest of this Roman host?
Am I the first soft coward that complains?
That shrinks unequal to these glorious pains?
Am I in ease and infamy the first?
Rather be thou, base as thou art, accurs'd!
Thou that dar'st drink, when all beside thee thirst."
He said; and wrathful stretching forth his hand,
Pour'd out the precious draught upon the sand[29].

[29] This action of Cato's is not much unlike that of David, when he refused to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which three men had ventured their lives to fetch. See 1 Chron. xi. 15.

Well did the water thus for all provide,
Envied by none, while thus to all denied,
A little thus the general want supplied.

Now to the sacred temple they draw near [30],
Whose only altars Libyan lands revere:
There, but unlike the Jove by Rome ador'd,
A form uncouth, stands Heaven's Almighty Lord.
No regal ensigns grace his potent hand,
Nor shakes he there the lightning's flaming brand;
But, ruder to behold, a horned ram
Belies the god, and Ammon is his name.
There though he reigns unrival'd and alone,
O'er the rich neighbours of the torrid zone;
Though swarthy Ethiops are to him confin'd,
With Araby the bless'd, and wealthy Inde;
Yet no proud domes are rais'd, no gems are seen,
To blaze upon his shrines with costly sheen;
But plain, and poor, and unprofan'd he stood,
Such as to whom our great forefathers bow'd:
A god of pious times, and days of old,
That keeps his temple safe from Roman gold.

[30] Lucan has made no scruple of committing here another great fault in geography, for the sake of bringing his great Cato to the temple of Jupiter Ammon. This famous oracle was certainly situate between the less and the greater Catabathmus, to the west of Egypt, in what is now called the desert of Barca, a great way distant from the march Cato was then taking in the kingdom of Tunis. The description of the place itself, except that (as I understand him) he places it under the equator, is agreeable to most other ancient authors. It is pretty well known that Jupiter was worshipped in this place under the shape of a ram (at least the upper part), and there are still to be found among the Egyptian idols, in the cabinets of the curious, some with the body of a man and a ram's head.

Here, and here only, through wide Libya's space,
Tall trees the land and verdant herbage grace :
Here the loose sands by plenteous springs are bound,
Knit to a mass, and moulded into ground :
Here smiling nature wears a fertile dress,
And all things here the present god confess.
Yet here the sun to neither pole declines,
But from his zenith vertically shines :
Hence ev'n the trees no friendly shelter yield,
Scarce their own trunks the leafy branches shield;
The rays descend direct, all round embrace,
And to a central point the shadow chase.
Here equally the middle line is found,
To cut the radiant zodiac in its round :
Here unoblique the Bull and Scorpion rise [31],
Nor mount too swift, nor leave too soon the skies;
Nor Libra does too long the Ram attend,
Nor bids the Maid the fishy sign descend.
The Boys and Centaur justly time divide,
And equally their several seasons guide :
Alike the Crab and wintry Goat return,
Alike the Lion and the flowing Urn.
If any further nations yet are known,
Beyond the Libyan fires, and scorching zone ;
Northward from them the sun's bright course is made,
And to the southward strikes the leaning shade :
There slow Boötes, with his lazy wain
Descending, seems to reach the watery main.

[31] Supposing it to lie under the equinoctial; but of our author's astronomical notions I have taken notice in another place.

Of all the lights which high above they see,
No star whate'er from Neptune's waves is free[32],
The whirling axle drives 'em round, and plunges in the sea.

Before the temple's entrance at the gate,
Attending crowds of eastern pilgrims wait:
These from the horned god expect relief;
But all give way before the Latian chief.
His host (as crowds are superstitious still)
Curious of fate, of future good and ill,
And fond to prove prophetic Ammon's skill,
Intreat their leader to the god would go,
And from his oracle Rome's fortunes know:
But Labienus chief the thought approv'd,
And thus the common suit to Cato mov'd.
"Chance, and the fortune of the way, (he said)
Have brought Jove's sacred counsels to our aid:
This greatest of the gods, this mighty chief,
In each distress shall be a sure relief;
Shall point the distant dangers from afar,
And teach the future fortunes of the war.
To thee, O Cato! pious! wise! and just!
Their dark decrees the cautious gods shall trust;
To thee their fore-determin'd will shall tell: [well.
Their will has been thy law, and thou hast kept it
Fate bids thee now the noble thought improve;
Fate brings thee here, to meet and talk with Jove.
Inquire betimes, what various chance shall come
To impious Cæsar, and thy native Rome;
Try to avert, at least, thy country's doom.

[32] Those who live to the southward of the equator see stars towards the southern pole which never set, as well as we do who live to the northward of it. But this is what the Romans in Lucan's time had no notion of.

Ask, if these arms our freedom shall restore?
Or else, if laws and right shall be no more?
Be thy great breast with sacred knowledge fraught,
To lead us in the wandering maze of thought:
Thou that to virtue ever wert inclin'd,
Learn what it is, how certainly defin'd,
And leave some perfect rule to guide mankind."
Full of the god that dwelt within his breast,
The hero thus his secret mind express'd: [well
And in-born truths reveal'd: truths which might
Become ev'n oracles themselves to tell.
"Where would thy fond, thy vain inquiry go?
What mystic fate, what secret wouldst thou know?
Is it a doubt if death should be my doom,
Rather than live till kings and bondage come,
Rather than see a tyrant crown'd in Rome?
Or wouldst thou know if, what we value here,
Life, be a trifle hardly worth our care?
What by old age and length of days we gain,
More than to lengthen out the sense of pain?
Or if this world, with all its forces join'd,
The universal malice of mankind,
Can shake or hurt the brave and honest mind?
If stable virtue can her ground maintain,
While fortune feebly threats and frowns in vain?
If truth and justice with uprightness dwell,
And honesty consist in meaning well?
If right be independent of success,
And conquest cannot make it more nor less?
Are these, my friend, the secrets thou wouldst know;
Those doubts for which to oracles we go?
Tis known, 'tis plain, 'tis all already told;
And horned Ammon can no more unfold.

From God deriv'd, to God by nature join'd,
We act the dictates of his mighty mind:
And though the priests are mute, and temples still,
God never wants a voice to speak his will.
When first we from the teeming womb were brought,
With in-born precepts then our souls were fraught,
And then the Maker his new creatures taught.
Then when he form'd, and gave us to be men,
He gave us all our useful knowledge, then
Canst thou believe the vast eternal mind
Was ere to Syrts and Libyan sands confin'd[33]?
That he would choose this waste, this barren ground,
To teach the thin inhabitants around;
And leave his truth, in wilds and deserts drown'd?
Is there a place that God would choose to love
Beyond this earth, the seas, yon Heaven above;
And virtuous minds—the noblest throne for Jove?
Why seek we further then?—Behold around,
How all thou seest does with the god abound;
Jove is alike in all, and always to be found.
Let those weak minds who live in doubt and fear,
To juggling priests for oracles repair:
One certain hour of death to each decreed,
My fix'd, my certain soul, from doubt has freed.
The coward and the brave are doom'd to fall;
And when Jove told this truth, he told us all."
So spoke the hero; and, to keep his word,
Nor Ammon, nor his oracle explor'd;

33 I cannot but observe here how finely our author, in this passage, reprehends the folly of those who are fond of and believe in a local sanctity; as if one part of the world were holier than another, and the ubiquity of the divine nature were confined to a particular place.

But left the crowd at freedom to believe,
And take such answers as the priest should give.
  Foremost on foot he treads the burning sand,
Bearing his arms in his own patient hand;
Scorning another's weary neck to press,
Or in a lazy chariot loll at ease:
The panting soldier at his toil succeeds,
Where no command, but great example leads.
Sparing of sleep, still for the rest he wakes,
And at the fountain, last, his thirst he slakes:
Whene'er by chance some living stream is found,
He stands and sees the cooling draughts go round;
Stays till the last and meanest drudge be past,
And, till his slaves have drunk, disdains to taste.
If true good men deserve immortal fame,
If virtue, though distress'd, be still the same;
Whate'er our fathers greatly dar'd to do,
Whate'er they bravely bore, and wisely knew,
Their virtues all are his, and all their praise his due.
Who e'er with battles fortunately fought,
Who e'er with Roman blood such honours brought?
This triumph, this, on Libya's utmost bound,
With death and desolation compass'd round,
To all thy glories, Pompey, I prefer,
Thy trophies, and thy third triumphal car, [war [34].
To Marius' mighty name, and great Jugurthine
His country's father here, O Rome, behold,
Worthy thy temples, priests, and shrines of gold!
If e'er thou break thy lordly master's chain,
If liberty be e'er restor'd again;

34 See book ii. note 12.

Him shalt thou place in thy divine abodes,
Swear by his holy name, and rank him with thy gods.
Now to those sultry regions were they pass'd,
Which Jove to stop inquiring mortals plac'd,
And as their utmost southern limits cast [35].
Thirsty, for springs they search the desert round,
And only one, amidst the sands, they found.
Well stor'd it was, but all access was barr'd;
The stream ten thousand noxious serpents guard:
Dry aspics on the fatal margin stood,
And dipsas thirsted in the middle flood.
Back from the stream the frighted soldier flies,
Though parch'd, and languishing for drink, he dies:
The chief beheld, and said, "You fear, in vain,
Vainly from safe and healthy draughts abstain,
My soldier, drink; and dread not death or pain.
When urg'd to rage, their teeth the serpents fix,
And venom with our vital juices mix;
The pest infus'd through every vein runs round,
Infects the mass, and death is in the wound.
Harmless and safe, no poison here they shed."
He said; and first the doubtful draught essay'd;
He, who through all their march, their toil, their thirst,
Demanded here alone to drink the first.
Why plagues like these infect the Libyan air,
Why deaths unknown in various shapes appear;
Why, fruitful to destroy the cursed land,
Is temper'd thus by nature's secret hand;

35 The hyperbole is very strong here; and one would think Cato had penetrated into the very depth and middle of Afric; whereas in all appearance his march could never be very far from the Mediterranean.

Dark and obscure the hidden cause remains,
And still deludes the vain inquirer's pains;
Unless a tale for truth may be believ'd,
And the good-natur'd world be willingly deceiv'd.
Where western waves on furthest Libya beat,
Warm'd with the setting sun's descending heat,
Dreadful Medusa fix'd her horrid seat.
No leafy shade with kind protection shields
The rough, the squalid, unfrequented fields;
No mark of shepherds, or the ploughman's toil,
To tend the flocks, or turn the mellow soil:
But rude with rocks, the region [36] all around
Its mistress and her potent visage own'd.
'Twas from this monster, to afflict mankind,
That nature first produc'd the snaky kind:
On her at first their forky tongues appear'd;
From her their dreadful hissings first were heard.
Some wreath'd in folds upon her temples hung;
Some backwards to her waste depended long;
Some with their rising crests her forehead deck;
Some wanton play, and lash her swelling neck:
And while her hands the curling vipers comb,
Poisons distil around, and drops of livid foam.
None who beheld the fury could complain;
So swift their fate, preventing death and pain:
Ere they had time to fear the change came on,
And motion, sense, and life, were lost in stone.
The soul itself, from sudden flight debar'd,
Congealing, in the body's fortune shar'd.
The dire Eumenides could rage inspire,
But could no more: the tuneful Thracian lyre
Infernal Cerberus did soon assuage,
Lull'd him to rest, and sooth'd his triple rage;

[36] Having been petrified by Medusa.

Hydra's seven heads the bold Alcides view'd,
Safely he saw, and what he saw subdued:
Of these in various terrors each excell'd;
But all to this superior fury yield.
Phorcus and Cœto, next to Neptune he,
Immortal both, and rulers of the sea,
This monster's parents did their offspring dread;
And from her sight her sister gorgons[37] fled,
Old ocean's waters, and the liquid air,
The universal world her power might fear:
All nature's beauteous works she could invade,
Through every part a lazy numbness shed,
And over all a stony surface spread.
Birds in their flight were stop'd, and pondrous
Forgot their pinions, and fell senseless down. [grown,
Beasts to the rocks were fix'd, and all around
Were tribes of stone and marble nations found.
No living eyes so fell a sight could bear;
Her snakes themselves, all deadly though they were,
Shot backward from her face, and shrunk away for fear.
By her a rock, Titanian Atlas[38], grew,
And heaven by her the giants did subdue:
Hard was the fight, and Jove was half dismay'd,
Till Pallas brought the gorgon to his aid:
The heavenly nation laid aside their fear,
For soon she finish'd the prodigious war;
To mountains turn'd the monster race remains,
The trophies of her power on the Phlegræan plains.

37 Sthenio and Euryale.

38 Atlas, king of Mauritania, was of the race of the giants, or Titans. See Ovid's Metamorphosis, book iv.

To seek this monster, and her fate to prove,
The son of Danaë [39] and golden Jove,
Attempts a flight through airy ways above.
The youth Cyllenian Hermes'[40] aid implor'd;
The god assisted with his wings and sword;
His sword, which late made watchful Argus bleed,
And Iö from her cruel keeper freed:
Unwedded Pallas lent a sister's aid;
But ask'd for recompense Medusa's head.
Eastward, she warns her brother bend his flight,
And from the Gorgon realms avert his sight;
Then arms his left with her refulgent shield,
And shows how there the foe might be beheld.
Deep slumbers had the drowsy fiend possess'd,
Such as drew on and well might seem her last:
And yet she slept not whole; one half her snakes,
Watchful to guard their horrid mistress, wakes,
The rest dishevel'd loosely round her head,
And o'er her drowsy lids and face were spread.
Backward the youth draws near, nor dares to look,
But blindly, at a venture, aims a stroke:
His faltering hand the virgin-goddess guides,
And from the monster's neck her snaky head divides.
But oh! what art, what numbers can express
The terrors of the dying Gorgon's face!
What clouds of poison from her lips arise! [eyes!
What death, what vast destruction threaten'd in her

39 Perseus.

40 Mercury, so called from Cyllene, a mountain in Arcadia, where his mother Maia brought him forth. Among the peculiar goods and properties which belonged to Mercury were the wings at his head and feet; and the falchion, or crooked sword called harpe, which he is here said to lend his brother Perseus. For the story of Argos and Iö see Ovid's Metamorphosis, book i.

'Twas somewhat that immortal gods might fear;
More than the warlike maid herself could bear.
The victor Perseus still had been subdued,
Though wary still, with eyes averse he stood;
Had not his heavenly sister's timely care
Veil'd the dread visage with the hissing hair.
Seis'd of his prey, heavenwards, uplifted light,
On Hermes' nimble wings he took his flight.
Now thoughtful of his course, he hung in air,
And meant through Europe's happy clime to steer;
Till pitying Pallas warn'd him not to blast
Her fruitful fields, nor lay her cities waste.
For who would not have upwards cast their sight,
Curious to gaze at such a wondrous flight?
Therefore, by gales of gentle zephyrs borne,
To Libya's coast the hero minds to turn.
Beneath the sultry line, expos'd it lies
To deadly planets and malignant skies.
Still with his fiery steeds the god of day [way.
Drives through that heaven and makes his burning
No land more high [41] erects its lofty head,
The silver moon in dim eclipse to shade;
If through the summer-signs direct she run,
Nor bends obliquely, north or south, to shun
The envious earth that hides her from the sun.
Yet could this soil accurs'd, this barren field,
Increase of deaths and poisonous harvests yield [42].

[41] Lucan erroneously supposes this part of the earth to rise higher under the equator than in any other part, and to project its shade furthest in eclipses of the moon.

[42] Though it could produce nothing for the good of mankind, it brought forth serpents.

Where'er sublime in air the victor flew,
The monster's head distill'd a deadly dew;
The earth receiv'd the seed, and pregnant grew.
Still as the putrid gore drop'd on the sand,
'Twas temper'd up by nature's forming hand;
The glowing climate makes the work complete,
And broods upon the mass, and lends it genial heat.
First of those plagues, the drowsy Asp appear'd,
Then first her crest and swelling neck she rear'd;
A larger drop of black congealing blood
Distinguish'd her amidst the deadly brood.
Of all the serpent race are none so fell, [swell;
None with so many deaths, such plenteous venom
Chill in themselves, our colder climes they shun,
And choose to bask in Afric's warmer sun;
But Nile no more confines them now. What bound
Can for insatiate avarice be found?
Freighted with Libyan deaths our merchants come,
And poisonous Asps are things of price at Rome.
Her scaly folds the' Hæmorrhoïs unbends,
And her vast length along the sands extends:
Where'er she wounds, from every part the blood
Gushes resistless in a crimson flood.
Amphibious some do in the Syrts abound,
And now on land, in waters now are found.
Slimy Chelyders the parch'd earth distain,
And trace a reeking furrow on the plain.
The spotted Cenchris, rich in various dyes,
Shoots in a line, and forth directly flies;
Not Theban marbles are so gaily dress'd,
Nor with such party-colour'd beauties grac'd.
Safe in his earthly hue and dusky skin,
The' Ammodytes lurks in the sands unseen:

The Swimmer[43] there the crystal stream pollutes,
And swift through air the flying Javelin[44] shoots.
The Scytale, ere yet the spring returns,
There casts her coat, and there the Dipsas burns;
The Amphisbœna doubly arm'd appears,
At either end a threatening head she rears.
Rais'd on his active tail the Pareas stands,
And, as he passes, furrows up the sands.
The Prester by his foaming jaws is known;
The Seps invades the flesh and firmer bone,
Dissolves the mass of man, and melts his fabric down.
The Basilisk, with dreadful hissings heard,
And from afar by every serpent fear'd,
To distance drives the vulgar, and remains
The lonely monarch of the desert plains.
And you, ye Dragons[45]! of the scaly race,
Whom glittering gold and shining armours grace,
In other nations harmless are you found,
This guardian genii and protectors own'd:
In Afric only are you fatal; there,
On wide-expanded wings, sublime you rear
Your dreadful forms, and drive the yielding air.

43 The Latin word is *natrix*. I suppose this to be a kind of water-snake.

44 In the Latin it is *jaculus;* a sort of serpent which is said to lodge upon trees, and from thence dart itself with great violence and swiftness at its prey.

45 The ancients had a kind of religious veneration for those kind of serpents called dragons. Under this form was Esculapius worshipped; and Jupiter conversed with Alexander's mother, and Apollo with Augustus Cæsar's. They were reckoned Ἀγαθοὶ δαίμονες among the Greeks, and good genii among the Romans. When Æneas sacrificed to his father's ghost in the fifth book of Virgil's Æneid, a serpent of this kind appears.

The lowing kine in droves you chase, and cull
Some master of the herd, some mighty bull;
Around his stubborn sides your tails you twist,
By force compress, and burst his brawny chest.
Not elephants are by their larger size
Secure, but with the rest become your prize.
Resistless in your might, you all invade;
And for destruction need not poison's aid.
Thus, through a thousand plagues around them spread,
A weary march the hardy soldiers tread,
Through thirst, through toil and death, by Cato led.
Their chief, with pious grief and deep regret,
Each moment mourns his friends' untimely fate;
Wondering, he sees some small, some trivial wound,
Extend a valiant Roman on the ground.
Aulus, a noble youth of Tyrrhene blood,
Who bore the standard, on a Dipsas trode;
Backward the wrathful serpent bent her head,
And, fell with rage, the' unheeded wrong repaid.
Scarce did some little mark of hurt remain,
And scarce he found some little sense of pain;
Nor could he yet the danger doubt, nor fear
That death with all its terrors threaten'd there.
When lo! unseen, the secret venom spreads,
And every nobler part at once invades;
Swift flames consume the marrow and the brain,
And the scorch'd entrails rage with burning pain;
Upon his heart the thirsty poisons prey,
And drain the sacred juice of life away.
No kindly floods of moisture bathe his tongue,
But cleaving to the parched roof it hung;
No trickling drops distil, no dewy sweat,
To ease his weary limbs, and cool the raging heat.

Nor could he weep; ev'n grief could not supply
Streams for the mournful office of his eye;
The never-failing source of tears was dry.
Frantic he flies, and with a careless hand
Hurls the neglected eagle on the sand;
Nor hears, nor minds, his pitying chief's command.
For springs he seeks, he digs, he proves the ground;
For springs in vain explores the desert round;
For cooling draughts, which might their aid impart,
And quench the burning venom in his heart,
Plung'd in the Tanais, the Rhône, or Po,
Or Nile, whose wandering streams o'er Egypt flow,
Still would he rage, still with the fever glow:
The scorching climate to his fate conspires,
And Libya's sun assists the Dipsas' fires.
Now everywhere for drink in vain he pries,
Now to the Syrts and briny seas he flies;
The briny seas delight, but seem not to suffice.
Nor yet he knows what secret plague he nurs'd,
Nor found the poison, but believ'd it thirst:
Of thirst, and thirst alone, he still complains,
Raving for thirst, he tears his swelling veins;
From every vessel drains a crimson flood,
And quaffs in greedy draughts his vital blood.

This Cato saw, and straight, without delay,
Commands the legions on to urge their way;
Nor give the' inquiring soldier time to know
What deadly deeds a fatal thirst could do.

But soon a fate more sad, with new surprise,
From the first object turns their wondering eyes.
Wretched Sabellus by a Seps was stung,
Fix'd to his leg with deadly teeth it hung:
Sudden the soldier shook it from the wound,
Transfix'd and nail'd it to the barren ground.

Of all the dire destructive serpent race,
None have so much of death, though none are less.
For straight around the part the skin withdrew,
The flesh and shrinking sinews backward flew,
And left the naked bones expos'd to view.
The spreading poisons all the parts confound,
And the whole body sinks within the wound.
The brawny thighs no more their muscles boast,
But, melting, all in liquid filth are lost;
The well-knit groin above, and ham below,
Mix'd in one putrid stream, together flow;
The firm peritonæum rent in twain,
No more the pressing entrails could sustain;
It yields, and forth they fall; at once they gush amain.
Small relics of the mouldering mass were left,
At once of substance as of form bereft;
Dissolv'd the whole in liquid poison ran,
And to a nauseous puddle shrunk the man.
Then burst the rigid nerves, the manly breast,
And all the texture of the heaving chest;
Resistless way the conquering venom made,
And secret nature was at once display'd;
Her sacred privacies all open lie
To each profane, inquiring, vulgar eye.
Then the broad shoulders did the pest invade,
Then o'er the valiant arms and neck it spread;
Last sunk, the mind's imperial seat the head.
So snows dissolv'd by southern breezes run,
So melts the wax before the noon-day sun.
Nor ends the wonder here: though flames are known
To waste the flesh, yet still they spare the bone:
Here none were left, no least remains were seen;
No marks to show that once the man had been.

Of all the plagues which curse the Libyan land,
(If death and mischief may a crown demand)
Serpent, the palm is thine. Though others may
Boast of their power to force the soul away [46],
Yet soul and body both become thy prey.
A fate of different kind Nasidius found,
A burning Prester gave the deadly wound;
And straight a sudden flame began to spread,
And paint his visage with a glowing red.
With swift expansion swells the bloated skin,
Nought but an undistinguish'd mass is seen,
While the fair human form lies lost within;
The puffy poison spreads, and heaves around,
Till all the man is in the monster drown'd,
No more the steely plate his breast can stay,
But yields, and gives the bursting poison way.
Not waters so, when fire the rage supplies,
Bubbling on heaps, in boiling cauldrons rise:
Nor swells the stretching canvass half so fast,
When the sails gather all the driving blast,
Strain the tough yards, and bow the lofty mast.
The various parts no longer now are known,
One headless formless heap remains alone;
The feather'd kind avoid the fatal feast,
And leave it deadly to some hungry beast:
With horror seiz'd, his sad companions too,
In haste from the unburied carcase flew;
Look'd back, but fled again, for still the monster grew.
But fertile Libya still new plagues supplies,
And to more horrid monsters turns their eyes.
Deeply the fierce Hæmorrhoïs impress'd
Her fatal teeth on Tullus' valiant breast,

[46] That is, the life.

The noble youth, with virtue's love inspir'd,
Her, in her Cato, follow'd and admir'd;
Mov'd by his great example, vow'd to share
With him, each change of that disastrous war.
And as when mighty Rome's spectators meet
In the full theatre's capacious [47] seat,
At once, by secret pipes and channels fed,
Rich tinctures gush from every antique head;
At once ten thousand saffron currents flow,
And rain their odours on the crowd below:
So the warm blood at once from every part
Ran purple poison down, and drain'd the fainting heart.
Blood falls for tears, and o'er his mournful face
The ruddy drops their tainted passage trace:
Where'er the liquid juices find a way,
There streams of blood, there crimson rivers stray;
His mouth and gushing nostrils pour a flood,
And ev'n the pores ooze out the trickling blood;
In the red deluge all the parts lie drown'd,
And the whole body seems one bleeding wound.
Lævus a colder Aspic bit, and straight
His blood forgot to flow, his heart to beat;
Thick shades upon his eye-lids seem'd to creep,
And lock him fast in everlasting sleep:
No sense of pain, no torment did he know,
But sunk in slumbers to the shades below.

47 The public shows at Rome were all exhibited at the expense of the public, or some of the great men. This was done with great magnificence; of which this way of perfuming the whole place, and the spectators, is a pretty remarkable instance. I know this passage is rendered after a different manner; but I take this sense of it to be most easy and most probable.

Not swifter deaths attend the noxious juice,
Which dire Sabæan Aconites produce [48].
Well may their crafty priests divine, and well
The fate which they themselves can cause, foretel.
Fierce from afar a darting Javelin shot,
(For such the serpent's name has Afric taught)
And through unhappy Paulus' temples flew;
Not poison, but a wound, the soldier slew.
No flight so swift, so rapid none we know,
Stones from the sounding sling, compar'd, are slow,
And the shaft loiters from the Scythian bow.
A Basilisk bold Murrus kill'd in vain,
And nail'd it dying to the sandy plain;
Along the spear the sliding venom ran,
And, sudden, from the weapon, seiz'd the man.
His hand first touch'd, ere it his arm invade,
Soon he divides it with his shining blade:
The serpent's force by sad example taught,
With his lost hand his ransom'd life he bought.
Who that the Scorpion's insect-form surveys,
Would think that ready death his call obeys?
Threatening, he rears his knotty tail on high;
The vast Orion thus he doom'd to die,
And fix'd him, his proud trophy, in the sky.
Or could we the Salpuga's [49] anger dread,
Or fear upon her little cell to tread?

[48] The literal translation runs thus: 'Nor are those poisons 'more swift to destroy, which the prophetic Sabæans compose 'of the tree resembling birch, of which last the Sabine (and 'Roman) magistrates' rods were made.' I have taken very few liberties of adding or leaving out any thing in this translation. The last circumstance, indeed, of this passage I did not think material enough to be insisted on.

[49] A little sort of venomous ant.

Yet she the fatal threads of life commands,
And quickens oft the Stygian-sisters' hands.
Pursued by dangers, thus they pass'd away
The restless night, and thus the cheerless day;
Ev'n earth itself they fear'd, the common bed,
Where each lay down to rest his weary head.
There no kind trees their leafy couches strow,
The sands no turf nor mossy beds bestow;
But tir'd, and fainting with the tedious toil,
Expos'd they sleep upon the fatal soil.
With vital heat they brood upon the ground,
And breathe a kind attractive vapour round.
While chill, with colder night's ungentle air,
To man's warm breast his snaky foes repair,
And find, ungrateful guests, a shelter there:
Thence, fresh supplies of poisonous rage return,
And fiercely, with recruited deaths, they burn.
"Restore, (thus sadly oft the soldier said)
Restore Emathia's plains, from whence we fled;
This grace at least, ye cruel gods, afford,
That we may fall beneath the hostile sword.
The Dipsas' here in Cæsar's triumph share,
And fell Cerastæ [50] wage his civil war.
Or let us haste away, press further on,
Urge our bold passage to the burning zone,
And die by those ethereal flames alone.
Afric, thy deserts we accuse no more,
Nor blame, oh Nature! thy creating pow'r:
From man thou wisely didst these wilds divide,
And for thy monsters here alone provide;
A region waste, and void of all beside.
Thy prudent care forbade the barren field,
The yellow harvest's ripe increase to yield;

50 A kind of horned serpents.

Man and his labours well thou didst deny,
And badst him from the land of poisons fly.
We, impious we, the bold irruption made;
We this, the serpent's world, did first invade;
Take then our lives a forfeit for the crime,
Whoe'er thou art that rul'st this cursed clime;
What god soe'er that lonely lov'st to reign,
And dost the commerce of mankind disdain;
Who, to secure thy horrid empire's bound,
Hast fix'd the Syrts, and torrid realms around;
Here the wild waves, there the flames' scorching breath,
And fill'd the dreadful middle space with death.
Behold, to thy retreats our arms we bear,
And with Rome's civil rage profane thee here;
Ev'n to thy inmost seats we strive to go,
And seek the limits of the world to know.
Perhaps more dire events attend us yet;
New deaths, new monsters, still we go to meet.
Perhaps to those far seas our journey bends,
Where to the waves the burning sun descends;
Where, rushing headlong down heaven's azure steep,
All red he plunges in the hissing deep:
Low sinks the pole, declining from its height,
And seems to yield beneath the rapid weight.
"Nor further lands from fame herself are known,
But Mauritanian Juba's realms alone.
Perhaps while, rashly daring, on we pass,
Fate may discover some more dreadful place;
Till, late repenting, we may wish in vain
To see these serpents and these sands again.
One joy at least do these sad regions give,
Ev'n here we know 'tis possible to live;
That, by the native plagues [51], we may perceive.

51 The serpents.

Nor ask we now for Asia's gentler day,
Nor now for European suns we pray;
Thee, Afric, now, thy absence we deplore,
And sadly think we ne'er shall see thee more.
Say, in what part, what climate art thou lost?
Where have we left Cyrene's happy frost?
Cold skies we felt, and frosty winter there,
While more than summer-suns are raging here,
And break the laws of the well-order'd year.
Southward, beyond earth's limits, are we pass'd,
And Rome at length beneath our feet is plac'd.
Grant us, ye gods, one pleasure ere we die,
Add to our harder fate this only joy, [fly."
That Cæsar may pursue, and follow where we
Impatient, thus the soldier oft complains,
And seems by telling to relieve his pains.
But most the virtues of their matchless chief
Inspire new strength, to bear with every grief:
All night, with careful thoughts and watchful eyes,
On the bare sands expos'd the hero lies;
In every place alike, in every hour,
Dares his ill fortune, and defies her pow'r.
Unwearied still, his common care attends
On every fate, and cheers his dying friends:
With ready haste at each sad call he flies,
And more than health, or life itself, supplies;
With virtue's noblest precepts arms their souls,
And ev'n their sorrows, like his own, controls.
Where'er he comes, no signs of grief are shown;
Grief, an unmanly weakness, they disown,
And scorn to sigh, or breathe one parting groan.
Still urging on his pious cares, he strove
The sense of outward evils to remove;

And, by his presence, taught them to disdain
The feeble rage and impotence of pain.
But now, so many toils and dangers pass'd,
Fortune grew kind, and brought relief at last.
Of all who scorching Afric's sun endure,
None like the swarthy Psyllians[52] are secure.
Skill'd in the lore of powerful herbs and charms,
Them, nor the serpent's tooth nor poison harms:
Nor do they thus in arts alone excel,
But nature too their blood has temper'd well,
And taught with vital force the venom to repel.
With healing gifts and privileges grac'd,
Well in the land of serpents were they plac'd;
Truce with the dreadful tyrant, Death, they have,
And border safely on his realm, the grave.
Such is their confidence in true-born blood,
That oft with asps they prove their doubtful brood:
When wanton wives their jealous rage inflame,
The new-born infant clears or damns the dame;
If subject to the wrathful serpent's wound,
The mother's shame is by the danger found;
But if, unhurt, the fearless infant laugh;
The wife is honest, and the husband safe.
So when Jove's bird on some tall cedar's head
Has a new race of generous eaglets bred,
While yet unplum'd within the nest they lie,
Wary she turns them to the eastern sky:
Then, if unequal to the god of day,
Abash'd they shrink, and shun the potent ray,
She spurns 'em forth, and casts 'em quite away:

[52] These people were neighbours to the Nasamones, and were rather taken by Cato along with him when he began his march, than found out upon the way.

But if with daring eyes unmov'd they gaze,
Withstand the light, and bear the golden blaze;
Tender she broods them with a parent's love,
The future servants of her master Jove.
Nor safe themselves alone the Psyllians are,
But to their guests extend their friendly care.
First, where the Roman camp is mark'd, around
Circling they pass; then chanting, charm the ground,
And chase the serpents with the mystic sound.
Beyond the furthest tents rich fires they build,
That healthy medicinal odours yield:
There foreign Galbanum [53] dissolving fries,
And crackling flames from humble Wall-wort rise;
There Tamarisk, which no green leaf adorns,
And there the spicy Syrian Costos burns:
There Centaury supplies the wholesome flame,
That from Thessalian Chiron [54] takes its name;
The gummy Larch-tree, and the Thapsos there,
Wound-wort and Maiden-weed, perfume the air.
There the large branches of the long-liv'd Hart,
With Southern-wood, their odours strong impart;
The monsters of the land, the serpents fell,
Fly far away, and shun the hostile smell.
Securely thus they pass the nights away;
And if they chance to meet a wound by day,
The Psyllian artists straight their skill display.
Then strives the Leach the power of charms to show,
And bravely combats with the deadly foe:

53 Foreign to Africa, as being found in the mountain Amanus in Syria.

54 The virtues of the herb Centaury were found out by the Centaur Chiron, famous for his skill in physic, and took its name from him.

With spittle first he marks the part around,
And keeps the poison prisoner in the wound;
Then sudden he begins the magic song,
And rolls the numbers hasty o'er his tongue:
Swift he runs on; nor pauses once for breath,
To stop the progress of approaching death:
He fears the cure might suffer by delay,
And life be lost, but for a moment's stay.
Thus oft, though deep within the veins it lies,
By magic numbers chas'd, the mischief flies.
But if it hear too slow, if still it stay,
And scorn the potent charmer to obey:
With forceful lips he fastens on the wound,
Drains out, and spits the venom to the ground.
Thus by long use and oft experience taught,
He knows from whence his hurt the patient got;
He proves the part through which the poison pass'd,
And knows each various serpent by the taste.
The warriors thus reliev'd amidst their pains,
Held on their passage through the desert plains.
And now the silver empress of the night
Had lost, and twice regain'd [55], her borrow'd light,
While Cato, wandering o'er the wasteful field,
Patient in all his labours, she beheld.
At length, condens'd in clods the sands appear,
And show a better soil and country near.
Now from afar thin tufts of trees arise,
And scattering cottages delight their eyes:

55 That is, during the space of two months. The express time of Cato's march is diversely related by Plutarch, Strabo, and Lucan; the first allowing but seven days for it; the second, thirty; and the last, as we see here, two months. This is of no great consequence; since they might fix the beginning of his journey, and reckon his departure, from several places.

But when the soldier once beheld again
The raging lion [56] shake his horrid mane,
What hopes of better lands his soul possess'd!
What joys he felt, to view the dreadful beast!
Leptis [57] at last they reach'd, that nearest lay;
There free from storms, and the sun's parching ray,
At ease they pass'd the wintry year away.
When, sated with the joys which slaughters yield,
Retiring Cæsar left Emathia's field;
His other cares laid by, he sought alone
To trace the footsteps of his flying son.
Led by the guidance of reporting fame,
First to the Thracian Hellespont [58] he came.
Here young Leander perish'd in the flood,
And here the tower of mournful Hero stood:
Here with a narrow stream, the flowing tide,
Europe from wealthy Asia does divide.
From hence the curious victor passing o'er,
Admiring, sought the fam'd Sigæan shore [59].

56 Some of the commentators upon this verse,

Qui primum sævos contra vidêre Leones,

fancy that it refers to a custom which the natives of this country had to hang up the lions, which they had caught or killed, upon crosses; and that they were these crucified lions which Cato's soldiers were so glad to meet with. But I can see no reason for such a far-fetched interpretation; the meaning seems to me to be, that by meeting with those beasts, who usually prey upon tame cattle, they found they were come into or near an inhabited country.

57 *Leptis parva*, now Lempta in Barbary.

58 Cæsar very naturally followed Pompey into Asia, where he had so great an interest.

59 A promontory now called cape Janisari, in Asia Minor, on the Archipelago, over against the island of Tenedos, near the

There might he tombs of Græcian chiefs behold,
Renown'd in sacred verse by bards of old.
There the long ruins of the walls [60] appear'd,
Once by great Neptune and Apollo rear'd:
There stood old Troy, a venerable name;
For ever consecrate to deathless fame.
Now blasted mossy trunks with branches sere,
Brambles and weeds, a loathsome forest rear;
Where once, in palaces of regal state,
Old Priam and the Trojan princes sate:
Where temples once, on lofty columns borne,
Majestic did the wealthy town adorn,
All rude, all waste and desolate is laid,
And ev'n the ruin'd ruins are decay'd.
Here Cæsar did each storied place survey,
Here saw the rock, where, Neptune to obey,
Hesione was bound the monster's prey.
Here, in the covert of a secret grove,
The bless'd Anchises [61] clasp'd the queen of love:
Here fair Oenone [62] play'd, here stood the cave
Where Paris once the fatal judgment gave;

ruins of the ancient Troy. Here were the tombs of Achilles and Patroclus.

Rhœtion, or Rhœtium, was a town and promontory likewise thereabouts; where was the tomb of Ajax, the son of Telamon.

60 Neptune and Apollo agreed with Laömedon, king of Troy, to build walls round his city; which when they had performed, and the king refused to pay them according to agreement, Neptune in revenge sent a sea-monster amongst his people; to appease whom, the Trojans were forced to expose their daughters to be devoured by him. Among the rest Hesione, the king's daughter, being tied to a rock for this purpose, was delivered by Hercules, who killed the monster.

61 The father of Æneas.

62 The first mistress of Paris, while he was a shepherd, and had not seen Helen. See Ovid's Epistles. The story of Gany-

Here lovely Ganymede to heaven was borne;
Each rock, and every tree, recording tales adorn.
Here all that does of Xanthus' stream remain,
Creeps a small brook along the dusty plain.
Whilst careless and securely on they pass,
The Phrygian guide forbids to press the grass:
" This place (he said) for ever sacred keep,
For here the sacred bones of Hector sleep."
Then warns him to observe, where, rudely cast,
Disjointed stones lay broken and defac'd:
" Here his last fate (he cries) did Priam prove;
Here on this altar of Hercæan Jove[63]."
Oh, poësy divine! Oh, sacred song!
To thee bright fame and length of days belong.
Thou, goddess! thou eternity canst give,
And bid secure the mortal hero live.
Nor, Cæsar, thou disdain that I rehearse
Thee, and thy wars, in no ignoble verse;
Since, if in aught the Latian muse excel,
My name, and thine, immortal I foretel:
Eternity our labours shall reward,
And Lucan flourish, like the Grecian bard:
My numbers shall to latest times convey
The tyrant Cæsar, and Pharsalia's day.
When long the chief his wondering eyes had cast
On ancient monuments of ages past;

mede, and indeed most of the rest here mentioned, are known fables.

63 This altar of Jupiter Hercæus, or Penetralis, was consecrated to that god, as the keeper of the house and family. He is called Hercæus from the Greek word Ἕρκος, which signifies an inclosure; and his altar was placed accordingly near the wall.

Of living turf an altar straight he made,
Then on the fire rich gums and incense laid,
And thus, successful in his vows, he pray'd:
"Ye shades divine! who keep this sacred place;
And thou, Æneas! author of my race;
Ye powers[64], whoe'er from burning Troy did come,
Domestic gods of Alba, and of Rome,
Who still preserve your ruin'd country's name,
And on your altars guard the Phrygian flame[65]:
And thou, bright maid, who art to men denied;
Pallas, who dost thy sacred pledge[66] confide
To Rome, and in her inmost temple hide;
Hear, and auspicious to my vows incline,
To me, the greatest of the Julian line:
Prosper my future ways; and lo! I vow
Your ancient state and honours to bestow;
Ausonian hands shall Phrygian walls restore[67],
And Rome repay what Troy confer'd before."
He said; and hasted to his fleet away,
Swift to repair the loss of this delay.
Up sprung the wind, and with a freshening gale
The kind north-west fill'd every swelling sail;
Light o'er the foamy waves the navy flew,
Till Asia's shores, and Rhodes, no more they view.

64 This invocation is addressed to those gods whose images Æneas brought with him from Troy; which were placed at Alba by his son Ascanius, and afterwards removed to Rome.

65 The fire of Vesta.

66 The Palladium.

67 I do not know whether Lucan does not hint in this passage at the design which Augustus Cæsar had to translate the seat of empire from Rome to Troy, and which Mons. Dacier has observed, from M. Le Fevre, gave occasion for one of the most beautiful odes in Horace.

Six times the night her sable round had made;
The seventh now passing on, the chief survey'd
High Pharos shining through the gloomy shade:
The coast descried, he waits the rising day,
Then safely to the port directs his way.
There wide with crowds o'erspread he sees the shore,
And echoing hears the loud tumultuous roar.
Distrustful of his fate, he gives command
To stand aloof, nor trust the doubted land;
When lo! a messenger appears, to bring
A fatal pledge of peace from Egypt's king:
Hid in a veil, and closely cover'd o'er,
Pompey's pale visage in his hand he bore,
An impious orator[68] the tyrant sends, [commends.
Who thus, with fitting words, the monstrous gift
"Hail! first and greatest of the Roman name;
In power most mighty, most renown'd in fame:
Hail! rightly now, the world's unrival'd lord!
That benefit thy Pharian friends afford.
My king bestows the prize thy arms have sought,
For which Pharsalia's field, in vain, was fought.
No task remains for future labours now;
The civil wars are finish'd at a blow.
To heal Thessalia's ruins, Pompey fled
To us for succour, and by us lies dead.
Thee, Cæsar, with this costly pledge we buy;
Thee to our friendship, with this victim, tie.

[68] This villanous ambassador was Theodotus the rhetorician of Chios, the worthy preceptor of such a prince as Ptolemy. He was one of his council, and had been a principal adviser of this barbarous murder. Plutarch says, he was afterwards taken by Brutus in Asia, and by him put to a very cruel death. Appian says, he was crucified by order of Cassius. It is pretty certain that he came to such an end as he had deserved.

Egypt's proud sceptre freely then receive,
Whate'er the fertile flowing Nile can give:
Accept the treasures[69] which this deed has spar'd;
Accept the benefit without reward.
Deign, Cæsar! deign to think my royal lord
Worthy the aid of thy victorious sword:
In the first rank of greatness shall he stand;
He, who could Pompey's destiny command.
Nor frown disdainful on the proffer'd spoil,
Because not dearly bought with blood and toil;
But think, oh think, what sacred ties were broke,
How friendship pleaded, and how nature spoke:
That Pompey, who restor'd Auletes'[70] crown,
The father's ancient guest was murder'd by the son.
Then judge thyself, or ask the world and fame,
If services like these deserve a name.
If gods and men the daring deed abhor,
Think, for that reason, Cæsar owes the more:
This blood for thee, though not by thee, was spilt;
Thou hast the benefit, and we the guilt."

He said, and straight the horrid gift unveil'd,
And steadfast to the gazing victor held.
Chang'd was the face, deform'd with death all o'er,
Pale, ghastly, wan, and stain'd with clotted gore,
Unlike the Pompey Cæsar knew before.
He nor at first disdain'd the fatal boon,
Nor started from the dreadful sight too soon.
Awhile his eyes the murderous scene endure,
Doubting they view; but shun it when secure.
At length, he stood convinc'd the deed was done;
He saw 'twas safe to mourn his lifeless son:

69 'The money which thou, O Cæsar, wouldst have given 'willingly to have this deed done.'

70 The sirname of young Ptolemy's father.

And straight the ready tears, that stay'd till now,
Swift at command with pious semblance flow.
As if detesting, from the sight he turns,
And, groaning, with a heart triumphant mourns.
He fears his impious thought should be descried,
And seeks in tears the swelling joy to hide.
Thus the curs'd Pharian tyrant's hopes were cross'd,
Thus all the merit of his gift was lost;
Thus for the murder Cæsar's thanks were spar'd;
He chose to mourn it rather than reward.
He who relentless through Pharsalia rode,
And on the Senate's mangled fathers trode;
He who, without one pitying sigh, beheld
The blood and slaughter of that woeful field;
Thee, murder'd Pompey, could not ruthless see,
But paid the tribute of his grief to thee.
Oh, mystery of fortune and of fate!
Oh, ill-consorted piety and hate!
And canst thou, Cæsar, then thy tears afford
To the dire object of thy vengeful sword?
Didst thou for this devote his hostile head;
Pursue him living, to bewail him dead?
Could not the gentle ties of kindred move?
Wert thou not touch'd with thy sad Julia's love?
And weep'st thou now? Dost thou these tears provide
To win the friends of Pompey to thy side?
Perhaps with secret rage thou dost repine,
That he should die by any hand but thine:
Thence fall thy tears, that Ptolemy has done
A murder due to Cæsar's hand alone.
What secret springs soe'er these currents know,
They ne'er by piety were taught to flow.

Or didst thou kindly, like a careful friend,
Pursue him flying only to defend?
Well was his fate denied to thy command!
Well was he snatch'd by fortune from thy hand!
Fortune withheld this glory from thy name,
Forbade thy power to save, and spar'd the Roman shame.
Still he goes on to vent his griefs aloud,
And, artful, thus deceives the easy crowd:
"Hence from my sight, nor let me see thee more;
Haste, to thy king his fatal gift restore.
At Cæsar have you aim'd the deadly blow,
And wounded Cæsar worse than Pompey now:
The cruel hands by which this deed was done,
Have torn away the wreaths my sword had won,
That noblest prize this civil war could give,
The victor's right to bid the vanquish'd live.
Then tell your king his gift should be repaid;
I would have sent him Cleopatra's head;
But that he wishes to behold her dead.
How has he dar'd, this Egypt's petty lord,
To join his murders to the Roman sword?
Did I for this, in heat of war, distain
With noblest blood Emathia's purple plain,
To license Ptolemy's pernicious reign?
Did I with Pompey scorn the world to share?
And can I an Egyptian partner bear?
In vain the warlike trumpet's dreadful sound
Has rous'd the universe to arms around;
Vain was the shock of nations, if they own,
Now, any power on earth but mine alone.
If hither to your impious shores I came,
'Twas to assert, at once, my power and fame;

Lest the pale fury Envy should have said,
Your crimes I damn'd not, or your arms I fled.
Nor think to fawn before me, and deceive;
I know the welcome you prepare to give.
Thessalia's field preserves me from your hate,
And guards the victor's head from Pompey's fate.
What ruin, gods! attended on my arms!
What dangers unforeseen! What waiting harms!
Pompey, and Rome, and exile, were my fear;
See yet a fourth, see Ptolemy appear!
The boy-king's vengeance loiters in the rear.
But we forgive his youth, and bid him know
Pardon and life's the most we can bestow.
For you, the meaner herd, with rites divine
And pious cares, the warrior's head inshrine:
Atone with penitence the injur'd shade,
And let his ashes in their urn be laid;
Pleas'd, let his ghost lamenting Cæsar know,
And feel my presence here, ev'n in the realms below.
Oh, what a day of joy was lost to Rome,
When hapless Pompey did to Egypt come!
When, to a father and a friend unjust,
He rather chose the Pharian boy to trust.
The wretched world that loss of peace shall rue;
Of peace, which from our friendship might ensue:
But thus the gods their hard decrees have made;
In vain for peace and for repose I pray'd;
In vain implor'd that wars and rage might end,
That, suppliant-like, I might to Pompey bend,
Beg him to live, and once more be my friend.
Then had my labours met their just reward,
And, Pompey, thou in all my glories shar'd;
Then, jars and enmities all past and gone,
In pleasure had the peaceful years roll'd on:

All should forgive, to make the joy complete;
Thou shouldst thy harder fate, and Rome my wars
forget."
Fast falling still the tears, thus spoke the chief;
But found no partner in the specious grief.
Oh! glorious liberty[71]! when all shall dare
A face, unlike their mighty lord, to wear!
Each in his breast the rising sorrow kept,
And thought it safe to laugh, though Cæsar wept.

[71] This is a very satirical irony. He means that the standers-by durst not show any sign but that of joy; since Cæsar, though outwardly he seemed to grieve, was in his heart pleased with that execrable action. But this is an instance of Lucan's prejudice against Cæsar; a fault of which I am sorry an author, who seems to have been a lover of his country, should be so often guilty.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK X.

ARGUMENT.

Cæsar upon his arrival in Egypt finds Ptolemy engaged in a quarrel with his sister Cleopatra; whom, at the instigation of Photinus and his other evil counsellors, he had deprived of her share in the kingdom, and imprisoned. She finds means to escape; comes privately to Cæsar, and puts herself under his protection. Cæsar interposes in the quarrel, and reconciles them. They, in return, entertain him with great magnificence and luxury, at the royal palace in Alexandria. At this feast, Cæsar (who at his first arrival had visited the tomb of Alexander the Great, and whatever else was curious in that city,) inquires of the chief priest Achoreus; and is by him informed of the course of the Nile, its stated increase and decrease, with the several causes that had been till that time assigned for it. In the meantime, Photinus writes privately to Achillas, to draw the army to Alexandria, and surprise Cæsar; this he immediately performs, and besieges the palace. But Cæsar, having set the city and many of the Egyptian ships on fire, escapes to the island and tower of Pharos, carrying the young king and Photinus, whom he still kept in his power, with him; there having discovered the treachery of Photinus, he puts him to death. At the same time Arsinöe, Ptolemy's younger sister, having by the advice of her tutor, the eunuch Ganymedes, assumed the regal authority, orders Achillas to be killed likewise, and renews the war against Cæsar. Upon the mole, between Pharos and Alexandria, he is encompassed by the enemy, and very near being slain; but at length breaks through, leaps into the sea, and with his usual courage and good fortune swims in safety to his own fleet.

Soon as the victor reach'd the guilty shore,
Yet red with stains of murder'd Pompey's gore,
New toils his still prevailing fortune met,
By impious Egypt's genius hard beset.
The strife was now,—if this detested land
Should own imperial Rome's supreme command,
Or Cæsar bleed beneath some Pharian hand.
But thou, oh Pompey! thy diviner shade,
Came timely to this cruel father's aid;
Thy influence the deadly sword withstood,
Nor suffer'd Nile, again, to blush with Roman blood.
Safe in the pledge of Pompey, slain so late,
Proud Cæsar enters Alexandria's gate:
Ensigns on high the long procession lead;
The warrior and his armed train succeed.
Meanwhile, loud-murmuring, the moody throng
Behold his Fasces borne in state along:
Of innovations fiercely they complain,
And scornfully reject the Roman reign.
Soon saw the chief the' untoward bent they take,
And found that Pompey fell not for his sake.
Wisely, howe'er, he hid his secret fear,
And held his way with well-dissembled cheer.
Careless, he runs their gods and temples o'er,
The monuments of Macedonian pow'r [1];
But neither god, nor shrine, nor mystic rite,
Their city, nor her walls, his soul delight:
Their caves beneath [2] his fancy chiefly led,
To search the gloomy mansions of the dead:

[1] Alexandria was built by Alexander the Great.

[2] The Egyptians embalming their dead, and burying them in these large caves in great numbers together, is very well known. They are what are now called Catacombs, and are so frequently visited by travellers.

Thither with secret pleasure he descends,
And to the guide's recording tale attends.
There the vain youth who made the world his prize,
That prosperous robber, Alexander, lies.
When pitying death at length had freed mankind,
To sacred rest his bones were here consign'd:
His bones, that better had been toss'd and hurl'd,
With just contempt, around the injur'd world.
But fortune spar'd the dead; and partial fate,
For ages, fix'd his Pharian empire's date[3].
If e'er our long-lost liberty return,
That carcase is reserv'd for public scorn:
Now it remains a monument confess'd,
How one proud man could lord it o'er the rest.
To Macedon, a corner of the earth,
The vast ambitious spoiler ow'd his birth:
There soon he scorn'd his father's humbler reign,
And view'd his vanquish'd Athens[4] with disdain.
Driv'n headlong on, by fate's resistless force,
Through Asia's realms he took his dreadful course:
His ruthless sword laid human nature waste,
And desolation follow'd where he pass'd.
Red Ganges blush'd, and fam'd Euphrates' flood,
With Persian this, and that with Indian blood.
Such is the bolt which angry Jove employs,
When, undistinguishing, his wrath destroys:
Such to mankind portentous meteors rise,
Trouble the gazing earth, and blast the skies.

[3] From the first Ptolemy who succeeded Alexander, to this worthless prince who murdered Pompey, about two hundred and eighty years.

[4] Not only Athens, but a good part of Greece, had been subdued by his father Philip; partly by force, and partly by fraud.

Nor flame, nor flood, his restless rage withstand,
Nor Syrts unfaithful, nor the Libyan sand:
O'er waves unknown he meditates his way,
And seeks the boundless empire of the sea[5];
Ev'n to the utmost west he would have gone,
Where Tethys' lap receives the setting sun;
Around each pole his circuit would have made,
And drunk from secret Nile's remotest head,
When nature's hand his wild ambition stay'd:
With him, that power his pride had lov'd so well,
His monstrous universal empire fell:
No heir, no just successor, left behind,
Eternal wars he to his friends assign'd,
To tear the world, and scramble for mankind.
Yet still he died the master of his fame[6],
And Parthia to the last rever'd his name:
The haughty East from Greece receiv'd her doom,
With lower homage than she pays to Rome.
Though from the frozen pole our empire run,
Far as the journeys of the southern sun:
In triumph though our conquering eagles fly,
Where'er soft Zephyrs fan the western sky;
Still to the haughty Parthian must we yield,
And mourn the loss of Carræ's dreadful field:
Still shall the race untam'd their pride avow,
And lift those heads aloft, which Pella[7] taught to bow.
From Casium now the beardless monarch came,
To quench the kindling Alexandrian's flame.

5 In this he hints at Alexander's design of discovering the Indian ocean, mentioned by Q. Curtius.

6 Alexander died in possession of the empire he had acquired; and Parthia, with the rest of the east, acknowledged his power.

7 A city in Macedon where Alexander was born, from whence he is often called Pellæan.

The' unwarlike rabble soon the tumult cease,
And he, their king, remains the pledge of peace [8];
When veil'd in secresy [9], and dark disguise,
To mighty Cæsar, Cleopatra flies.
Won by persuasive gold, and rich reward,
Her keeper's hand her prison-gates unbar'd,
And a light galley for her flight prepar'd.
Oh, fatal form! thy native Egypt's shame!
Thou lewd perdition of the Latian name!
How wert thou doom'd our furies to increase,
And be what Helen was to Troy and Greece!
When with an host [10], from vile Canopus led [11],
Thy vengeance aim'd at great Augustus' head;
When thy shrill timbrel's sound was heard from far,
And Rome herself shook at the coming war;
When doubtful fortune, near Leucadia's strand,
Suspended long the world's supreme command,
And almost gave it to a woman's hand.
Such daring courage swells her wanton heart,
While Roman lovers Roman fires impart:
Glowing alike with greatness and delight,
She rose still bolder from each guilty night.
Then blame we hapless Anthony no more,
Lost and undone by fatal beauty's pow'r;

8 Cæsar had good reason to doubt the designs of the Alexandrians, and therefore kept their king within his power.

9 Cleopatra, having bribed those guards who had the custody of her person, was brought by Apollodorus, her tutor, wrapped up in a kind of quilt, or flock-bed, by night to Cæsar.

10 When she joined with M. Antony against Augustus. The loves of Antony and Cleopatra, the battle of Actium, and the consequences of it, are too well known to need any explanation.

11 Canopus is a city of Egypt, now called Bochir, with a port at the month of the west arm of the Nile upon the Mediterranean. In this place it is taken for Egypt itself.

If Cæsar, long inur'd to rage and arms,
Submits his stubborn heart to those soft charms;
If reeking from Emathia's dreadful plain,
And horrid with the blood of thousands slain,
He sinks lascivious in a lewd embrace,
While Pompey's ghastly spectre haunts the place;
If Julia's chastest name he can forget,
And raise her brethren of a bastard-set;
If indolently he permits from far
Bold Cato to revive [12] the fainting war;
If he can give away the fruits of blood,
And fight to make a strumpet's title good.
To him, disdaining or to feign a tear,
Or spread her artfully dishevell'd hair [13],
In comely sorrow's decent garb array'd,
And trusting to her beauty's certain aid,
In words like these began the Pharian maid:
" If loyal birth, and the Lagæan name,
Thy favouring pity, greatest Cæsar! claim;
Redress my wrongs, thus humbly I implore,
And to her state an injur'd queen restore.
Here shed thy juster influence, and rise
A star auspicious to Egyptian skies.
Nor is it strange for Pharos to behold
A woman's temples bound with regal gold:
No laws our softer sex's powers restrain,
But undistinguish'd equally we reign.

[12] While Cæsar was in Egypt, Cato and Scipio were drawing together the remains of Pompey's forces, and forming a new army in Africa.

[13] Cleopatra was so secure of the power of her beauty, that she took no pains to set off her affliction, or appear more sorrowful than she really was.

Vouchsafe my royal father's will to read,
And learn what dying Ptolemy decreed;
My just pretensions stand recorded there,
My brother's empire and his bed to share.
Nor would the gentle boy his love refuse,
Did curs'd Pothinus leave him free to choose;
But now in vassalage he holds his crown,
And acts by power and passions not his own.
Nor is my soul on empire fondly set,
But could with ease my royal rights forget;
So thou the throne from vile dishonour save,
Restore the master, and depose the slave.
What scorn, what pride his haughty bosom swell,
Since at his bidding Roman Pompey fell!
(Ev'n now, which, oh! ye righteous gods avert,
His sword is levell'd at thy noble heart)
Thou and mankind are wrong'd, when he shall dare,
Or in thy prize, or in thy crime, to share."
In vain her words the warrior's ears assail'd,
Had not her face beyond her tongue prevail'd;
From thence resistless eloquence she draws,
And with the sweet persuasion gains her cause.
His stubborn heart dissolves in loose delight,
And grants her suit, for one lascivious night.
Egypt and Cæsar [14] now, in peace agreed,
Riot and feasting to the war succeed:
The wanton queen displays her wealthy store,
Excess unknown to frugal Rome before.
Rich as some fane by lavish zealots rear'd,
For the proud banquet, stood the hall prepar'd:
Thick golden plates the latent beams infold,
And the high roof was fretted o'er with gold:

[14] Cæsar had, to all outward appearance, reconciled Ptolemy and his sister.

Of solid marble all the walls were made,
And onyx ev'n the meaner floor inlaid;
While porphyry and agate round the court,
In massy columns, rose a proud support.
Of solid ebony [15] each post was wrought,
From swarthy Meroë [16] profusely brought:
With ivory was the entrance crusted o'er,
And polish'd tortoise hid each shining door;
While on the cloudy spots enchas'd was seen
The lively emerald's never-fading green.
Within, the royal beds and couches shone
Beamy and bright with many a costly stone;
In glowing purple rich the coverings lie;
Twice had they drank the noblest Tyrian dye:
Others (as Pharian artists have the skill
To mix the party-colour'd web at will)
With winding trails of various silks were made,
Where branching gold set off the rich brocade.
Around, of every age and choicer form,
Huge crowds, whole nations of attendants swarm:
Some wait in yellow rings of golden hair,
The vanquish'd Rhine show'd Cæsar none so fair;
Others were seen with swarthy woolly heads,
Black as eternal night's unchanging shades.
Here squealing eunuchs, a dismember'd train,
Lament the loss of genial joys in vain:
There nature's noblest work, a youthful band,
In the full pride of blooming manhood stand.

[15] The wood-work used only to be covered over with thin pieces of ebony; here it was entirely made of that costly tree.

[16] An island formed by the Nile in Æthiopia, from whence ebony was brought. Some editions read Ebenus Mariotica in this place, but erroneously, for there is no ebony grows near Mareotis in Egypt.

All duteous on the Pharian princes wait;
The princes round the board recline in state,
With mighty Cæsar, more than princes great.
On ivory feet the citron board was wrought,
Richer than those with captive Juba [17] brought.
With every wile ambitious beauty tries
To fix the daring Roman's heart her prize.
Her brother's meaner bed and crown she scorns,
And with fierce hopes for nobler empire burns;
Collects the mischiefs of her wanton eyes,
And her faint cheeks with deeper roses dies;
Amidst the braidings of her flowing hair,
The spoils of orient rocks and shells appear;
Like midnight stars, ten thousand diamonds deck
The comely rising of her graceful neck:
Of wondrous work, a thin transparent lawn
O'er each soft breast in decency was drawn;
Where still by turns the parting threads withdrew,
And all the panting bosom rose to view.
Her robe, her every part, her air confess
The power of female skill exhausted in her dress.
Fantastic manners of unthinking pride,
To boast that wealth which prudence strives to hide!
In civil wars such treasures to display,
And tempt a soldier with the hopes of prey!
Had Cæsar not been Cæsar, impious, bold,
And ready to lay waste the world for gold,
But just as all our frugal names of old;

[17] It should rather be from vanquished Juba: the original is

——— *quales ad Cæsaris ora,*
Nec capto venere Jubâ.

Though it is certain, that after Juba was vanquished he killed himself, and so was never Cæsar's prisoner.

This wealth could Curius or Fabricius know,
Or ruder Cincinnatus [18] from the plough,
As Cæsar, they had seiz'd the mighty spoil,
And to enrich their Tiber robb'd the Nile.
Now, by a train of slaves, the various feast
In massy gold magnificent was plac'd:
Whatever earth, or air, or seas afford,
In vast profusion crowns the labouring board.
For dainties, Egypt every land explores,
Nor spares those very gods [19] her zeal adores.
The Nile's sweet wave capacious crystals pour,
And gems of price [20] the grape's delicious store;
No growth of Mareotis' marshy fields,
But such as Meroë maturer yields;
Where the warm sun the racy juice refines,
And mellows into age the infant wines,
With wreaths of Nard [21] the guests their temples bind,
And blooming roses of immortal [22] kind:
Their dropping locks with oily odours flow,
Recent from near Arabia, where they grow:
The vigorous spices breathe their strong perfume,
And the rich vapour fills the spacious room.

18 Quintius Cincinnatus was saluted dictator, as he was following the plough in his own field.

19 The Egyptians worshipped not only several sorts of beasts and birds, but even plants, as leeks and onions.

20 Drinking vessels made of precious stones. The Spanish Translator renders *gemmæ capaces* in this place *perlas*, pearls; but that is stretching the Egyptian magnificence a little too far.

21 Nardum is an odoriferous shrub bearing leaves, and a kind of ear called *spica nardi*. Hence comes our word spikenard.

22 Roses that were in bloom all the year.

Here Cæsar Pompey's poverty disdain'd,
And learn'd to waste that world his arms had gain'd.
He saw the' Egyptian wealth with greedy eyes,
And wish'd some fair pretence to seize the prize.
Sated, at length, with the prodigious feast,
Their weary appetites from riot ceas'd;
When Cæsar, curious of some new delight,
In conversation sought to wear the night:
Then gently thus address'd the good old priest,
Reclining decent in his linen vest.
" O wise Achoreus! venerable seer!
Whose age bespeaks thee heaven's peculiar care,
Say, from what origin thy nation sprung,
What boundaries to Egypt's land belong?
What are thy people's customs, and their modes,
What rites they teach, what forms they give their gods?
Each ancient sacred mystery explain,
Which monumental sculptures [23] yet retain.
Divinity disdains to be confin'd,
Fain would be known, and reverenc'd by mankind.
'Tis said, thy holy predecessors thought
Cecropian [24] Plato worthy to be taught:
And sure the sages of your schools have known
No soul more form'd for science than my own.
Fame of my potent rival's flight, 'tis true,
To this your Pharian shore my journey drew;
Yet know, the love of learning led me too.
In all the hurries of tumultuous war,
The stars, the gods, and heavens were still my care.

[23] Hieroglyphics carved upon pillars.

[24] Athenian, from Cecrops, king of Athens.

Plato] This philosopher was, according to Strabo, a considerable time in Egypt, where he was instructed by the priests in their most sacred mysteries.

Nor shall my skill[25] to fix the rolling year
Inferior to Eudoxus'[26] art appear.
Long has my curious soul, from early youth,
Toil'd in the noble search of sacred truth:
Yet still no views have urg'd my ardour more,
Than Nile's remotest fountain to explore.
Then say, what source the famous stream supplies,
And bids it at revolving periods rise;
Show me that head from whence, since time begun,
The long succession of his waves has run;
This let me know, and all my toils shall cease,
The sword be sheath'd, and earth be bless'd with peace."

The warrior spoke; and thus the seer replied:
"Nor shalt thou, mighty Cæsar, be denied.
Our sires forbade all but themselves to know,
And kept with care profaner laymen low:
My soul, I own, more generously inclin'd,
Would let in daylight to inform the blind.
Nor would I truth in mysteries restrain,
But make the gods, their power, and precepts, plain;
Would teach their miracles, would spread their praise,
And well-taught minds to just devotion raise.
Know then, to all those stars[27], by Nature driv'n
In opposition to revolving Heav'n,
Some one peculiar influence was giv'n.

25 Cæsar's regulation of the calendar, which we now call the Julian period, is well known.

26 A mathematician of Cnidos in Caria. He was the first who regulated the year according to the revolutions of the moon in Greece. He had been with Plato in Egypt.

27 The planets, which, according to the astronomy of the Romans at that time, were carried round in every twenty-four hours by the eighth sphere, or *primum mobile*.

The sun the seasons of the year supplies,
And bids the evening and the morning rise;
Commands the planets with superior force,
And keeps each wandering light[28] to his appointed course.
The silver moon o'er briny seas presides,
And heaves huge ocean with alternate tides.
Saturn's cold rays in icy climes prevail;
Mars rules the winds, the storm, and rattling hail;
Where Jove ascends, the skies are still serene;
And fruitful Venus is the genial queen:
While every limpid spring, and falling stream,
Submits to radiant Hermes' reigning beam.
When in the Crab[29] the humid ruler shines,
And to the sultry Lion near inclines,
There fix'd immediate o'er Nile's latent source,
He strikes the watery stores with pondrous force;
Nor can the flood bright Maia's son withstand,
But heaves, like ocean at the moon's command;
His waves ascend obedient as the seas,
And reach their destin'd height by just degrees.
Nor to its bank returns the' enormous tide,
Till Libra's equal scales the days and nights divide.

[28] That is, drives them back; and makes them become retrograde when they come to their nearest distance to the sun. The other offices which he gives to the rest of the planets, were according to their astronomy at that time.

[29] Upon this occasion Lucan enumerates the several different opinions that were then held, concerning the increase and decrease of the Nile. The first he gives is the pressure of the planet Mercury upon the fountains of Nile, which he supposes to lie under the sign of Cancer. The fact is, that the river begins to swell after Midsummer, comes to its height in August, and falls again about the autumnal equinox in September.

Antiquity, unknowing and deceiv'd,
In dreams of Ethiopian snows believ'd:
From hills they taught, how melting currents ran,
When the first swelling of the flood began.
But ah, how vain the thought! no Boreas there
In icy bonds constrains the wintry year;
But sultry southern winds eternal reign,
And scorching suns the swarthy natives stain.
Yet more, whatever flood the frost congeals,
Melts as the genial spring's return he feels;
While Nile's redundant waters never rise,
Till the hot Dog [30] inflames the summer skies;
Nor to his banks his shrinking stream confines,
Till high in Heaven the' autumnal Balance shines.
Unlike his watry brethren he presides,
And by new laws his liquid empire guides.
From dropping seasons no increase he knows,
Nor feels the fleecy showers of melting snows.
His river swells not idly, ere the land
The timely office of his waves demand;
But knows his lot, by providence assign'd,
To cool the season, and refresh mankind.
Whene'er the Lion sheds his fires around,
And Cancer burns Syene's [31] parching ground;
Then at the prayer of nations comes the Nile,
And kindly tempers up the mouldering soil.
Nor from the plains the covering god retreats,
Till the rude fervour of the skies abates;
Till Phœbus into milder autumn fades,
And Meroë projects [32] her lengthening shades.

[30] In July.
[31] See book ii. note 43.
[32] When the sun is no longer vertical over Meroë.

Nor let inquiring sceptics ask the cause,
'Tis Jove's command, and these are nature's laws.
" Others of old [33], as vainly too, have thought
By western winds the spreading deluge brought:
While at fix'd times, for many a day, they last,
Possess the skies, and drive a constant blast;
Collected clouds united zephyrs bring,
And shed huge rains from many a dropping wing,
To heave the flood, and swell the' abounding spring.
Or when the airy brethren's stedfast force
Resists the rushing current's downward course,
Backward he rolls indignant to his head,
While o'er the plains his heapy waves are spread.
" Some have believ'd that spacious channels go
Through the dark entrails of the earth below:
Through these, by turns, revolving rivers pass,
And secretly pervade the mighty mass;
Through these the sun, when from the north he flies,
And cuts the glowing Ethiopic skies,
From distant streams attracts their liquid stores,
And through Nile's spring the' assembled waters pours:
Till Nile, o'erburden'd, disembogues the load,
And spews the foamy deluge all abroad.
" Sages there have been too who long maintain'd,
That ocean's waves through porous earth are drain'd;

33 This opinion attributes the cause to the western winds two ways: either by their blowing constantly against the stream for many days together, and keeping it from running into the sea as usual; or else by bringing a great quantity of rain from other parts of the world towards the source of the Nile, and so causing it to overflow.

'Tis thence their saltness they no longer keep,
By slow degrees still freshening as they creep:
Till at a period Nile receives them all,
And pours them loosely spreading as they fall.
" The stars, and sun himself, as some have said,
By exhalations from the deep are fed;
And when the golden ruler of the day
Through Cancer's fiery sign pursues his way,
His beams attract too largely from the sea;
The refuse of his draughts the nights return,
And more than fill the Nile's capacious urn.
" Were I the dictates of my soul to tell,
And speak the reasons of the watery swell;
To Providence the task I should assign,
And find the cause in workmanship divine.
Less streams we trace, unerring, to their birth,
And know the parent earth which brought them forth:
While this, as early as the world begun,
Ran thus, and must continue thus to run;
And still, unfathom'd by our search, shall own
No cause, but Jove's commanding will alone.
" Nor, Cæsar, is thy search of knowledge strange:
Well may thy boundless soul desire to range,
Well may she strive Nile's fountain to explore,
Since mighty kings have sought the same before;
Each for the first discoverer would be known,
And hand, to future times, the secret down;
But still their powers were exercis'd in vain,
While latent nature mock'd their fruitless pain.
Philip's great son, whom Memphis still records,
The chief of her illustrious scepter'd lords,
Sent of his own a chosen number forth,
To trace the wondrous stream's mysterious birth.

Through Ethiopia's plains they journey'd on,
Till the hot sun oppos'd the burning zone:
There, by the god's resistless beams repell'd,
An unbeginning stream they still beheld.
Fierce came Sesostris [34] from the eastern dawn,
On his proud car by captive monarchs drawn;
His lawless will, impatient of a bound,
Commanded Nile's hid fountain to be found:
But sooner much the tyrant might have known
Thy fam'd Hesperian Po, or Gallic Rhone [35].
Cambyses [36] too, his daring Persians led,
Where hoary age makes white the Ethiop's head;
Till sore distress'd, and destitute of food,
He stain'd his hungry jaws with human blood;
Till half his host the other half devour'd,
And left the Nile behind them unexplor'd.
" Of thy forbidden head, thou sacred stream!
Nor fiction dares to speak, nor poets dream.
Through various nations roll thy waters down,
By many seen, though still by all unknown;
No land presumes to claim thee for her own.
For me my humble tale no more shall tell,
Than what our just records demonstrate well;
Than God, who bade thee thus mysterious flow,
Permits the narrow mind of man to know.

34 This prince is said by Tzetzes, and other ancient historians, to have been king of Assyria as well as Egypt. He had his chariot drawn by kings whom he had conquered. He likewise sent to discover the head of Nile, but in vain.

35 Speaking to Cæsar.

36 The story of his conquest of Egypt, his invasion of Ethiopia, and the miseries that he and his army underwent in that expedition by famine, may be found at large in Herodotus. The Ethiopians, into whose country he penetrated, were called Μακρόβιοι, or long-lived.

" Far in the south [37] the daring waters rise,
As in disdain of Cancer's burning skies : [main,
Thence with a downward course they seek the
Direct against the lazy northern wain ;
Unless when, partially, thy winding tide
Turns to the Libyan or Arabian side.
The distant Seres first behold thee flow,
Nor yet thy spring the distant Seres know.
Midst sooty Ethiops next thy current roams ;
The sooty Ethiops wonder whence it comes :
Nature conceals thy infant stream with care,
Nor lets thee, but in majesty, appear.
Upon thy banks astonish'd nations stand,
Nor dare assign thy rise to one peculiar land.
Exempt from vulgar laws thy waters run,
Nor take their various seasons from the sun ;
Though high in Heaven the fiery solstice stand,
Obedient winter comes at thy command.
From Pole to Pole thy boundless waves extend,
One never knows thy rise [38], nor one thy end.
By Meroë thy stream divided roves,
And winds encircling round her ebon groves ;
Of sable hue the costly timbers stand,
Dark as the swarthy natives of the land :
Yet though tall woods in wide abundance spread,
Their leafy tops afford no friendly shade ;

37 After giving the reasons that were then assigned for the swell of the Nile, the poet goes on to give an account of its course as far as was then known. The Seres, whom he mentions as the furthest people from whence this river can be traced, may be supposed to have been a nation of Ethiopia inferior, though I do not find them in Cellarius.

38 That is, the northern part of the world knows not from whence it comes, nor the southern whither it goes.

So vertically shine the solar rays,
And from the lion dart the downward blaze.
From thence, through deserts dry, thou journey'st on,
Nor shrink'st, diminish'd by the torrid zone,
Strong in thyself, collected, full, and one.
Anon thy streams are parcell'd o'er the plain,
Anon the scatter'd currents meet again;
Jointly they flow where Philæ's gates divide [39]
Our fertile Egypt from Arabia's side:
Thence with a peaceful soft descent they creep,
And seek, insensibly, the distant deep;
Till through seven mouths the famous flood is lost,
On the last limits of our Pharian coast;
Where Gaza's isthmus rises, to restrain
The Erythræan from the midland main.
Who that beholds thee, Nile! thus gently flow,
With scarce a wrinkle on thy glassy brow,
Can guess thy rage when rocks resist thy force,
And hurl thee headlong in thy downward course;
When spouting cataracts thy torrent pour,
And nations tremble at the deafening roar;
When thy proud waves with indignation rise,
And dash their foamy fury to the skies?

39 The original is thus:

Quà dirimunt, Arabum populis, Egyptia rura
Regni claustra Philæ.

And I have translated it literally: though Philæ, which is an island in the Nile, and at a good distance from the Red Sea, or Gulf of Arabia, is much rather to be looked upon as a boundary between Egypt and Ethiopia, than between Egypt and Arabia. It lies a little above the lesser Cataracts.

These wonders reedy Abatos can tell [40],
And the tall cliffs that first declare thy swell;
The cliffs with ignorance of old believ'd
Thy parent veins, and for thy spring receiv'd.
From thence huge mountains nature's hand provides!
To bank thy too luxurious river's sides;
As in a vale thy current she restrains,
Nor suffers thee to spread the Libyan plains:
At Memphis first free liberty she yields,
And lets thee loose to float the thirsty fields."
In unsuspected peace securely laid,
Thus waste they silent night's declining shade.
Meanwhile accustom'd furies still infest
With usual rage Pothinus' horrid breast;
Nor can the ruffian's hand from slaughter rest.
Well may the wretch, distain'd with Pompey's blood,
Think every other dreadful action good.
Within him still the snaky sisters dwell,
And urge his soul with all the powers of hell.
Can fortune to such hands such mischief doom,
And let a slave revenge the wrongs of Rome!
Prevent the' example, preordain'd to stand
The great renown of Brutus' righteous hand!
Forbid it, gods! that Cæsar's hallow'd blood,
To liberty by fate a victim vow'd,
Should on a less occasion ere be spilt,
And prove a vile Egyptian eunuch's guilt.
Harden'd by crimes, the bolder villain now
Avows his purpose with a daring brow;

[40] This is a rock, or little inaccessible island, in the Nile, overgrown with reeds and bushes. It lies between Philæ and Elephantine, very near to the before-mentioned Cataracts.

Scorns the mean aids of falsehood and surprise,
And openly the victor-chief defies.
Vain in his hopes, nor doubting to succeed,
He trusts that Cæsar must, like Pompey, bleed.
The feeble boy to curs'd Achillas' hand
Had, with his army, given his crown's command:
To him by wicked sympathy of mind,
By leagues and brotherhood of murder join'd;
To him, the first and fittest of his friends,
Thus by a trusty slave Pothinus sends.
"While stretch'd at ease the great Achillas lies,
And sleep sits heavy on his slothful eyes;
The bargain for our native land is made,
And the dishonest price already paid.
The former rule [41] no longer now we own,
Usurping Cleopatra wears the crown.
Dost thou alone [42] withdraw thee from her state,
Nor on the bridals of thy mistress wait?
To-night at large she lavishes her charms,
And riots in luxurious Cæsar's arms.
Ere long her brother may the wanton wed,
And reap the refuse of the Roman's bed:
Doubly a bride, then doubly shall she reign,
While Rome and Egypt wear, by turns, her chain.
Nor trust thou to thy credit with the boy,
When arts and eyes, like her's, their powers employ.
Mark with what ease her fatal charms can mould
The heart of Cæsar, ruthless, hard, and old?
Were the soft king his thoughtless head to rest,
But for a night, on her incestuous breast;
His crown and friends he'd barter for the bliss,
And give thy head, and mine, for one lewd kiss:

[41] The king's authority.
[42] This is meant scornfully and ironically.

On crosses, or in flames, we should deplore
Her beauty's terrible resistless pow'r.
On both her sentence is already pass'd,
She dooms us dead because we kept her chaste.
What potent hand shall then assistance bring?
Cæsar's her lover, and her husband-king.
Haste I adjure thee by our common guilt,
By that great blood which we in vain have spilt;
Haste and let war, let death with thee return,
And the funereal torch for Hymen's burn.
Whate'er embrace the hostile charmer hold,
Find and transfix her in the luscious fold.
Nor let the fortune of this Latian lord
Abash thy courage, or restrain thy sword;
In the same glorious guilty paths we tread,
That rais'd him up, the world's imperious head.
Like him we seek dominion for our prize,
And hope, like him, by Pompey's fall to rise.
Witness the stains of yonder blushing wave,
Yon bloody shore, and yon inglorious grave.
Why fear we then to bring our wish to pass?
This Cæsar is not more than Pompey was.
What though we boast nor birth, nor noble name,
Nor kindred with some purple monarch claim?
Conscious of fate's decree such aid we scorn;
And know we were for mighty mischief born.
See how kind fortune by this offer'd prey
Finds means to purge all past offence away:
With grateful thanks Rome shall the deed approve,
And this last merit the first crime remove.
Stript of his titles, and the pomp of pow'r,
Cæsar's a single soldier, and no more.
Think then how easily the task were done,
How soon we may an injur'd world atone;

Finish all wars, appease each Roman shade,
By sacrificing one devoted head.
Fearless, ye dread united legions, go;
Rush all, undaunted, on your common foe:
This right, ye Romans [43]! to your country do;
Ye Pharians! this your king expects from you.
But chief, Achillas! may the praise be thine:
Haste thou and find him on his bed supine,
Weary with toiling lust, and gorg'd with wine;
Then strike, and what their Cato's prayers demand,
The gods shall give to thy more favour'd hand."
Nor fail'd the message, fitted to persuade;
But, prone to blood, the willing chief obey'd.
No noisy trumpets sound the loud alarm,
But silently the moving legions arm:
All unperceiv'd, for battle they prepare,
And bustle through the night with busy care.
The mingled bands who form'd this mungrel host,
To the disgrace of Rome, were Romans most;
A herd, who, had they not been lost to shame
And long forgetful of their country's name,
Had blush'd to own ev'n Ptolemy their head;
Yet now were by his meaner vassal led.
Oh! mercenary war, thou slave of gold!
How is thy faithless courage bought and sold!
For base reward thy hireling hands obey;
Unknowing right or wrong, they fight for pay,
And give their country's great revenge away [44].

43 The army under the command of Achillas was composed (as appears a little further) the greatest part of renegado Romans, and the rest of Egyptians.

44 That is, they do not kill Cæsar for the wrongs he had done Rome, but at the command of that Egyptian master whom they obey and serve for hire.

Ah wretched Rome! for whom thy fate prepares,
In every nation, new domestic wars;
The fury that from pale Thessalia fled,
Rears on the banks of Nile her baleful head.
What could protecting Egypt more have done,
Had she receiv'd the haughty victor's son?
But thus the gods our sinking state confound,
Thus tear our mangled empire all around;
In every land fit instruments employ,
And suffer ruthless slaughter to destroy.
Thus ev'n Egyptian parricides presume
To meddle in the sacred cause of Rome;
Thus had not fate those hands of murder tied,
Success had crown'd the vile Achillas' side.
Nor wanted fit occasion for the deed;
Timely the traitors to the place succeed,
While in security the careless guest,
Lingering as yet, his couch supinely press'd:
No gates, no guards forbade their open way,
But all dissolv'd in sleep and surfeits lay:
With ease the victor at the board had bleed,
And lost in riot his defenceless head.
But pious caution now their rage withstands,
And care for Ptolemy withholds their hands:
With reverence and remorse, unknown before,
They dread to spill their royal master's gore;
Lest in the tumult of the murderous night
Some erring mischief on his youth may light.
Sway'd by this thought, not doubting to succeed,
They hold it fitting to defer the deed.
Gods! that such wretches should so proudly dare!
Can such a life [45] be theirs to take, or spare?

[45] As Cæsar's.

Till dawn of day the warrior stood repriev'd,
And Cæsar at Achillas' bidding liv'd.
Now o'er aspiring Casium's eastern head
The rosy light by Lucifer was led:
Swift through the land the piercing beams were [borne,
And glowing Egypt felt the kindling morn:
When from proud Alexandria's walls, afar,
The citizens behold the coming war.
The dreadful legions shine in just array,
And firm, as to the battle, hold their way.
Conscious, meanwhile, of his unequal force,
Straight to the palace Cæsar bends his course:
Nor in the lofty bulwarks dares confide,
Their ample circuit stretching far too wide:
To one fix'd part his little band retreats,
There mans the walls and towers, and bars the gates.
There fear, there wrath, by turns, his bosom tears;
He fears, but still with indignation fears.
His daring soul restrain'd, more fiercely burns,
And proudly the ignoble refuge scorns.
The captive lion thus, with generous rage,
Reluctant foams, and roars, and bites his cage.
Thus, if some power could Mulciber enslave,
And bind him down in Etna's smoky cave, [glow,
With fires more fierce the' imprison'd god would
And bellow in the dreadful deeps below.
He who so lately, with undaunted pride,
The power of mighty Pompey's arms defied,
With justice and the senate on his side;
Who with a cause, which gods and men must hate,
Stood up and struggled for success with fate;
Now abject foes and slaves insulting fears,
And sinks beneath a shower of Pharian spears.

The warrior who disdain'd to be confin'd
By Tyrian Gades [46], or the eastern Inde [47],
Now in a narrow house conceals that head,
From which the fiercest Scythians once had fled,
And horrid Moors [48] beheld with awful dread.
From room to room irresolute he flies,
And on some guardian bar or door relies.
So boys and helpless maids, when towns are won,
To secret corners for protection run.
Still by his side the beardless king he bears,
Ordain'd to share in every ill he fears:
If he must die, he dooms the boy to go,
Alike devoted to the shades below;
Resolves his head a victim first shall fall,
Hurl'd at his slaves from off the lofty wall.
So from Æëtas [49] fierce Medea fled,
Her sword still aim'd at young Absyrtos' head;
Whene'er she sees her vengeful sire draw nigh,
Ruthless she dooms the wretched boy should die.
Yet ere these cruel last extremes he proves,
By gentler steps of peace the Roman moves:

46 The present island and city of Cadiz. This is said to have been a colony of the Tyrians.

47 The river Indus.

4 The original is,

Non Scytha, non fixo qui ludit in hospite Maurus.

Alluding to a piece of cruelty practised among those barbarians, to take strangers and set them up for marks to dart their javelins at. I cannot think the omission of this circumstance in the translation of any great consequence.

49 When Medea, after betraying the golden fleece to her lover Jason, fled away with him, she is said to have carried her young brother Absyrtos with her; and, killing him, to have scattered his limbs up and down, to retard the pursuit and revenge of her father Æëtas.

He sends an envoy, in the royal name,
To chide their fury, and the war disclaim.
But impious they, nor gods nor kings regard,
Nor universal laws, by all rever'd;
No right of sacred characters they know,
But tear the olive from the hallow'd brow;
To death the messenger of peace pursue,
And in his blood their horrid hands embrue.
Such are the palms which curs'd Egyptians claim,
Such prodigies[50] exalt their nation's name.
Nor purple Thessaly's destructive shore,
Nor dire Pharnaces[51], nor the Libyan Moor,
Nor every barbarous land, in every age,
Equal a soft Egyptian eunuch's rage.
Incessant still the roar of war prevails,
While the wild host the royal pile assails.
Void of device, no thundering rams they bring,
Nor kindling flames with spreading mischief fling:
Bellowing, around they run with fruitless pain,
Heave at the doors, and thrust and strive in vain:
More than a wall, great Cæsar's fortune stands,
And mocks the madness of their feeble hands.
On one proud side the lofty fabric stood
Projected bold into the' adjoining flood; [near,
There, fill'd with armed bands, their barks draw
But find the same defending Cæsar there:
To every part the ready warrior flies,
And with new rage the fainting fight supplies;

[50] As the murder of ambassadors, whose persons and characters are sacred amongst the most barbarous nations.

[51] Alluding to the wars which Cæsar waged, after the death of Pompey, with Juba in Afric, and with Pharnaces, the son of Mithridates, in Asia.

Headlong he drives them with his deadly blade,
Nor seems to' be invaded, but to' invade.
Against the ships Phalaric darts he aims;
Each dart with pitch and livid sulphur flames.
The spreading fire o'er-runs their unctuous sides,
And, nimbly mounting, on the topmast rides:
Planks, yards, and cordage, feed the dreadful blaze;
The drowning vessel hisses in the seas;
While floating arms and men, promiscuous strew'd,
Hide the whole surface of the azure flood.
Nor dwells destruction on their fleet alone, [town:
But, driven by winds, invades the neighbouring
On rapid wings the sheety flames they bear,
In wavy lengths, along the reddening air.
Not much unlike the shooting meteors fly,
In gleamy trails, athwart the midnight sky.
Soon as the crowd behold their city burn [52],
Thither all headlong from the siege they turn.
But Cæsar, prone to vigilance and haste,
To snatch the just occasion ere it pass'd,
Hid in the friendly night's involving shade,
A safe retreat to Pharos timely made.
In elder times of holy Proteus' reign [53],
An isle it stood, encompass'd by the main:
Now by a mighty mole the town it joins,
And from wide seas the safer port confines.
Of high importance to the chief it lies,
To him brings aid, and to the foe denies:

52 In this fire was burnt the famous library of Ptolemy Philadelphus.

53 This prophetical prince reigned in Egypt in the time of the Trojan war.

In close restraint the captive town is held,
While free behind he views the watery field.
There safe, with curs'd Pothinus in his pow'r,
Cæsar defers [54] the villain's doom no more.
Yet ah! by means too gentle he expires;
No gashing knives he feels, no scorching fires;
Nor were his limbs by grinning tigers torne,
Nor pendent on the horrid cross are borne:
Beneath the sword the wretch resigns his breath,
And dies too gloriously by Pompey's death.
Meanwhile, by wily Ganymede [55] convey'd,
Arsinoë, the younger royal maid,
Fled to the camp, and with a daring hand
Assumes the sceptre of supreme command:
And, for her feeble brother was not there,
She calls herself the sole Lagæan heir.
Then, since he dares dispute her right to reign,
She dooms the fierce Achillas to be slain.
With just remorse repenting Fortune paid
This second victim to her Pompey's shade.
But oh! nor this, nor Ptolemy, nor all
The race of Lagos doom'd at once to fall,
Not hecatombs of tyrants shall suffice,
Till Brutus strikes, and haughty Cæsar dies.

54 Cæsar, as is observed before, kept not only the king but Pothinus in his power, and transported them into the island of Pharos; where finding, by intercepting some messengers of Pothinus, that he kept correspondence with Achillas, and pressed him still to attack Cæsar, he put him to death.

55 This was likewise an eunuch, and tutor to Arsinoë, Ptolemy's younger sister; whom, in the absence of Ptolemy and Cleopatra, he set up for queen of Egypt; and after he had killed Achillas, made himself general, and continued the siege against Cæsar.

Nor yet the rage of war was hush'd in peace,
Nor would that storm, with him who rais'd it [56],
A second eunuch to the task succeeds, [cease.
And Ganymede the power of Egypt leads:
He cheers the drooping Pharians with success,
And urg'd the Roman chief with new distress.
Such dangers did one dreadful day afford,
As annals might to latest times record,
And consecrate to fame the warrior's sword.
While to their barks [57] his faithful band descends,
Cæsar the mole's contracted space defends.
Part from the crowded key aboard were pass'd,
The careful chief remain'd among the last:
When sudden Egypt's furious powers unite,
And fix on him alone the' unequal fight.
By land the numerous foot, by sea the fleet,
At once surround him, and prevent retreat.
No means for safety or escape remain,
To fight or fly were equally in vain:
A vulgar period on his wars attends,
And his ambitious life obscurely ends.
No seas of gore, no mountains of the slain,
Renown the fight on some distinguish'd plain:
But meanly in a tumult must he die,
And overborne by crowds inglorious lie:
No room was left to fall as Cæsar shou'd,
So little were the hopes his foes and fate allow'd.

56 Achillas.

57 This famous action of Cæsar is not very clearly related. To me the fact seems to have been thus; that while Cæsar was embarking those few forces that were with him, in order probably to quit Pharos, and rejoin his own fleet, the Egyptians, under the command of Ganymede, sallied by the way of the mole, and attacked him with the fury here mentioned.

At once the place and danger he surveys,
The rising mound, and the near neighbouring seas;
Some fainting struggling doubts as yet remain:
Can he, perhaps, his navy still regain?
Or shall he die, and end the' uncertain pain?
At length, while madly thus perplex'd he burns,
His own brave Scæva[58] to his thought returns;
Scæva, who in the breach undaunted stood,
And singly made the dreadful battle good;
Whose arm advancing Pompey's host repell'd,
And, coop'd within a wall, the captive leader held[59].
Strong in his soul the glorious image rose,
And taught him, sudden, to disdain his foes;
The force oppos'd in equal scales to weigh,
Himself was Cæsar, and Egyptians they;
To trust that fortune and those gods once more,
That never fail'd his daring hopes before.
Threatening, aloft his flaming blade he shook,
And through the throng his course resistless took;
Hands, arms, and helmed heads, before him fly,
While mingling screams and groans ascend the sky:
So winds imprison'd force their furious way,
Tear up the earth, and drive the foamy sea.
Just on the margin of the mound he stay'd,
And for a moment thence the flood survey'd:
"Fortune divine! be present now," he cried,
And plung'd undaunted in the foamy tide.

58 See this story in the sixth book.

59 This is the last line of the translation; the death of Lucan having left his work thus abrupt and imperfect here. What follows, to the end of this book, is a supplement of my own, in which I have only endeavoured to finish the relation of this very remarkable action, with bringing Cæsar in safety to his own fleet, with the circumstances in which all authors who have writ on this subject agree.

The' obedient deep, at Fortune's high command,
Receiv'd the mighty master of the land.
Her servile waves officious Tethys spread,
To raise with proud support his awful head.
And, for he scorn'd the' inglorious race of Nile
Should pride themselves in aught of Cæsar's spoil,
In his left-hand, above the water's pow'r,
Papers and scrolls of high import he bore;
Where his own labours faithfully record
The battles of ambition's ruthless sword:
Safe in his right the deadly steel he held,
And plough'd with many a stroke the liquid field;
While his fix'd teeth tenaciously retain
His ample Tyrian robe's imperial train:
The' encumber'd folds the curling surface sweep,
Come slow behind, and drag along the deep.
From the high mole, from every Pharian prow,
A thousand hands a thousand javelins throw;
The thrilling points dip bloodless in the waves,
While he their idle wrath securely braves.
So when some mighty serpent of the main
Rolls his huge length athwart the liquid plain;
Whether he range voracious for the prey,
Or to the sunny shore directs his way,
Him if by chance the fishers view from far,
With flying darts they wage a distant war:
But the fell monster, unappall'd with dread,
Above the seas exerts his poisonous head;
He rears his livid crest and kindling eyes,
And terrible the feeble foe defies;
His swelling breast a foamy path divides,
And careless o'er the murmuring flood he glides.
Some looser muse, perhaps, who lightly treads
The devious paths where wanton fancy leads,

In heaven's high court would feign the queen of love
Kneeling in tears before the throne of Jove,
Imploring sad the' almighty father's grace
For the dear offspring of her Julian race.
While to the just recording Romans' eyes
Far other forms and other gods arise;
The guardian Furies round him rear their heads,
And Nemesis the shield of safety spreads;
Justice and fate the floating chief convey,
And Rome's glad genius wafts him on his way;
Freedom and laws the Pharian darts withstand,
And save him for avenging Brutus' hand.
His friends, unknowing what the gods decree,
With joy receive him from the swelling sea;
In peals on peals their shouts triumphant rise,
Roll o'er the distant flood, and thunder to the skies.

VIDA'S

ART OF POETRY.

IN THREE BOOKS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN,

BY J. PITT, ESQ.

VIDA'S ART OF POETRY.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

GIVE me, ye sacred Muses, to impart
The hidden secrets of your tuneful art;
Give me your awful mysteries to sing,
Unlock, and open wide, your sacred spring;
While from his infancy the bard I lead,
And set him on your mountain's lofty head;
Direct his course, and point him out the road
To sing in epic strains an hero or a god.
What youth, whose generous bosom pants for praise,
Will dare with me to beat those arduous ways?
O'er high Parnassus' painful steeps to go,
And leave the groveling multitude below:
Where the glad Muses sing, and form the choir,
While bright Apollo strikes the silver lyre,
Approach thou first, great Francis, nor refuse
To pay due honours to the sacred Muse;
While Gallia waits for thy auspicious reign,
Till age completes the monarch in the man;
Meantime the Muse may bring some small relief,
To charm thy anguish, and suspend thy grief;
While guilty fortune's stern decrees detain
Thee and thy brother in the realms of Spain;

Far, far transported from your native place,
Your country's, father's, and your friend's embrace!
Such are the terms the cruel fates impose
On your great father, struggling with his woes,
Such are their hard conditions:—they require
The sons to purchase, and redeem, the sire.
But yet, brave youth, from grief, from tears, abstain,
Fate may relent, and Heaven grow mild again;
At last, perhaps, the glorious day may come,
The day that brings our royal exile home;
When, to thy native realms in peace restor'd,
The ravish'd crowds shall hail their passing lord;
When each transported city shall rejoice,
And nations bless thee with a public voice;
To the throng'd fanes the matrons shall repair;
Absolve their vows, and breathe their souls in prayer,
Till then, let every Muse engage thy love,
With me at large o'er high Parnassus rove,
Range every bower, and sport in every grove.

First then observe, that verse is ne'er confin'd
To one fix'd measure, or determin'd kind;
Though at its birth it sung the gods alone,
And then religion claim'd it for her own;
In sacred strains address'd the deity,
And spoke a language worthy of the sky;
New themes succeeding bards began to choose,
And in a wider field engag'd the Muse;
The common bulk of subjects to rehearse
In all the rich varieties of verse.
Yet none of all with equal honours shine
(But those which celebrate the Power Divine)
To those exalted measures, which declare
The deeds of heroes, and the sons of war.

From hence posterity the name bestow'd
On this rich present of the Delphic god;
Fame says, Phæmonoe in this measure gave
Apollo's answers from the Pythian cave. [choose
But ere you write, consult your strength, and
A theme proportion'd justly to your Muse.
For though in chief these precepts are bestow'd
On him who sings an hero or a god;
To other themes their general use extends,
And serves in different views to different ends.
Whether the lofty Muse, with tragic rage,
Would proudly stalk in buskins on the stage;
Or in soft elegies our pity move,
And show the youth in all the flames of love;
Or sing the shepherd's woes in humble strains,
And the low humours of contending swains:
These faithful rules shall guide the bard along
In every measure, argument, and song.
Be sure (whatever you propose to write)
Let the chief motive be your own delight,
And well-weigh'd choice;—a task enjoin'd refuse,
Unless a monarch should command your Muse.
(If we may hope those golden times to see,
When bards become the care of majesty!)
Free and spontaneous the smooth numbers glide,
Where choice determines, and our wills preside;
But, at command, we toil with fruitless pain,
And drag th' involuntary load in vain.
Nor, at its birth, indulge your warm desire,
On the first glimmering of the sacred fire;
Defer the mighty task; and weigh your power,
And every part in every view explore;
And let the theme in different prospects roll
Deep in your thoughts, and grow into the soul.

But ere with sails unfurl'd you fly away,
And cleave the bosom of the boundless sea,
A fund of words and images prepare,
And lay the bright materials up with care,
Which, at due time, occasion may produce,
All rang'd in order for the poet's use.
Some happy objects by mere chance are brought
From hidden causes to the wandering thought;
Which, if once lost, you labour long in vain
To catch th' ideal fugitives again.
Nor must I fail their conduct to extol,
Who, when they lay the basis of the whole,
Explore the ancients with a watchful eye,
Lay all their charms and elegancies by,
Then to their use the precious spoils apply.
At first without the least restraint compose,
And mould the future poem into prose;
A full and proper series to maintain,
And draw the just connection in a chain;
By stated bounds your progress to control,
To join the parts, and regulate the whole.
And now 'tis time to spread the opening sails
Wide to the wanton winds and flattering gales;
'Tis time we now prescribe the genuine laws
To raise the beauteous fabric with applause;
But first some method requisite appears
To form the boy, and mould his tender years.
In vain the bard the sacred wreath pursues,
Unless train'd up and season'd to the Muse.
Soon as the prattling innocent shall reach
To the first use and rudiments of speech,
Ev'n then, by Helicon he ought to rove,
Ev'n then the tuneful Nine should win his love

By just degrees.—But make his guide your choice
For his chaste phrase and elegance of voice;
That he at first successfully may teach
The methods, laws, and discipline of speech;
Lest the young charge, mistaking right and wrong,
With vicious habits prejudice his tongue.
Habits, whose subtle seeds may mock your art,
And spread their roots and poison thro' his heart.
Whence none shall move me to approve the wretch,
Who wildly borne above the vulgar reach,
And big with vain pretences to impart
Vast shows of learning, and a depth of art,
For sense th' impertinence of terms affords
An idle cant of formidable words;
The pride of pedants, the delight of fools;
The vile disgrace, and lumber of the schools:
In vain the circling youths, a blooming throng,
Dwell on th' eternal jargon of his tongue.
Deluded fools!—The same is their mistake,
Who at the limpid stream their thirst may slake,
Yet choose the tainted waters of the lake.
Let no such pest approach the blooming care,
Deprave his style, and violate his ear;
But far, oh far, to some remoter place
Drive the vile wretch to teach a barbarous race!
Now to the Muse's stream the pupil bring,
To drink large draughts of the Pierian spring;
And from his birth the sacred bard adore,
Nurs'd by the Nine, on Mincio's flowery shore;
And ask the gods his numbers to inspire,
With like invention, majesty, and fire.
He reads Ascanius' deeds with equal flame,
And longs with him to run at nobler game.

For youths of ages past he makes his moan,
And learns to pity years so like his own;
Which with too swift, and too severe a doom,
The fate of war had hurried to the tomb.
His eyes, for Pallas, and for Lausus, flow,
Mourn with their sires, and weep another's woe.
But when Euryalus, in all his charms,
Is snatch'd by fate from his dear mother's arms,
And as he rolls in death, the purple flood
Streams out, and stains his snowy limbs with blood,
His soul the pangs of generous sorrow pierce,
And a new tear steals out at every verse.
Meantime with bolder steps the youth proceeds,
And the Greek poets in succession reads;
Seasons to either tongue his tender ears;
Compares the heroes' glorious characters;
Sees, how Æneas is himself alone,
The draught of Peleus' and Laertes' son;
How, by the poet's art, in one, conspire
Ulysses' conduct, and Achilles' fire.

But now, young bard, with strict attention hear,
And drink my precepts in at either ear;
Since mighty crowds of poets you may find,
Crowds of the Grecian and Ausonian kind,
Learn hence what bards to quit or to pursue,
To shun the false, and to embrace the true;
Nor is it hard to cull each noble piece,
And point out every glorious son of Greece;
Above whose numbers Homer sits on high,
And shines supreme in distant majesty;
Whom with a reverent eye the rest regard,
And owe their raptures to the sovereign bard;
Through him the god their panting souls inspires,
Swells every breast, and warms with all his fires,

Bless'd were the poets with the hallow'd rage,
Train'd up in that and the succeeding age:
As to his time each poet nearer drew,
His spreading fame in just proportion grew;
By like degrees the next degenerate race
Sunk from the height of honour to disgrace.
And now the fame of Greece extinguish'd lies,
Her ancient language with her glory dies.
Her banish'd princes mourn their ravish'd crowns,
Driven from their old hereditary thrones:
Her drooping natives rove o'er worlds unknown,
And weep their woes in regions not their own;
She feels through all her states the dreadful blow,
And mourns the fury of a barbarous foe.

But when our bards brought o'er th' Aonian maids
From their own Helicon to Tyber's shades;
When first they settled on Hesperia's plains,
Their numbers ran in rough unpolish'd strains.
Void of the Grecian art their measures flow'd;
Pleas'd the wild satyrs, and the sylvan crowd.
Low shrubs and lofty forests whilom rung
With uncouth verse, and antiquated song;
Nor yet old Ennius sung in artless strains,
Fights, arms, and hosts embattled on the plains,
Who first aspir'd to pluck the verdant crown
From Grecian heads, and fix it on his own.
New wonders the succeeding bards explore,
Which slept conceal'd in Nature's womb before;
Her awful secrets the bold poet sings,
And sets to view the principles of things;
Each part was fair, and beautiful the whole,
And every line was nectar to the soul.
By such degrees the verse, as ages roll'd,
Was stamp'd to form, and took the beauteous mould.

Ausonia's bards drew off from every part
The barbarous dregs, and civiliz'd the art.
Till, like the day, all shining and serene,
That drives the clouds, and clears the gloomy scene,
Refines the air, and brightens up the skies,
See the majestic head of Virgil rise;
Phœbus' undoubted son!—who clears the rust
Of the rough ancients, and shakes off their dust.
He on each line a nobler grace bestow'd;
He thought, and spoke in every word a god.
To grace this mighty bard, ye Muses, bring
Your choicest flowers, and rifle all the spring;
See! how the Grecian bards, at distance thrown,
With reverence bow to this distinguish'd son;
Immortal sounds his golden lines impart,
And nought can match his genius but his art.
Ev'n Greece turns pale, and trembles at his fame,
Which shades the lustre of her Homer's name.
'Twas then Ausonia saw her language rise
In all its strength and glory to the skies;
Such glory never could she boast before,
Nor could succeeding poets make it more.
From that bless'd period the poetic state
Ran down the precipice of time and fate;
Degenerate souls succeed, a wretched train,
And her old fame at once drew back again.
One, to his genius trusts, in every part,
And scorns the rules and discipline of art.
While this, an empty tide of sound affords,
And roars and thunders in a storm of words.
Some, musically dull, all methods try
To win the ear with sweet stupidity;
Unruffled strains for solid wit dispense,
And give us numbers, when we call for sense.

Till from the' Hesperian plains and Tyber chas'd,
From Rome the banish'd sisters fled at last;
Driven by the barbarous nations, who from far
Burst into Latium with a tide of war.
Hence a vast change of their old manners sprung,
The slaves were forc'd to speak their master's tongue;
No honours now were paid the sacred Muse,
But all were bent on mercenary views;
Till Latium saw with joy the' Aonian train
By the great Medici restor'd again;
The' illustrious Medici, of Tuscan race,
Were born to cherish learning in disgrace,
New life on every science to bestow,
And lull the cries of Europe in her woe.
With pity they beheld those turns of fate,
And prop'd the ruins of the Grecian state;
For lest her wit should perish with her fame,
Their care supported still the Argive name;
They call'd the' aspiring youths from distant parts,
To plant Ausonia with the Grecian arts;
To bask in ease, and science to diffuse,
And to restore the empire of the Muse;
They sent to ravag'd provinces with care,
And cities wasted by the rage of war,
To buy the ancients' works, of deathless fame,
And snatch the' immortal labours from the flame;
To which the foes had doom'd each glorious piece,
Who reign and lord it in the realms of Greece.
(But we, ye gods, would raise a foreign lord,
As yet untaught to sheath the civil sword!)
Through many a period this has been the fate,
And this the list of the poetic state.

Hence sacred Virgil from thy soul adore
Above the rest, and to thy utmost power
Pursue the glorious paths he struck before.
If he supplies not all your wants, peruse
The' immortal strains of each Augustan Muse.
There stop—nor rashly seek to know the rest,
But drive the dire ambition from thy breast,
Till riper years and judgment form thy thoughts
To mark their beauties, and avoid their faults.
Meantime, ye parents, with attention hear,
And thus advis'd, exert your utmost care;
The blameless tutor from a thousand choose,
One from his soul devoted to the Muse;
Who, pleas'd the tender pupil to improve,
Regards and loves him with a father's love.
Youth, of itself to numerous ills betray'd,
Requires a prop, and wants a foreign aid;
Unless a master's rules his mind incline
To love and cultivate the sacred Nine,
His thoughts a thousand objects will employ,
And from Parnassus lead the wandering boy.
So trusts the swain the saplings to the earth;
So hopes in time to see the sprouting birth;
Against the winds defensive props he forms,
To shield the future forest from the storms,
That each embolden'd plant at length may rise
In verdant pride, and shoot into the skies.
But let the guide, if e'er he would improve
His charge, avoid his hate, and win his love;
Lest in his rage wrong measures he may take,
And loath the Muses for the teacher's sake.
His soul then, slacken'd from her native force,
Flags at the barrier, and forgets the course.

Nor by your anger be the youth o'eraw'd,
But scorn the' ungenerous province of the rod;
The' offended Muses never can sustain
To hear the shriekings of the tender train,
But, stung with grief and anguish, hang behind;
Damp'd is the sprightly vigour of the mind.
The boy no daring images inspire,
No bright ideas set his thoughts on fire:
He drags on heavily the' ungrateful load,
Grown obstinately dull, and season'd to the rod.
I know a pedant, who to penance brought
His trembling pupils for the slightest fault;
His soul transported with a storm of ire,
And all the rage that malice could inspire:
By turns the torturing scourges we might hear,
By turns the shrieks of wretches stun'd the ear.
Still to my mind the dire ideas rise,
When rage unusual sparkled in his eyes;
When with the dreadful scourge insulting loud,
The tyrant terrify'd the blooming crowd—
A boy the fairest of the frighted train,
Who yet scarce gave the promise of a man,
Ah! dismal object! idly pass'd the day
In all the thoughtless innocence of play:
When lo! the' imperious wretch, inflam'd with rage,
Fierce, and regardless of his tender age,
With fury storms; the fault his clamours urge:
His hand high-waving brandishes the scourge,
Tears, vows, and prayers, the tyrant's ears assail;
In vain;—nor tears, nor vows, nor prayers, prevail.
The trembling innocent from deep despair
Sicken'd, and breath'd his little soul in air.
For him, beneath his poplar, mourns the Po;
For him the tears of hoary Serius flow!

For him their tears the watery sisters shed,
Who lov'd him living, and deplor'd him dead!
The furious pedant, to restrain his rage,
Should mark the' example of a former age,
How fierce Alcides, warm'd with youthful ire,
Dash'd on his master's front his vocal lyre.
But yet, ye youths, confess your masters' sway,
And their commands implicitly obey.

Whoever then this arduous task pursues,
To form the bard, and cultivate the Muse,
Let him by softer means, and milder ways,
Warm his ambition with the love of praise;
Soon as his precepts shall engage his heart,
And fan the rising fire in every part,
Light is the task;—for then the eager boy
Pursues the voluntary toil with joy;
Disdains the' inglorious indolence of rest,
And feeds the' immortal ardour in his breast.

And here the common practice of the schools,
By known experience, justifies my rules,
The youths in social studies to engage;
For then the rivals burn with generous rage,
Each soul the stings of emulation raise,
And every little bosom beats for praise.
But gifts propos'd will urge them best to rise;
Fir'd at the glorious prospect of a prize,
With noble jealousy, the blooming bard
Reads, labours, glows, and strains for the reward;
Fears lest his happy rival win the race,
And raise a triumph on his own disgrace.

But when once season'd to the rage divine,
He loves and courts the raptures of the Nine;
The sense of glory, and the love of fame,
Serve but as second motives to the flame;

The thrilling pleasure all the bard subdues,
Lock'd in the strict embraces of the Muse.
See! when harsh parents force the youth to quit,
For meaner arts, the dear delights of wit,
If e'er the wonted warmth his thoughts inspire,
And with past pleasures set his mind on fire;
How from his soul he longs, but longs in vain,
To haunt the groves and purling streams again;
No stern commands of parents can controul,
No force can check the sallies of his soul.
So burns the courser season'd to the rein,
That spies his females on a distant plain,
And longs to act his pleasures o'er again.
Fir'd with remembrance of his joys, he bounds,
He foams and strives to reach the well-known grounds;
The goring spurs his furious flames improve,
And rouse within him all the rage of love;
Ply'd with the scourge he still neglects his haste,
And moves reluctant, when he moves at last;
Reverts his eye, regrets the distant mare;
And neighs impatient for the dappled fair.
How oft the youth would long to change his fate,
Who, high advanc'd to all the pomp of state,
With grief his gawdy load of grandeur views,
Lost at too high a distance from the Muse!
How oft he sighs by warbling streams to rove,
And quit the palace for the shady grove;
How oft in Tyber's cold retreat to lie,
And gladly stoop to cheerful poverty,
Beneath the rigour of the wint'ry sky!
But yet how many curse their fruitless toil,
Who turn and cultivate a barren soil?

This, ere too late, the master may divine
By a sure omen, and a certain sign;
The hopeful youth, determin'd by his choice,
Works without precept, and prevents advice.
Consults his teacher, plies his task with joy,
And a quick sense of glory fires the boy.
He challenges the crowd;—the conquest o'er,
He struts away the victor of an hour.
Then vanquish'd in his turn; o'erwhelm'd with care,
He weeps, he pines, he sickens with despair;
Nor looks his little rivals in the face,
But flies for shelter to some lonely place,
To mourn his shame, and cover his disgrace.
His master's frowns impatient to sustain,
Straight he returns, and wins the day again.
This is the boy his better fates design
To rise the future darling of the Nine;
For him the Muses weave the sacred crown,
And bright Apollo claims him for his own.
Not the least hope the' unactive youth can raise,
Dead to the prospect, and the sense of praise;
Who your just rules with dull attention hears,
Nor lends his understanding, but his ears,
Resolv'd his parts in indolence to keep,
He lulls his drowsy faculties asleep;
The wretch your best endeavours will betray,
And the superfluous care is thrown away.
I fear for him, who ripens ere his prime;
For all productions there's a proper time.
Oh! may no apples in the spring appear,
Out-grow the seasons, and prevent the year,
Nor mellow yet, till autumn stains the vine,
And the full presses foam with floods of wine.

Torn from the parent tree too soon, they lie
Trod down by every swain who passes by.
Nor should the youth too strictly be confin'd,
'Tis sometimes proper to unbend his mind;
When tir'd with study, let him seek the plains
And mark the homely humours of the swains;
Or pleas'd the toils to spread, or horns to wind,
Hunt the fleet mountain-goat, or forest-hind.
Meantime the youth, impatient that the day
Should pass in pleasures unimprov'd away,
Steals from the shouting crowd, and quits the plains,
To sing the sylvan gods in rural strains;
Or calls the Muses to Albunea's shades,
Courts, and enjoys, the visionary maids.
So labour'd fields, with crops alternate bless'd,
By turns lie fallow, and indulge their rest;
The swain contented bids the hungry soil
Enjoy a sweet vicissitude from toil;
Till earth renews her genial powers to bear,
And pays his prudence with a bounteous year.
On a strict view your solid judgment frame,
Nor think that genius is in all the same;
How oft the youth, who wants the sacred fire,
Fondly mistakes for genius his desire?
Courts the coy Muses, though rejected still,
Nor Nature seconds his misguided will:
He strives, he toils with unavailing care;
Nor Heaven relents, nor Phœbus hears his prayer.
He with success, perhaps, may plead a cause,
Shine at the bar, and flourish by the laws;
Perhaps discover Nature's secret springs,
And bring to light the' originals of things.
But sometimes precept will such force impart,
That Nature bends beneath the power of art.

Besides, 'tis no light province to remove
From the rash boy the fiery pangs of love;
Till, ripe in years, and more confirm'd in age,
He learns to bear the flames of Cupid's rage;
Oft hidden fires on all his vitals prey,
Devour the youth, and melt his soul away
By slow degrees;—blot out his golden dreams,
The tuneful poets, and Castalian streams;
Struck with a secret wound, he weeps and sighs;
In every thought the darling phantoms rise;
The fancy'd charmer swims before his sight,
His theme all day, his vision all the night:
The wandering object takes up all his care,
Nor can he quit th' imaginary fair.
Meantime his sire, unconscious of his pain,
Applies the temper'd medicines in vain;
The plague, so deeply rooted in his heart,
Mocks every slight attempt of Pæan's art;
The flames of Cupid all his breast inspire,
And in the lover's quench the poet's fire.
When in his riper years, without control,
The Nine have took possession of his soul;
When, sacred to their god, the crown he wears,
To other authors let him bend his cares;
Consult their styles, examine every part,
And a new tincture take from every art.
First study Tully's language and his sense,
And range that boundless field of eloquence.
Tully, Rome's other glory, still affords
The best expressions and the richest words;
As high o'er all in eloquence he stood,
As Rome o'er all the nations she subdued.
Let him read men and manners, and explore
The site and distances from shore to shore;

Then let him travel, or to maps repair,
And see imagin'd cities rising there;
Range with his eyes the earth's fictitious ball,
And pass o'er figur'd worlds that grace the wall.
Some in the bloody shock of arms appear,
To paint the native horrors of the war;
Through charging hosts they rush before they write,
And plunge in all the tumult of the fight.
But since our lives, contracted in their date
By scanty bounds and circumscrib'd by fate,
Can never launch through all the depths of arts,
Ye youths, touch only the material parts;
There stop your labour, there your search control,
And draw from thence a notion of the whole.
From distant climes when the rich merchants come,
To bring the wealth of foreign regions home;
Content the friendly harbours to explore,
They only touch upon the winding shore;
Nor with vain labour wander up and down
To view the land, and visit every town;
That would but call them from their former road,
To spend an age in banishment abroad;
Too late returning from the dangerous main,
To see their countries and their friends again.
  Still be the sacred poets your delight,
Read them by day, consult them in the night;
From those clear fountains all your raptures bring,
And draw for ever from the Muses' spring.
But let your subject in your bosom roll,
Claim every thought, and draw in all the soul.
That constant object to your mind display,
Your toil all night, your labour all the day.
  I need not all the rules of verse disclose,
Nor how their various measures to dispose;

The tutor here with ease his charge may guide
To join the parts and numbers, or divide.
Now let him words to stated laws submit,
Or yoke to measures, or reduce to feet;
Now let him softly to himself rehearse,
His first attempts and rudiments of verse;
Fix on those rich expressions his regard
To use made sacred by some ancient bard;
Tost by a different gust of hopes and fears,
He begs of Heaven an hundred eyes and ears.
Now here, now there, coy nature he pursues,
And takes one image in a thousand views.
He waits the happy moment that affords
The noblest thoughts, and most expressive words,
He brooks no dull delay; admits no rest;
A tide of passion struggles in his breast;
Round his dark soul no clear ideas play,
The most familiar objects glide away.
All fix'd in thought, astonish'd he appears,
His soul examines, and consults his ears;
And racks his faithless memory, to find
Some traces faintly sketch'd upon his mind.
There he unlocks the glorious magazine,
And opens every faculty within;
Brings out with pride their intellectual spoils,
And with the noble treasure crowns his toils;
And oft mere chance shall images display,
That strike his mind engag'd a different way.
Still he persists; regrets no toil nor pain,
And still the task, he tried before in vain,
Plies with unweary'd diligence again.
For oft unmanageable thoughts appear,
That mock his labour, and delude his care;

Th' impatient bard, with all his nerves apply'd,
Tries all the avenues on every side;
Resolv'd and bent the precipice to gain;
Though yet he labours at the rock in vain;
By his own strength and Heaven, with conquest grac'd,
He wins th' important victory at last;
Stretch'd by his hands the vanquish'd monster lies,
And the proud triumph lifts him to the skies.
But when ev'n chance and all his efforts fail,
Nor toils, nor vigilance, nor cares prevail;
His past attempts in vain the boy renews,
And waits the softer seasons of the Muse;
He quits his work; throws by his fond desires;
And from his task reluctantly retires.
Thus o'er the fields the swain pursues his road,
Till stop'd at length by some impervious flood,
That from a mountain's brow, o'ercharg'd with rains,
Bursts in a thundering tide, and foams along the plains;
With horror chill'd, he traverses the shore,
Sees the waves rise, and hears the torrent roar,
Then griev'd returns, or waits with vain delay
Till the tumultuous deluge rolls away.
But in no Iliad let the youth engage
His tender years, and unexperienc'd age;
Let him by just degrees and steps proceed,
Sing with the swains, and tune the tender reed:
He with success an humbler theme may ply,
And, Virgil-like, immortalize a fly:
Or sing the mice, their battles and attacks,
Against the croaking natives of the lakes:
Or with what art her toils the spider sets,
And spins her filmy entrails into nets.

And here embrace, ye teachers, this advice;
Not to be too inquisitively nice,
But, till the soul enlarg'd in strength appears,
Indulge the boy, and spare his tender years;
Till to ripe judgment and experience brought,
Himself discerns and blushes at a fault;
For if the critic's eyes too strictly pierce,
To point each blemish out in every verse,
Void of all hope the stripling may depart,
And turn his studies to another art.
But if resolv'd his darling faults to see,
A youth of genius should apply to me,
And court my elder judgment to peruse
Th' imperfect labours of his infant Muse;
I should not scruple, with a candid eye,
To read and praise his poem to the sky;
With seeming rapture on each line to pause,
And dwell on each expression with applause.
But when my praises had inflam'd his mind,
If some lame verse limp'd slowly up behind;
One, that himself, unconscious, had not found,
By numbers charm'd, and led away by sound;
I should not fear to minister a prop,
And give him stronger feet to keep it up;
Teach it to run along more firm and sure;
Nor would I show the wound before the cure.
For what remains; the poet I enjoin
To form no glorious scheme, no great design,
Till free from business he retires alone,
And flies the giddy tumult of the town;
Seeks rural pleasures, and enjoys the glades,
And courts the thoughtful silence of the shades,
Where the fair Dryads haunt their native woods,
With all the orders of the sylvan gods.

Here in their soft retreats the poets lye,
Serene, and bless'd with cheerful poverty;
No guilty schemes of wealth their souls molest,
No cares, no prospects, discompose their rest;
No scenes of grandeur glitter in their view;
Here they the joys of innocence pursue,
And taste the pleasures of the happy few.
From a rock's entrails the barbarian sprung,
Who dares to violate the sacred throng
By deeds or words—The wretch, by fury driven,
Assaults the darling colony of Heaven!
Some have look'd down, we know, with scornful eyes
On the bright Muse who taught them how to rise,
And paid, when rais'd to grandeur, no regard
From that high station to the sacred bard.
Uninjur'd, mortals, let the poets lye,
Or dread th' impending vengeance of the sky;
The gods still listen'd to their constant prayer,
And made the poets their peculiar care.
They, with contempt, on fortune's gift look down,
And laugh at kings who wear an envy'd crown.
Rais'd and transported by their soaring mind,
From their proud eminence they view mankind
Lost in a cloud; they see them toil below,
All busy to promote their common woe.
Of guilt unconscious, with a steady soul, [roll.
They see the lightnings flash, and hear the thunders
When, girt with terrors, Heaven's almighty sire
Launches his triple bolts, and forky fire,
When o'er high towers the red destroyer plays,
And strikes the mountains with the pointed blaze;
Safe in their innocence, like gods, they rise,
And lift their souls serenely to the skies.

Fly, ye profane;—the sacred Nine were given
To bless these lower worlds by bounteous Heaven:
Of old, Prometheus, from the realms above,
Brought down these daughters of almighty Jove,
When to his native earth the robber came,
Charg'd with the plunder of ethereal flame.
As due compassion touch'd his generous mind,
To see the savage state of human kind;
When, led to range at large the bright abodes,
And share th' ambrosial banquets of the gods;
In many a whirl he saw Olympus driven,
And heard th' eternal harmony of Heaven.
Turn'd round and round the concert charm'd his ears
With all the music of the dancing spheres;
The sacred Nine his wondering eyes behold,
As each her orb in just divisions roll'd;
The thief beholds them with ambitious eyes,
And, bent on fraud, he meditates the prize;
A prize! the noblest gift he could bestow
(Next to the fire) on human race below;
At length th' immortals reconcil'd, resign'd
The fair celestial sisters to mankind;
Though bound to Caucasus with solid chains,
Th' aspiring robber groan'd in endless pains;
By which deterr'd, for ages lay supine
The race of mortals, nor invok'd the Nine:
Till Heaven in verse show'd man his future state,
And open'd every distant scene of fate.
First, the great father of the gods above
Sung in Dodona and the Libyan grove;
Next, to th' inquiring nations Themis gave
Her sacred answers from the Phocian cave;
Then Phœbus warn'd them from the Delphic dome,
Of future time, and ages yet to come;

And reverend Faunus utter'd truths divine
To the first founders of the Latian line.
Next the great race of hallow'd prophets came,
With them the Sibyls of immortal fame,
Inspir'd with all the god; who rapt on high
With more than mortal rage unbounded fly,
And range the dark recesses of the sky.
Next, at their feasts, the people sung their lays
(The same their prophets sung in former days);
Their theme an hero, and his deathless praise.
What has to man of nobler worth been given,
Than this the best and greatest boon of Heaven?
Whatever power the glorious gift bestow'd,
We trace the certain footsteps of a god;
By thee inspir'd, the daring poet flies,
His soul mounts up, and towers above the skies;
Thou art the source of pleasure, and we see
No joy, no transport, when debarr'd of thee;
Thy tuneful deity the feather'd throng
Confess in all the measures of their song.
Thy great commands the savages obey,
And every silent native of the sea:
Led by thy voice the starting rocks advance,
And listening forests mingle in the dance.
On thy sweet notes the damn'd rejoice to dwell,
Thy strains suspended all the din of Hell;
Lull'd by the sound, the furies rag'd no more,
And hell's infernal porter ceas'd to roar.
Thy powers exalt us to the realms above,
To feast with gods, and sit the guests of Jove!
Thy presence softens anguish, woe, and strife,
And reconciles us to the load of life.
Hail, thou bright comfort of these low abodes,
Thou joy of men and darling of the gods.

As priest and poet, in these humble lays,
I boldly labour to resound thy praise;
To hang thy shrines, this gift I bring along,
And to thy altars guide the tender throng.

BOOK II.

Proceed, ye Nine, descended from above,
Ye tuneful daughters of almighty Jove;
To teach the future age I hasten on,
And open every source of Helicon.
Your priest and bard with rage divine inspire,
While to your shrine I lead the blooming choir.
Hard was the way, and dubious, which we trod,
Now show, ye goddesses, a surer road;
Point out those paths, which you can find alone,
To all the world but to yourselves unknown;
Lo! all the' Hesperian youths with me implore
Your softer influence, and propitious power,
Who, rang'd beneath my banners, boldly tread
Those arduous tracks to reach your mountain's head.
New rules 'tis now my province to impart;
First to invent, and then dispose with art:
Each a laborious task; but they who share
Heav'n's kinder bounty, and peculiar care,
A glorious train of images may find,
Preventing hope, and crowding on the mind.
The other task, to settle every part,
Depends on judgment, and the powers of art;
From whence in chief the poet hopes to raise
His future glory, and immortal praise.
This as a rule the noblest bards esteem,
To touch at first in general on the theme;

To hint at all the subject in a line;
And draw in miniature the whole design.
Nor in themselves confide; but next implore
The timely aid of some celestial power;
To guide your labours, and point out your road,
Choose, as you please, your tutelary god;
But still invoke some guardian deity,
Some power, to look auspicious from the sky:
To nothing great should mortals bend their care,
Till Jove be solemnly address'd in prayer.
'Tis not enough to call for aid divine,
And court but once the favour of the Nine;
When objects rise, that mock your toil and pain,
Above the labour and the reach of man:
Then you may supplicate the bless'd abodes,
And ask the friendly succour of the gods.
Shock not your reader, nor begin too fierce,
Nor swell and bluster in a pomp of verse;
At first all needless ornament remove,
To shun his prejudice, and win his love;
At first, you find most favour and success
In plain expression, and a modest dress.
For if too arrogant you vaunt your might,
You fall with greater scandal in the fight,
When on the nicest point your fortune stands,
And all your courage, all your strength demands.
With gradual flights surprise us as we read;
And let more glorious images succeed,
To wake our souls; to kindle our desire
Still to read on, and fan the rising fire.
But ne'er the subject of your work proclaim
In its own colours, and its genuine name;
Let it by distant tokens be convey'd,
And wrapt in other words, and cover'd in their shade.

At last the subject from the friendly shrowd
Bursts out, and shines the brighter from the cloud;
Then the dissolving darkness breaks away,
And every object glares in open day.
Thus great Ulysses' toils were I to choose[1],
For the main theme that should employ my Muse;
By his long labours of immortal fame,
Should shine my hero, but conceal his name;
As one who, lost at sea, had nations seen, [men,
And mark'd their towns, their manners, and their
Since Troy was levell'd to the dust by Greece;
Till a few lines epitomis'd the piece.
But study now what order to maintain,
To link the work in one continued chain,
That, when the Muse displays her artful scheme,
And at the proper time unfolds the theme;
Each part may find its own determin'd place,
Laid out with method, and dispos'd with grace;
That to the destin'd scope the piece may tend,
And keep one constant tenour to the end.
First to surprising novelties inclin'd,
The bards some unexpected objects find,
To wake attention, and suspend the mind.
A cold dull order bravely they forsake;
Fix'd and resolv'd the winding way to take,
They nobly deviate from the beaten track.
The poet marks the' occasion, as he sings,
To launch out boldly from the midst of things,
Where some distinguish'd incident he views,
Some shining action that deserves a muse.
Thence by degrees the wondering reader brings
To trace the subject backward to its springs,

[1] Vid. Hom. Odyss. lib. i.

Lest at his entrance he should idly stay,
Shock'd at his toil, and dubious of his way;
For when set down so near the promis'd goal,
The flattering prospect tempts and fires his soul;
Already pass'd the treacherous bounds appear,
Then most at distance, when they seem so near;
Far from his grasp the fleeting harbour flies,
Courts his pursuit, but mocks his dazzled eyes;
The promis'd region he with joy had spy'd,
Vast tracks of oceans from his reach divide;
Still must he backward steer his lengthen'd way,
And plough a wide interminable sea.
No skilful poet would his Muse employ,
From Paris' vote to trace the fall of Troy,
Nor every deed of Hector to relate,
While his strong arm suspended Ilion's fate;
Work! for some annalist! some heavy fool,
Correctly dry, and regularly dull.
Best near the end those dreadful scenes appear [2];
Wake then, and rouse the furies of the war.
But for his ravish'd fair at first engage
Peleides' soul in unrelenting rage.
Be this the cause that every Phrygian flood
Swells with red waves, and rolls a tide of blood;
That Xanthus' urns a purple deluge pour,
And the deep trenches float with human gore.
Nor former deeds in silence must we lose,
The league at Aulis, and the mutual vows,
The Spartan raging for his ravish'd spouse;
The thousand ships; the woes which Ilion bore
From Greece, for nine revolving years before.

[2] See Homer's Iliad.

This rule with judgment should the bard maintain[3],
Who brings Laërtes' wandering son again,
From burning Ilion to his native reign.
Let him not launch from Ida's strand his ships,
With his attendant friends into the deeps;
Nor stay to vanquish the Ciconian host;
But let him first appear (his comrades lost)
With fair Calypso on the' Ogygian coast.
From thence, a world of toils and dangers past,
Waft him to rich Phæacia's realms at last,
There at the feast his wanderings to relate,
His friends' dire change, his own relentless fate.
But if the bard of former actions sings,
He wisely draws from those remoter springs
The present order, and the course of things.
As yet unfold the' event on no pretence,
'Tis your chief task to keep us in suspense,
Nor tell what presents[4] Atreus' son prepares,
To reconcile Achilles to the wars;
Or by what god's auspicious conduct led[5],
From Polyphemus' den Ulysses fled.
Pleas'd with the toil, and on the prospect bent,
Our souls leap forward to the wish'd event.
No call of nature can our search restrain,
And sleep, and thirst, and hunger, plead in vain.
Glad we pursue the labour we embrac'd,
And leave reluctant, when we leave at last.
See! how the bard, triumphant in his art,
Sports with our passions, and commands the heart;

3 See the Odyssey.
4 See Iliad, lib. xix.
5 See Iliad, lib. iii.

Now here, now there, he turns the varying song,
And draws at will the captive soul along;
Rack'd with uncertain hints, in every sense
We feel the lengthen'd anguish of suspense.
When Homer [6] once has promis'd to rehearse
Bold Paris' fight, in many a sounding verse,
He soon perceives his reader's warm desire
Wrapt in the' event, and all his soul on fire;
The poet then contrives some specious stay,
Before he tells the fortune of the day,
Till Helen to the king and elders show,
From some tall tower, the leaders of the foe,
And name the heroes in the fields below.
When chaste Penelope [7], to gain her end,
Invites her suitors the tough bow to bend;
(Her nuptial bed the victor's promis'd prize)
With what address her various arts she plies!
Skill'd in delays, and politicly slow
To search her treasures for her hero's bow.
None lead the reader in the dark along,
To the last goal that terminates the song;
Sometimes th' event must glance upon the sight,
Not glare in day, nor wholly sink in night.
'Tis thus Anchises to his son relates
The various series of his future fates;
For this the prophets see [8], on Tyber's shore,
Wars, horrid wars, and Latium red with gore,
A new Achilles rising to destroy
With boundless rage the poor remains of Troy;
But raise his mind with prospects of success,
And give the promise of a lasting peace.

6 See Virg. Æneid, lib. vi. v. 890.
7 Ibid. lib. iii. v. 458. 8 Odyss. ix.

This knew the hero when he sought the plains,
Sprung from his ships [9], and charg'd the' embattled swains,
Hew'd down the Latian troops with matchless might,
(The first, auspicious omen of the fight)
And at one blow gigantic Theron kill'd,
Bold, but in vain, and foremost of the field;
Thus too Patroclus [10] with his latest breath
Foretold his unregarding victor's death:
His parting soul anticipates the blow,
That waits brave Hector from a greater foe.
Thou too, poor Turnus, just before thy doom
Could'st read thy end, and antedate a tomb,
When o'er thy head the baleful fury flew,
And in dire omens set thy fate to view:
A bird obscene, she flutter'd o'er the field, [shield.
And scream'd thy death, and beat thy sounding
For lo! the time, the fatal time is come,
Charg'd with thy death, and heavy with thy doom.
When Turnus, though in vain, shall rue the day;
Shall curse the golden belt he bore away;
Shall wish too late young Pallas' spoils unsought,
And mourn the conquest he so dearly bought.
The' event should glimmer through its gloomy shrowd,
Though yet confus'd, and struggling in the cloud.
So, to the traveller, as he journies on
To reach the walls of some far distant town,
If, high in air, the dubious turrets rise,
Peep o'er the hills and dance before his eyes;
Pleas'd the refreshing prospect to survey,
Each stride he lengthens, and beguiles the way.

[9] Odyssey xxi. [10] Ibid. lib. v. v. 531.

More pleas'd (the tempting scene in view) to go,
Than pensively to walk the gloomy vales below.
Unless the theme within your bosom roll,
Work in each thought, and run through all the soul;
Unless you alter with incessant pain,
Pull down, and build the fabric o'er again;
In vain, when rival-wits your wonder raise,
You'll strive to match those beauties which you praise.
To one just scope with fix'd design go on;
Let sovereign reason dictate from her throne,
By what determin'd methods to advance,
But never trust to arbitrary chance.
Where chance presides, all objects wildly join'd,
Crowd on the reader, and distract his mind;
From theme to theme unwilling is he tost,
And in the dark variety is lost.
You see some bards, who bold excursions make
In long digressions from the beaten track;
And paint a wild unnecessary throng
Of things and objects foreign to the song;
For new descriptions from the road depart,
Devoid of order, discipline, and art.
So, many an anxious toil and danger pass'd,
Some wretch returns from banishment at last:
With fond delay to range the shady wood,
Now here, now there, he wanders from the road;
From field to field, from stream to stream he roves,
And courts the cooling shelter of the groves.
For why should Homer [11] deck the gorgeous car,
When our rais'd souls are eager for the war?
Or dwell on every wheel, when loud alarms,
And Mars in thunder calls the host to arms?

[11] Vid. Hom. Iliad, lib. v. v. 722.

When with his heroes we some dastard find [12],
Of a vile aspect, and malignant mind;
His awkward figure is not worth our care;
His monstrous length of head, or want of hair,
Not though he goes with mountain-shoulders by,
Short of a foot, or blinking in an eye.
Such trivial objects call us off too long
From the main drift and tenour of the song.
Drances [13] appears a juster character,
In council bold, but cautious in the war;
Factious and loud the listening throng he draws,
And swells with wealth, and popular applause;
But, what in our's would never find a place,
The bold Greek language may admit with grace.
Why should I here the stratagems recite,
And the low tricks of every little wit?
Some out of time their stock of knowledge boast,
Till in the pedant all the bard is lost.
Such without care their useless lumber place;
One black, confus'd, and undigested mass
With a wild heap encumbers every part,
Nor rang'd with grace, nor methodis'd with art.
But then in chief, when things abstruse they teach,
Themes too abstracted for the vulgar reach;
The hidden nature of the deities;
The secret laws and motions of the skies;
Or from what dark original began
The fiery soul, and kindled up the man:
Oft they in odious instances engage,
And for examples ransack every age,
With every realm; no hero will they pass,
But act against the rules of time and place.

[12] Hom. Iliad, lib. ii. v. 212. [13] Æneid, lib. xi. v. 336.

Avoid, ye youths, these practices; nor raise
Your swelling souls to such a thirst of praise.
Some bards of eminence there are, we own,
Who sing sometimes the journeys of the sun,
The rising stars, and labours of the moon.
What impulse bids the ocean rise and fall;
What motions shake and rock the trembling ball:
Though foreign subjects had engag'd their care,
The rage, the din and thunder of the war,
Through the loud field; the genius of the earth;
Or rules to raise the vegetable birth:
Yet 'tis but seldom, and when time and place
Require the thing, and reconcile to grace.
Those foreign objects necessary seem,
And flow, to all appearance, from the theme;
With so much art so well conceal'd they please,
When wrought with skill, and introduc'd with ease.
Should not Anchises [14], such occasion shown,
Resolve the questions of his godlike son?
If souls, depriv'd of Heav'n's fair light, repair
Once more to day, and breathe the vital air?
Or if from high Olympus first they came,
Inspir'd with portions of ethereal flame,
Though here encumber'd with the mortal frame?
Tire not too long one subject when you write,
For 'tis variety that gives delight;
But when, to that variety inclin'd,
You seek new objects to relieve the mind,
Be sure let nothing forc'd or labour'd seem,
But watch your time, and steal from off your theme.
Conceal with care your longing to depart,
For art's chief pride is still to cover art.

[14] Æneid, lib. vi.

So Mulciber [15], in future ages skill'd,
Engrav'd Rome's glories on Eneas' shield.
On the bright orb her future fame enroll'd,
And with her triumphs charg'd the rising gold;
Here figur'd fights the blazing round adorn,
There his long line of heroes yet unborn.
But if a poet of Ausonian [16] birth
Describes the various kingdoms of the earth,
Wide interspers'd; the Medes, or swarthy Moors;
The different natures of their soils explores,
And paints the trees that bloom on India's shores:
On his own land he looks with partial eyes,
And lifts the fair Hesperia to the skies;
To all the fair Hesperia he prefers,
And makes the woods of Bactria yield to hers,
With proud Panchaia; though her groves she boasts,
And breathes a cloud of incense from her coasts.
Hear then, ye generous youths, on this regard
I should not blame the conduct of the bard,
Who in soft numbers, and a flowing strain,
Relieves and reconciles our ears again.
When I the various implements had sung
That to the fields and rural trade belong,
In sweet harmonious measures would I tell
How Nature mourn'd when the great Cæsar fell [17].
When Bacchus' curling vines had grac'd my lays,
The rural pleasures next should share my praise [18].
The labour ended, and complete the whole,
Some bards with pleasure wander round the goal,
The flights and sallies of the Muse prolong,
And add new beauties to the finish'd song;

15 Æneid, lib. viii. v. 626.
16 Virg. Georg. lib. ii. v. 136.
17 Georg. lib. i. v. 466.
18 Ibid. lib. ii. v. 458.

Pleas'd with th' excursion of the charming strain,
We strive to quit the work, but strive in vain.
Thus, were the bees the subject of my Muse,
Their laws, their natures, and celestial dews;
Poor Aristæus [19] should his fate disclose,
His mother's counsel should assuage his woes;
Old Proteus here should struggle in his chain,
There in soft verse the Thracian bard complain.
(As Philomela on a poplar bough
Bewails her young, melodious in her woe):
Pangæan steeps his sorrows should return,
And vocal Thrace with Rhodope should mourn,
Hebrus should roll low-murmuring to the deep,
And barbarous nations wonder why they weep.
Thus too the poets, who the names declare
Of kings and nations gathering to the war,
Sometimes diversify the strain, and sing
The wondrous change of the Ligurian [20] king.
While for his Phaëton his sorrows flow,
And his harmonious strains beguile his woe,
O'er all the man the snowy feathers rise,
And in a tuneful swan he mounts the skies.
Thus too Hippolytus [21], by Dyan's care
And Pæan's art, returns to upper air.
The bards now paint the arms their heroes wield,
And each bold figure on the glittering shield.
Great Aventinus [22], great Alcides' son,
Wore the proud trophy which his father won;
An hundred serpents o'er the buckler roll'd,
And Hydra hiss'd from all her heads in gold.
Now blooming Tempe's cool retreats they sing,
And now with flowery beauties paint the spring.

[19] Georg. lib. iv. v. 317.
[20] Æneid. lib. x. v. 185.
[21] Ibid. lib. vii. v. 756.
[22] Ibid. lib. vii. v. 656.

Now with a sylvan scene the floods they hide;
Or teach the fam'd Eridanus to glide,
Or sport on fabled Achelöus' side,
Or hoary Nereus' numerous race display,
The hundred azure sisters of the sea.
With them the nymphs that haunt their native woods,
And the long orders of the sylvan gods.
With gay descriptions sprinkle here and there
Some grave instructive sentences with care,
That touch on life, some moral good pursue,
And give us virtue in a transient view;
Rules, which the future sire may make his own,
And point the golden precepts to his son.
Sometimes on little images to fall,
And thus illustrate mighty things by small,
With due success the licens'd poet dares,
When to the ants [23] the Phrygians he compares,
Who, leaving Carthage, gather to the seas;
Or the laborious Tyrians to the bees [24].
But swarming flies [25], offensive animals,
That buzz incessant o'er the smoking pales,
Are images too low, to paint the hosts
That roll and blacken o'er Ausonia's coasts.
The lofty Muse who sung the Latian war,
Would think such trivial things beneath her care.
How from his majesty would Virgil fall,
If Turnus, scarce repell'd from Ilion's wall,
Retiring grimly with a tardy pace,
Had e'er been figur'd by the patient ass [26]!
Whom unregarded troops of boys surround,
While o'er his sides their rattling strokes resound;

[23] Æneid, lib. ix. v. 402.
[24] Ibid. lib. i. v. 431.
[25] Iliad, lib. ii. v. 469.
[26] Ibid. lib. xi. v. 557.

Slow he gives way, and crops the springing grain,
Turns on each side, and stops to graze again.
In every point the thing is just, we know,
But then the image is itself too low:
For Turnus, sprung from such a glorious strain,
The vile resemblance would with scorn disdain.
With better grace the lion [27] may appear,
Who, singly impotent the crowd to dare,
Repel, or stand their whole embody'd war,
Looks grimly back, and rolls his glaring eye,
Despairs to conquer, and disdains to fly.
Since fictions are allow'd, be sure, ye youths,
Your fictions wear at least the air of truths.
When Glaucus [28] meets Tydides on the plain,
Inflam'd with rage, and reeking from the slain;
Some think they could not pass the time away,
In such long narratives and cool delay,
Amidst the raging tumult of the day.
But yet we hear fierce Diomed relate
The crime of bold Lycurgus, and his fate;
And Glaucus talks of brave Bellerophon,
Doom'd for a lawless passion not his own;
Sets forth the hero's great exploits to view,
How the bold chief the dire Chimæra slew,
The Solymæan host, and Amazonian crew.
For those surprising fictions are design'd
With their sweet falsehoods to delight the mind;
The bards expect no credit should be given
To the bare lie, though authoriz'd by Heaven,
Which oft with confidence they vent abroad,
Beneath the needful sanction of a god.

[27] Æneid, lib. ix. v. 792.
[28] Iliad, lib. vi. v. 11.

'Twas thus the roasted heifers[29] of the Sun
Spoke o'er the fire with accents not their own;
'Twas thus Achilles' steed[30] his silence broke,
And Trojan ships[31] in human voices spoke;
As wrought by Heaven these wonders they relate,
All airy visions of the ivory gate!
Speak things but once if order be your care,
For more the cloy'd attention will not bear,
And tedious repetitions tire the ear.
In this we differ from the Grecian train,
Who tell Atrides' visions[32] o'er again.
'Tis not enough with them we know the cause
Why great Achilles from the war withdraws,
Unless the weeping hero[33], on the shore,
Tells his blue mother all we heard before.
So much on punctual niceties they stand,
That, when their kings dispatch some high command,
All, word for word, the' ambassadors rehearse[34]
In the same tenour of unvaried verse.
Not so did Venulus[35] from Arpi bring
The final answer of the' Ætolian king
Let others labour on a vast design,
A less, but polish'd with due care, be thine.
To change its structure be your last delight;
Thus spend the day, and exercise the night,
Incessant in your toil. But if you choose
A larger field and subject for your Muse;
If scanty limits should the theme confine,
Learn with just art to lengthen the design

29 Odyss. lib. xii. v. 395.
30 Iliad, lib. xvii. v. 426.
31 Æneid, lib. x. v. 228.
32 Iliad, lib. ii.
33 Ibid. lib. i. v. 370.
34 Ibid. lib. ix. v. 264.
35 Æneid, lib. xi. v. 213.

Beyond its native bounds; the roving mind
A thousand methods to this end may find;
Unnumber'd fictions may with truths be join'd.
Nature supplies a fund of matter still;
Then cull the rich variety at will.
See! how[36] the bard calls down the' embattled gods,
All rang'd in factions, from their bright abodes;
Who, fir'd with mutual hate, their arms employ,
And in the field declare for Greece or Troy;
Till Jove convenes a council to assuage
Their rising fury, and suspend their rage;
Though the bless'd gods, remov'd from human eyes,
Live in immortal ease within the distant skies.
And now the' infernal realm his theme he makes,
The reign of Pluto, the Tartarean lakes,
The Furies dreadful with their curling snakes.
He gathers omens from each bird that flies,
And signs from every wing that beats the skies.
He now describes a banquet, where the guest
Prolongs with narratives the royal feast.
Or at the glorious hero's tomb we read
Of games ordain'd in honour of the dead.
And oft for mercies in old times display'd,
To their own gods their annual rites are paid.
For monstrous Python slain, their praises rise,
And lift the fame of Phœbus to the skies.
In hymns Alcides' labours they resound:
While Cacus lies extended on the ground,
Alternate sing the labours of his hands,
Enjoin'd by fierce Eurystheus' stern commands;
The den of Cacus crowns the grateful strain,
Where the grim monster breathes his flames in vain.

36 All these particulars, to the end of this paragraph, are taken from Homer and Virgil.

Mark how sometimes the bard without control
Exerts his fire, and pours forth all his soul;
His lines so daring and his words so strong;
We see the subject figur'd in the song:
When with the winds old ocean [37] he deforms,
Or paints the rage and horrors of the storms;
Or drives on pointed rocks the bursting ships,
Tost on the Euxine or Sicilian deeps.
Or sings the plagues [38] that blast the livid sky,
When beasts by herds, and men by nations die;
Or the fierce flames that Ætna's jaws expire [39],
Her melted rocks, and deluges of fire,
When from her mouth the bursting vapour flies,
And, charg'd with ruin, thunders to the skies;
While drifts of smoke in sooty whirlwinds play,
And clouds of cinders stain the golden day.
See! as the poet sounds the dire alarms,
Calls on the war, and sets the hosts in arms;
Squadrons on squadrons driven, confus'dly die;
Grim Mars in all his terrors strikes the eye;
More than description rising to the sight,
Presents the real horrors of the fight;
A new creation seems our praise to claim;
(Hence Greece derives the sacred poet's [40] name);
The dreadful clang of clashing arms we hear;
The agonizing groan, the fruitless prayer,
And shrieks of suppliants thicken on the ear.
Who, when he reads a city storm'd [41], forbears
To feel her woes, and sympathize in tears?

37 Æneid, lib. i.

38 Ibid, lib. iii. v. 137.

39 Ibid, v. 571.

40 Α τοῦ ποιεῖν.

41 Vid. Æneid. lib. ii.

When o'er the palaces the flames aspire
From wall to wall, and wrap the domes in fire?
The sire, with years and hostile rage oppress'd!
The starting infant, clinging to the breast!
The trembling mother runs, with piercing cries,
Through friends and foes, and shrieking rends the skies.
Drag'd from the altar, the distracted fair
Beats her white breast, and tears her golden hair.
Here in thick crowds the vanquish'd fly away,
There the proud victors heap the wealthy prey;
With rage relentless ravage their abodes,
Nor spare the sacred temples of the gods.
O'er the whole town they run with wild affright,
Tumultuous haste, and violence of flight.
Why should I mention how our souls aspire,
Lost in the raptures of the sacred fire?
For ev'n the soul not always holds the same,
But knows at different times a different frame.
Whether with rolling seasons she complies,
Turns with the sun, or changes with the skies;
Or through long toil, remissive of her fires,
Droops with the mortal frame her force inspires;
Or that our minds alternately appear
Now bright with joy, and now o'ercast with care.
No!—but the gods, the' immortal gods, supply
The glorious fires; they speak the deity.
Then bless'd is he who waits the' auspicious nod,
The warmth divine, and presence of the god;
Who his suspended labours can restrain,
Till Heaven's serene indulgence smiles again.
But strive on no pretence against your power,
Till time brings back the voluntary hour.

Sometimes their verdant honours leave the woods,
And their dry urns defraud the thirsty floods;
Nor still the rivers a full channel yield,
Nor spring with flowery beauties paints the field:
The bards no less such fickle changes find,
Damp'd is the noble ardour of the mind;
Their wonted toil her wearied powers refuse;
Their souls grow slack and languid to the Muse,
Deaf to their call, their efforts are withstood;
Round their cold hearts congeals the freezing blood.
You'd think the Muses fled; the god no more
Would fire the bosom where he dwelt before,
No more return!—how often, though in vain,
The poet would renew the wonted strain!
Nor sees the gods who thwart his fruitless care,
Nor angry Heaven relentless to his prayer.
Some read the ancient bards, of deathless fame,
And from their raptures catch the noble flame
By just degrees; they feed the glowing vein,
And all the' immortal ardour burns again
In its full light and heat; the sun's bright ray
Thus (when the clouds disperse) restores the day,
Whence shot this sudden flash that gilds the pole;
The god, the god comes rushing on his soul;
Fires with ethereal vigour every part,
Through every trembling limb he seems to dart,
Works in each vein, and swells his rising heart.
Deep in his breast the heavenly tumult plays,
And sets his mounting spirits on a blaze,
Nor can the raging flames themselves contain,
For the whole god descends into the man.
He quits mortality, he knows no bounds,
But sings inspir'd in more than human sounds.

Nor from his breast can shake the' immortal load,
But pants and raves impatient of the god;
And, rap'd beyond himself, admires the force
That drives him on reluctant to the course.
He calls on Phœbus, by the god oppress'd,
Who breathes excessive spirit in his breast;
No force of thirst or hunger can control
The fierce, the ruling transport of his soul.
Oft in their sleep, inspir'd with rage divine,
Some bards enjoy the visions of the Nine:
Visions! themselves with due applause may crown;
Visions! that Phœbus or that Jove may own.
To such an height the god exalts the flame,
And so unbounded is their thirst of fame.
But here, ye youths, exert your timely care,
Nor trust the' ungovernable rage too far;
Use not your fortune, nor unfurl your sails,
Though softly courted by the flattering gales.
Refuse them still, and call your judgment in,
While the fierce god exults and reigns within;
To reason's standard be your thoughts confin'd,
Let judgment calm the tempest of the mind.
Indulge your heat with conduct, and restrain;
Learn when to draw, and when to give, the rein,
But always wait till the warm raptures cease,
And lull the tumults of the soul to peace;
Then, nor till then, examine strictly o'er
What your wild sallies might suggest before.
  Be sure, from Nature never to depart;
To copy Nature is the task of art.
The noblest poets own her sov'reign sway,
And ever follow where she leads the way.
From her the different characters they trace,
That mark the human or the savage race,

Each various and distinct; in every stage
They paint mankind; their humours, sex, and age;
They show what manners the slow sage become,
What the brisk youth in all his sprightly bloom.
In every word and sentiment explain,
How the proud monarch differs from the swain.
I nauseate all confounded characters,
Where young Telemachus too grave appears,
Or reverend Nestor acts beneath his years.
The poet suits his speeches, when he sings,
To proper persons and the state of things;
On each their just distinctions are bestow'd,
To mark a male, a female, or a god.
Thus when in Heaven seditious tumults rise[42],
Amongst the radiant senate of the skies,
The sire of gods, and sovereign of mankind,
In a few words unfolds his sacred mind.
Not so fair Venus; who at large replies,
And pities Troy, and counts her miseries,
Woes undeserv'd: but with contention fir'd,
And with the spirit of revenge inspir'd,
Fierce Juno storms amidst the bless'd abodes,
And stuns with loud complaints the listening gods.
When youthful Turnus[43] the stern combat claims,
His rising heart is fill'd with martial flames;
Impell'd by rage, and bent to prove his might,
His soul springs forward, and prevents the fight;
Rous'd to revenge, his kindling spirits glow,
Confirm his challenge, and provoke the foe,
The fugitive of Troy.—But while his rage
And youthful courage prompts him to engage,
On Latium's king incumbent it appears,
Grown old in prudence, piety, and years,

[42] Vid. Æneid. lib. x. [43] Ibid. lib. xii. v. 9.

To weigh events, and youthful heat assuage,
With the cold caution and the fears of age.
In Dido's various character is seen
The furious lover and the gracious queen:
When Troy's fam'd chief, commanded from above,
Prepares to quit her kingdom and her love;
She raves, she storms with unavailing care,
Grown wild with grief, and frantic with despair.
Through every street she flies, with anguish stung,
And broken accents flutter on her tongue;
Her words confus'd and interrupted flow,
Speak and express the hurry of her woe.
How in this Dido is that Dido lost,
Who late receiv'd the Trojans on her coast,
And bade them banish grief, and share her throne,
Dismiss their fears, and think her realms their own!
Next the great orators consult, and thence
Draw all the moving turns of eloquence:
That Sinon [44] may his Phrygian foes betray,
And lead the crowd, as fraud directs the way;
That wise Ulysses [45] may the Greeks detain,
While Troy yet stood, from measuring back the main.
Need I name Nestor [46], who could talk to peace,
With melting words, the factious kings of Greece;
Whose soft address their fury could control,
Mould every passion, and subdue the soul?
These soothing arts to Venus [47] sure were known,
To beg immortal arms to grace her son;
Her injur'd spouse each thrilling word inspires,
With every pang of love to second her desires.
With nicest art the fair adultress draws
Her fond addresses from a distant cause;

44 Vid. Æneid. lib. ii.
45 Hom. Iliad. lib. ii.
46 Iliad. lib. i. v. 246.
47 Æneid. lib. viii. v. 370.

And all her guileful accents are design'd
To catch his passions, and ensnare his mind.
'Tis hence the poet learns in every part
To bend the soul, and give with wondrous art
A thousand different motions to the heart.
Hence, as his subject gay or sad appears,
He claims our joy, or triumphs in our tears.
Who, when he sees how Orpheus'[48] sorrows flow,
Weeps not his tears, and answers woe for woe?
When he his dear Eurydice deplores
To the deaf rocks, and solitary shores,
With the soft harp the bard relieves his pain,
For thee, when morning dawns, prolongs the strain,
For thee, when Phœbus seeks the seas again.
Or when the young Euryalus[49] is kill'd,
And rolls in death along the bloody field;
Like some fair flower beneath the share he lies,
His head declin'd, and drooping as he dies;
The reader's soul is touch'd with generous woe,
He longs to rush with Nisus on the foe;
He burns with friendly pity to the dead,
To raise the youth, and prop his sinking head;
And strives in vain to stop the gushing blood,
That stains his bosom with a purple flood.
But if the bard such images pursues,
That raise the blushes of the virgin-muse:
Let them be slightly touch'd, and ne'er express'd,
Give but an hint, and let us guess the rest.
If Jove commands the gathering storms to rise,
And with deep thunders rends the vaulted skies,
To the same cave together may repair
The Trojan hero[50] and the Tyrian fair.

[48] Georgic. lib. iv. v. 464. [49] Æneid, lib. ix. v. 433.
[50] Ibid. lib. iv. v. 165.

The poet's modesty must add no more;
Enough, that earth had given the sign before;
The conscious ether was with flames o'erspread,
The nymphs ran shrieking round the mountain's head.
Nor let young Troilus, unhappy boy,
Meet fierce Achilles in the plains of Troy;
But show the' unequal youth's untimely fall,
To great Æneas on the Tyrian wall;
Supine and hanging from his empty car,
Drag'd by his panting coursers through the war.
This, from our bright examples you may trace,
To write with judgment, decency, and grace;
From others learn invention to increase,
And search in chief the glorious sons of Greece;
For her bright treasures Argos' realms explore,
Bring home triumphant all her gather'd store,
And with her spoils enrich the Latian shore.
Nor is the glory of translation less,
To give the Grecian bards a Roman dress,
If Phœbus' gracious smiles the labour crown,
Than if some new invention were your own.
Mincio's and Manto's glorious son behold.
The' immortal Virgil, sheath'd in foreign gold,
Shines out unsham'd, and towers above the rest,
In the rich spoils of godlike Homer dress'd.
Let Greece in triumph boast that she imparts
To Latium's conquering realms her glorious arts:
While Latium's sons improve her best designs,
Till by degrees each polish'd labour shines,
While Rome advances now in arts, as far
Above all cities, as of old in war.
Ye gods of Rome, ye guardian deities,
Who lift our nation's glory to the skies;

And thou, Apollo, the great source of Troy,
Let Rome at least this single palm enjoy,
To shine in arts supreme, as once in power,
And teach the nations she subdued before;
Since discord all Ausonia's kings alarms,
And clouds the ancient glories of her arms.
In our own breasts we sheath the civil sword,
Our country naked to a foreign lord;
Which lately, prostrate, started from despair,
Burn'd with new hopes, and arm'd her hands for war;
But arm'd in vain;—the' inexorable hate
Of envious Fortune call'd her to her fate,
Insatiate in her rage; her frowns oppose
The Latian fame, and woes are heap'd on woes.
Our dread alarms each foreign monarch took,
Through all their tribes the distant nations shook;
To earth's last bounds the fame of Leo runs,
Nile heard, and Indus trembled for his sons.
Arabia heard the Medicean line,
The first of men, and sprung from race divine.
The sovereign priest, and mitred king, appears
With his lov'd Julius join'd, who kindly shares
The reins of empire, and the public cares.
To break their country's chains, the generous pair
Concert their schemes, and meditate the war.
On Leo Europe's monarchs turn their eyes,
On him alone the western world relies;
And each bold chief attends his dread alarms,
While the proud crescent fades before his arms.
High on his splendid car, immortal Rome,
Thine eyes had seen the holy warrior come,
Lord of the vanquish'd world, in triumph home.
Thy streams, old Tyber, swell'd with conscious pride,
Had borne thy kindred warrior down the tide;

While, crowded up in heaps, thy waves admire
The captive nations, and their strange attire;
Behind his wheels should march a numerous train
Of scepter'd slaves, reluctant to the chain,
Forget their haughty threats, and boast in vain.
Though the proud foe, of Jury's realm possess'd,
Has spread his wide dominion through the East;
Sees his dread standard there at large unfurl'd,
And grasps in thought the empire of the world;
And now (ye gods), increas'd in barbarous power,
His armies hover o'er the' Hesperian shore.
To see the passing pomp, the ravish'd throng
Through every street should flow in tides along;
The sacred father, as the numbers roll'd,
Should his dear citizens again behold,
High o'er the shouting crowds enthron'd in gold;
Should show the trophies of his glorious toils,
And hang the shrines with consecrated spoils.
Piles of barbaric gold should glitter there,
The wealth of kingdoms and the pomp of war:
But, by your crime, ye gods, our hopes are cross'd,
And those imaginary triumphs lost;
Interr'd with Leo, in one fatal hour,
Our prospects perish'd as they liv'd before.

BOOK III.

What style, what language, suits the poet's lays,
To claim Apollo's and the Muses' praise,
I now unfold; to this last bound I tend,
And see my promis'd labours at an end.
First then, with care a just expression choose,
Led by the kind indulgence of the Muse,

To dress up every subject when you write,
And set all objects in a proper light.
But lest the distant prospect of the goal [trol,
Should damp your vigour, and your strength con-
Rouse every power, and call forth all the soul.
See! how the Nine the panting youth invite,
With one loud voice to reach Parnassus' height;
See! how they hold aloft the' immortal crown,
To urge the course, and call the victor on;
See! from the clouds each lavish goddess pours,
Full o'er thy head, a sudden spring of flowers,
And roses fall in odoriferous showers;
Celestial scents in balmy breezes fly,
And shed ambrosial spirits from the sky.
In chief avoid obscurity, nor shroud
Your thoughts and dark conceptions in a cloud;
For some [1], we know, affect to shun the light,
Lost in forc'd figures, and involv'd in night,
Studious and bent to leave the common way,
They skulk in darkness, and abhor the day.
Oh! may the sacred Nine inspire my lays
To shine with pride in their own native rays;
For this we need not importune the skies,
In our own power and will the blessing lies.
Expression, boundless in extent, displays
A thousand forms, a thousand several ways;
In different garbs from different quarters brought,
It makes unnumber'd dresses for a thought;
Such vast varieties of hues we find
To paint conception, and unfold the mind!
If e'er you toil, but toil without success,
To give your images a shining dress,

[1] Persius and Lycophron.

Quit your pursuit, and choose a different way,
Till, breaking forth, the voluntary ray
Cuts the thick darkness, and lets down the day.

Since then a thousand forms you may pursue,
A thousand figures rising to the view,
Unless confin'd and straiten'd in your scheme,
With the short limits of a scanty theme,
From these to those with boundless freedom pass,
And to each image give a different face.
The readers hence a wondrous pleasure find,
That charms the ear, and captivates the mind;
In this the laws of Nature we obey,
And act as her example points the way,
Which has on every different species thrown
A shape distinct and figure of its own;
Man differs from the beast that haunts the woods,
The bird from every native of the floods.

See how the poet banishes with grace
A native term to give a stranger place[2]!
From different images with just success
He clothes his matter in the borrow'd dress:
The borrow'd dress the things themselves admire,
And wonder whence they drew the strange attire;
Proud of their ravish'd spoils, they now disclaim
Their former colour, and their genuine name,
And, in another garb more beauteous grown,
Prefer the foreign habit to their own.
Oft as he paints a battle on the plain,
The battle's imag'd by the roaring main;
Now he the fight a fiery deluge names,
That pours along the fields a flood of flames;
In airy conflict now the winds appear,
Alarm the deeps, and wage the stormy war;

[2] The metaphor.

To the fierce shock the' embattled tempests pour,
Waves charge on waves, th' encountering billows roar.
Thus in a vary'd dress the subject shines,
By turns the objects shift their proper signs;
From shape to shape alternately they run,
To borrow others' charms, and lend their own:
Pleas'd with the borrow'd charms, the readers find
A crowd of different images combin'd,
Rise from a single object to the mind.
So the pleas'd traveller, from a mountain's brow,
Views the calm surface of the seas below;
Though wide beneath the floating ocean lies
The first immediate object of his eyes,
He sees the forests tremble from within,
And gliding meadows paint the deeps with green;
While to his eyes the fair delusions pass
In gay succession through the watery glass.
'Tis thus the bard diversifies his song,
Now here, now there, he calls the soul along.
The rich variety he sets to sight,
Cloys not the mind, but adds to our delight.
Now with a frugal choice the bard affords
The strongest light, and energy of words;
While humble subjects he contrives to raise
With borrow'd splendours, and a foreign blaze.
This, if on old tradition we rely,
Was once the current language of the sky;
Which first the Muses brought to these abodes,
Who taught mankind the secrets of the gods.
For in the court of Jove their choirs advance,
And sing alternate, as they lead the dance,
Mix'd with the gods; they hear Apollo's lyre,
And from high Heaven the panting bard inspire.
Nor bards alone, but other writers reach
This bold, this daring privilege of speech;

In chief the orators, to raise their sense,
In this strong figure dress their eloquence,
When with persuasive strokes they plead a cause,
And bridle vice, and vindicate the laws;
Or on the dreadful verge of death defend,
And snatch from fate, a poor devoted friend.
Ev'n the rough hinds delight in such a strain,
When the glad harvest waves with golden grain,
And thirsty meadows drink the pearly rain;
On the proud vine her purple gems appear; [year.
The smiling fields rejoice, and hail the pregnant
First from necessity the figure sprung,
For things, that would not suit our scanty tongue.
When no true names were offer'd to the view,
Those they transferr'd that border'd on the true;
Thence by degrees the noble licence grew.
The bards those daring liberties embrac'd,
Through want at first, through luxury at last:
They now to alien things, at will, confirm
The borrow'd honours of a foreign term.
So man, at first, the rattling storm to fly,
And the bleak horrors of the wintry sky,
Rais'd up a roof of osiers o'er his head,
And clos'd with homely clay the slender shed:
Now regal palaces, of wondrous size,
With brazen beams, on Parian columns rise,
That heave the pompous fabric to the skies.
But other writers sprinkle here and there
These bolder beauties with a frugal care;
So vast a freedom is allow'd to none,
But suits the labours of the bard alone,
Who in the laws of verse himself restrains,
Ty'd up to time in voluntary chains.

Others, by no restraint or stop withheld,
May range the compass of a wilder field;
The sacred poets, who their labours fill
With pleasing fictions, or with truths at will,
Their thoughts in bolder liberties express,
Which look more beauteous in a foreign dress.
To all, unusual colours they impart,
Nor blush, if e'er detected in their art.
Sometimes [3] beyond the bounds of truth they fly,
And boldly lift their subject to the sky,
When with tumultuous shouts the Heavens rebound,
And all Olympus trembles with the sound;
Or with repeated accents they relate
The fall of Troy, and dwell upon her fate;
Oh sire [4]! Oh country, once with glory crown'd!
Oh wretched race of Priam, once renown'd!
Oh Jove! see Ilion smoking on the ground!
They now name Ceres for the golden grain,
Bacchus for wine, and Neptune for the main:
Or from the father's name point out the son;
Or for her people introduce a town:
So when alarm'd her natives dread their fates,
Pale Afric shakes, and trembles through her states:
And some, by Achelous' streams alone,
Comprise the floods of all the world in one.
Lo! now they start aside, and change the strain [5]
To fancy'd converse with an absent swain;
To grots and caverns all their cares disclose,
Or tell the solitary rocks their woes;
To scenes inanimate proclaim their love,
Talk with an hill, or whisper to a grove.

[3] The hyperbole.
[4] *Hæc verba ex incerti nominis poetâ citat Cicero.*
[5] The apostrophe.

On you they call, ye unattentive woods,
And wait an answer from your bordering floods.
Sometimes they speak one thing, but leave be-
Another secret meaning in the mind: [hind [6]
A fair expression artfully dispense,
But use a word that clashes with the sense.
Thus pious Helen [7] stole the faithful sword,
While Troy was flaming, from her sleeping lord.
So glorious Drances [8] tower'd amid the plain,
And pil'd the ground with mountains of the slain;
Immortal trophies rais'd from squadrons kill'd,
And with vast spoils ennobled all the field.
But now to mention further I forbear [9],
With what strong charms they captivate the ear;
When the same terms they happily repeat,
The same repeated seem more soft and sweet.
This, were Arcadia judge [10], if Pan withstood,
Pan's judge, Arcadia, would condemn her god.
But though our fond indulgence grants the Muse
A thousand liberties in different views,
Whene'er you choose an image to express
In foreign terms, and scorn the native dress;
Yet be discreet, nor strain the point too far,
Let the transition still unforc'd appear,
Nor e'er discover an excess of care:
For some, we know, with awkward violence
Distort the subject, and disjoint the sense;
Quite change the genuine figure, and deface
The native shape with every living grace;
And force unwilling objects to put on
An alien face, and features not their own.

6 The irony.
7 See Æneid, lib. vi.
8 Ibid. lib. xi.
9 The anaphora.
10 See Virg. Eclog. iv.

A low conceit in disproportion'd terms,
Looks like a boy dress'd up in giant's arms;
Blind to the truth, all reason they exceed,
Who name a stall the palace of the steed [11],
Or grass the tresses of great Rhæa's head.
'Tis best sometimes an image to express
In its own colours, and its native dress;
The genuine words with happy care to use,
If nicely cull'd, and worthy of the Muse.
Some things alternately compar'd are shown,
Both names still true, and mutually their own;
But here the least redundance you must shun;
Tell us, in short, from whence the hint you drew,
And set the whole comparison to view;
Lest, mindless of your first design, you seem
To lead the mind away, and rove from theme to theme.
But now pursue the method, that affords
The fittest terms, and wisest choice of words.
Not all deserve alike the same regard,
Nor suit the godlike labours of the bard;
For words as much may differ in degree,
As the most various kinds of poetry,
Though many a common term and word we find
Dispers'd promiscuously through every kind,
Those that will never suit the' heroic rage,
Might grace the buskin, and become the stage.
Their large, their vast variety explore
With piercing eyes, and range the mighty store.
From their deep fund the richest words unfold,
With nicest care be rich expression cull'd,
To deck your numbers in the purest gold.

[11] The catachresis.

The vile, the dark degenerate crowd refuse,
And scorn a dress that would disgrace the Muse.
Then, to succeed your search, pursue the road,
And beat the track the glorious ancients trod.
To those eternal monuments repair,
There read, and meditate for ever there.
If o'er the rest some mighty genius shines,
Mark the sweet charms and vigour of his lines.
As far as Phœbus and the heavenly powers
Smile on your labours, make his diction yours:
Your style by his authentic standard frame,
Your voice, your habit, and address, the same.
With him proceed to cull the rest; for there
A full reward will justify your care.
Examine all, and bring from all away
Their various treasures as a lawful prey.
Nor would I scruple, with a due regard,
To read sometimes a rude unpolish'd bard;
Among whose labours I may find a line,
Which from unsightly rust I may refine,
And, with a better grace, adopt it into mine.
How often may we see a troubled flood
Stain'd with unsettled ooze and rising mud!
Which (if a well the bordering natives sink)
Supplies the thirsty multitude with drink.
The trickling stream by just degrees refines,
Till in its course the limpid current shines;
And, taught through secret labyrinths to flow,
Works itself clear among the sands below.
For nothing looks so gloomy, but will shine
From proper care, and timely discipline;
If, with due vigilance and conduct, wrought
Deep in the soul, it labours in the thought,

Hence on the ancients we must rest alone,
And make their golden sentences our own.
To cull their best expressions claims our cares,
To form our notions, and our styles on theirs.
See! how we bear away their precious spoils,
And with the glorious dress enrich our styles;
Their bright inventions for our use convey,
Bring all the spirit of their words away,
And make their words themselves our lawful prey!
Unsham'd in other colours to be shown,
We speak our thoughts in accents not our own.
But your design with modest caution weigh,
Steal with due care, and meditate the prey.
Invert the order of the words with art,
And change their former scite in every part.
Thus win your readers, thus deceive with grace,
And let the' expression wear a different face;
Yourself at last, the glorious labour done,
Will scarce discern his diction from your own.
Some, to appear of diffidence bereft,
Steal in broad day, and glory in the theft;
When with just art, design, and confidence,
On the same words they graft a different sense;
Preserve the' unvaried terms and order too,
But change their former spirit for a new.
Or, with the sense of emulation bold,
With ancient bards a glorious contest hold:
Their richest spoils triumphant they explore,
Which, rang'd with better grace, they varnish o'er,
And give them charms they never knew before.
So trees, that change their soils, more proudly rise,
And lift their spreading honours to the skies;
And, when transplanted, nobler fruits produce,
Exalt their nature, and ferment their juice.

So Troy's fam'd chief the Asian empire bore,
With better omens, to the Latian shore;
Though from thy realm, O Dido, to the sea
Call'd by the gods reluctantly away;
Nor the first nuptial pleasures could control
The fix'd, the stubborn purpose of his soul.
Unhappy queen! thy woes suppress'd thy breath;
Thy cares pursued thee, and surviv'd in death.
Had not the Dardan fleet thy kingdom sought,
Thy life had shone unsully'd with a fault.
Come then, ye youths, and urge your generous toils;
Come strip the ancients, and divide the spoils
Your hands have won—but shun the fault of such,
Who with fond rashness trust themselves too much.
For some we know, who, by their pride betray'd,
With vain contempt reject a foreign aid;
Who scorn those great examples to obey,
Nor follow where the ancients point the way.
While from the theft their cautious hands refrain,
Vain are their fears, their superstition vain.
Nor Phœbus' smiles the' unhappy poet crown;
The fate of all his works prevents his own.
Himself his mouldering monument survives,
And sees his labours perish while he lives:
His fame is more contracted than his span,
And the frail author dies before the man.
How would he wish the labour to forbear,
And follow other arts with more successful care?
I like a fair allusion nicely wrought;
When the same words express a different thought.
And such a theft true critics dare not blame,
Which late posterity shall crown with fame.

Void of all fear, of every doubt bereft,
I would not blush, but triumph in the theft.
Nor on the ancients for the whole rely:
The whole is more than all their works supply;
Some things your own invention must explore,
Some virgin images untouch'd before.
New terms no laws forbid us to induce,
To coin a word, and sanctify to use;
But yet admit no words into the song,
Unless they prove the stock from whence they sprung;
Point out their family, their kindred trace,
And set to view the series of their race.
But where you find your native tongue too poor,
Transport the riches of the Grecian store;
Inform the lump, and work it into grace,
And with new life inspire the' unwieldy mass;
Till, chang'd by discipline, the word puts on
A foreign nature, and forgets its own.
So Latium's language found a rich increase,
And grew and flourish'd from the wealth of Greece;
Till use, in time, had rifled Argos' stores,
And brought all Athens to the' Hesperian shores.
How many words from rich Mycenæ come,
Of Greek extraction, in the dress of Rome,
That live with ours, our rites and freedom claim,
Their nature different, but their looks the same?
Through Latium's realms, in Latium's garb they go,
At once her strangers, and her natives too.
Long has her poverty been fled, and long
With native riches has she grac'd her tongue.
Nor search the poets only, but explore
Immortal Tully's inexhausted store;

And other authors, born in happier days,
Shall answer all your wants, and beautify your lays.
Oft, in old bards, a verse above the rest
Shines, in barbaric spoils and trophies dress'd;
Thus Gaul, her victor's triumph to complete,
Supplies those words that paint her own defeat;
And vanquish'd Macedon, to tell her doom,
Gives up her language with her arms to Rome.
Then can we fear with groundless diffidence
A want of words that shall express our sense?
But, if compell'd by want, you may produce
And bring an antiquated word in use;
A word erst well-receiv'd in days of yore,
A word our old forefathers us'd before:
Well-pleas'd the reader's wonder to engage,
He brings our grandsires' habit on the stage,
And garbs that whilom grac'd an uncouth age.
Yet must not such appear in every place;
When rang'd too thick, the poem they disgrace.
Since of new words such numbers you command,
Deal out the old ones with a sparing hand.
Whene'er [12] your images can lay no claim
To a fix'd term, and want a certain name;
To paint one thing, the licens'd bard affords
A pompous circle and a crowd of words.
Two plighted words in one with grace appear,
When they with ease glide smoothly o'er the ear.
Two may embrace at once, but seldom more,
Nor verse can bear the mingled shape of four;
No triple monsters dwell on Latium's shore.
When mix'd with smooth, these harsher strains are found,
We start with horror at the frightful sound;

[12] The periphrasis.

The Grecian bards, in whom such freedoms please,
May match with more success such words as these;
Heap hills on hills, and bid the structure rise,
Till the vast pile of mountains prop the skies.
What words soever of vast bulk we view,
One of less size may sometimes split in two;
Sometimes we separate from the whole a part,
And prune the more luxuriant limbs with art.
Thus when the names of heroes we declare,
Names whose unpolish'd sounds offend the ear;
We add, or lop some branches which abound,
Till the harsh accents are with smoothness crown'd,
That mellows every word, and softens every sound.
By such an happy change, Sicharbas came,
To sink his roughness in Sichæus' name.
Hence would I rather choose those dire alarms
Of vast Enceladus, and Heaven in arms,
And the bold Titan's battles to rehearse,
Harmonious names, that glide into the verse;
Than count the rough, the barbarous nations o'er,
Which Rome subdued of old from shore to shore.
Let things submit to words on no pretence,
But make your words subservient to your sense;
Nor for their sake admit a single line,
But what contributes to the main design.
Through every part most diligently pierce,
And weigh the sound and sense of every verse.
Unless your strictest caution you display,
Some words may lead the heedless bard away;
Steal from their duty, and desert their post,
And skulk in darkness, indolently lost;
Or, while their proper parts their fellows ply,
Contribute nought but sound and harmony.

This to prevent, consult your words; and know
How far their strength, extent, and nature go.
To all their charges and their labours fit;
To all, their several provinces of wit.
Without this care, the poem will abound
With empty noise, and impotence of sound;
Unmeaning terms will crowd in every part,
Play round the ear, but never reach the heart.
Yet would I sometimes venture to disperse
Some words, whose splendour should adorn my verse;
(Words, that to wit and thought have no pretence,
And rather vehicles of sound than sense;)
Till in the gorgeous dress the lines appear,
And court with gentle harmony the ear.
Nor with too fond a care such words pursue,
They meet your sight, and rise in every view.
Oft, from its chains the shackled verse unloose,
And give it liberty to walk in prose;
Then be the work renew'd with endless pain,
And join with care the shatter'd parts again;
The lurking faults and errors you may see,
When the words run unmanacled and free.

Attend, young bard, and listen while I sing;
Lo! I unlock the Muse's sacred spring;
Lo! Phœbus calls thee to his inmost shrine;
Hark! in one common voice, the tuneful Nine
Invite and court thee to the rites divine.
When first to man the privilege was given,
To hold by verse an intercourse with Heaven,
Unwilling that the' immortal art should lie
Cheap, and expos'd to every vulgar eye,
Great Jove, to drive away the groveling crowd,
To narrow bounds confin'd the glorious road,
Which more exalted spirits may pursue,
And left it open to the sacred few,

For many a painful task, in every part,
Claims all the poet's vigilance and art.
'Tis not enough his verses to complete,
In measure, numbers, or determin'd feet;
Or render things, by clear expression bright,
And set each object in a proper light:
To all, proportion'd terms he must dispense,
And make the sound a picture of the sense;
The correspondent words exactly frame,
The look, the features, and the mien the same.
His thoughts the bard must suitably express,
Each in a different face, and different dress;
Lest in unvary'd looks the crowd be shown,
And the whole multitude appear as one.
With rapid feet and wings, without delay,
This swiftly flies, and smoothly skims away:
That, vast of size, his limbs huge, broad, and strong,
Moves pond'rous, and scarce drags his bulk along.
This blooms with youth and beauty in his face;
And Venus breathes on every limb a grace:
That, of rude form, his uncouth numbers shows,
Looks horrible, and frowns with his rough brows;
His monstrous tail in many a fold and wind,
Voluminous and vast, curls up behind:
At once the image and the lines appear
Rude to the eye, and frightful to the ear.
Nor are those figures given without a cause,
But fix'd and settled by determin'd laws;
All claim and wear, as their deserts are known,
A voice, a face, and habit of their own.
Lo! when the sailors steer the ponderous ships [13],
And plough, with brazen beaks, the foamy deeps,

[13] Most of these examples are drawn word for word from Virgil.

Incumbent on the main that roars around!
Beneath their labouring oars the waves resound,
The prows wide echoing through the dark profound:
To the loud call each distant rock replies,
Toss'd by the storm the frothy surges rise!
While the hoarse ocean beats the sounding shore,
Dash'd from the strand, the flying waters roar,
Flash at the shock, and, gathering in an heap,
The liquid mountains rise, and overhang the deep.
See through her shores Trinacria's realms rebound,
Starting and trembling at the bellowing sound;
High towering o'er the waves the mountains ride,
And clash with floating mountains on the tide.
But when blue Neptune from his car surveys,
And calms at one regard the raging seas,
Stretch'd like a peaceful lake the deep subsides,
And o'er the level light the galley glides.
The poet's art and conduct we admire,
When angry Vulcan rolls a flood of fire;
When on the groves and fields the deluge preys,
And wraps the crackling stubble in the blaze.
Nor less our pleasure, when the flame divides,
And climbs aspiring round the caldron's sides;
From the dark bottom work the waters up,
Swell, boil, and hiss, and bubble to the top.
Thus in smooth lines, smooth subjects we rehearse,
But the rough rock roars in as rough a verse [14].
If gay the subject, gay must be the song,
And the brisk numbers quickly glide along!
When the fields flourish, or the skies unfold
Swift from the flying hinge their gates of gold.

[14] —— *Sonat hæc de nave caninâ*
Littera. Vid. Persium.

If sad the theme, then each grave line moves slow,
The mournful numbers languishingly flow,
And drag, and labour, with a weight of woe:
If e'er the boding bird of night, who mourns
O'er ruins, desolation, graves, and urns,
With piercing screams the darkness should invade,
And break the silence of the dismal shade.
When things are small, the terms should still be so:
For low words please us when the theme is low.
But when some giant, horrible and grim,
Enormous in his gait, and vast in every limb,
Stalks towering on; the swelling words must rise
In just proportion to the monster's size.
If some large weight his huge arms strive to shove,
The verse too labours; the throng'd words scarce move.
When each stiff clod beneath the ponderous plough
Crumbles and breaks: th' encumber'd lines march slow.
Nor less; when pilots catch the friendly gales,
Unfurl their shrouds, and hoist the wide-stretch'd sails.
But if the poem suffers from delay,
Let the lines fly precipitate away.
And when the viper issues from the brake; [tack
Be quick, with stones, and brands, and fire, at-
His rising crest, and drive the serpent back.
When night descends; or stunn'd by numerous strokes,
And groaning, to the earth drops the vast ox;
The line too sinks with correspondent sound,
Flat with the steer, and headlong to the ground.
When the wild waves subside, and tempests cease,
And hush their roarings and their rage to peace;

So oft we see the interrupted strain
Stop'd in the midst,—and with the silent main
Pause for a space—at last it glides again.
When Priam strains his aged arm, to throw
His unavailing javelin at the foe;
(His blood congeal'd, and every nerve unstrung),
Then with the theme complies his artful song;
Like him the solitary numbers flow
Weak, trembling, melancholy, stiff, and slow.
Not so young Pyrrhus, who with rapid force
Beats down embattled armies in his course:
The raging youth on trembling Ilion falls,
Bursts her strong gates, and shakes her lofty walls;
Provokes his flying courser to his speed,
In full career to charge the warlike steed;
He piles the field with mountains of the slain;
He pours, he storms, he thunders through the plain.
In this the poet's justest conduct lies,
When with the various subjects he complies,
To sink with judgment, and with judgment rise.
We see him now, remissive of his force,
Glide with a low and inoffensive course;
Strip'd of the gaudy dress of words he goes,
And scarcely lifts the poem up from prose:
And now he brings with loosen'd reins along
All in a full career the boundless song;
In wide array luxuriantly he pours
A crowd of words, and opens all his stores:
The lavish eloquence redundant flows,
Thick as the fleeces of the winter-snows,
When Jove invests the naked Alps, and sheds
The silent tempest on their hoary heads.
Sometimes the godlike fury he restrains,
Checks his impetuous speed, and draws the reins;

Balanc'd and pois'd, he neither sinks nor soars,
Ploughs the mid space, and steers between the shores,
And shaves the confines; till, all dangers past,
He shoots with joy into the port at last.

For what remains unsung; I now declare
What claims the poet's last and strictest care.
When, all adventures past, his labours tend
In one continued order to their end;
When the proud victor on his conquest smiles,
And safe enjoys the triumph of his toils;
Let him by timely diffidence be aw'd,
Nor trust too soon th' unpolish'd piece abroad.
Oh! may his rash ambition ne'er inflame
His breast with such a dangerous thirst of fame!
But let the terror of disgrace control
The warm, the partial fondness of the soul;
And force the bard to throw his passion by,
Nor view his offspring with a parent's eye,
Till his affections are by justice cross'd,
And all the father in the judge is lost.
He seeks his friends, nor trusts himself alone,
But asks their judgment, and resigns his own;
Begs them, with urgent prayers, to be sincere,
Just and exact, and rigidly severe;
Due verdict to pronounce on every thought,
Nor spare the slightest shadow of a fault;
But, bent against himself, and strictly nice,
He thanks each critic that detects a vice;
Though charg'd with what his judgment can defend,
He joins the partial sentence of his friend.
The piece thrown by; the careful bard reviews
The long-forgotten labours of his Muse:
Lo! on all sides far different objects rise,
And a new prospect strikes his wondering eyes;

Warm from the brain, the lines his love engross'd,
Now in themselves their former selves are lost.
Now his own labours he begins to blame,
And blushing reads them with regret and shame.
He loaths the piece; condemns it; nor can find
The genuine stamp and image of his mind.
This thought and that, indignant he rejects;
When most secure some danger he suspects;
Anxious he adds, and trembling he corrects.
With kind severities, and timely art,
Lops the luxuriant growth of every part;
Prunes the superfluous boughs, that wildly stray,
And cuts the rank redundancies away.
Thus arm'd with proper discipline he stands,
By day, by night, applies his healing hands,
From every line to wipe out every blot,
Till the whole piece is guiltless of a fault.
Hard is the task, but needful, if your aim
Tends to the prospect of immortal fame.
If some unfinish'd numbers limp behind,
When the warm poet rages unconfin'd,
Then when his swift invention scorns to stay,
By a full tide of genius whirl'd away;
He brings the sovereign cure their failings claim,
Confirms the sickly, and supports the lame.
Oft as the seasons roll, renew thy pain,
And bring the poem to the test again.
In different lights the' expression must be rang'd,
The garb and colours of the words be chang'd.
With endless care thy watchful eyes must pierce,
And mark the parts distinct of every verse.
In this persist; for oft one day denies
The kind assistance which the next supplies;

As oft, without your vigilance and care,
Some faults detected by themselves appear.
And now a thousand errors you explore,
That lay involv'd in mantling clouds before.
Oft, to improve his Muse, the bard should try,
By turns, the temper of a different sky.
For thus his genius takes a different face
From every different genius of a place.
The soul too changes, and the bard may find
A thousand various motions in his mind.
New gleams of light will every moment rise,
While from each part the scattering darkness flies.
And, as he alters what appears amiss,
He adds new flowers to beautify the piece.
But here, ev'n here, avoid the' extreme of such,
Who with excess of care correct too much:
Whose barbarous hands no calls of pity bound,
While with the' infected parts they cut the sound,
And make the cure more dangerous than the wound,
Till all the blood and spirits drain'd away,
The body sickens, and the parts decay;
The native beauties die, the limbs appear
Rough and deform'd with one continued scar.
No fix'd determin'd number I enjoin,
But when some years shall perfect the design,
Reflect on life; and, mindful of thy span,
Whose scanty limit bounds the days of man,
Wide o'er the spacious world without delay,
Permit the finish'd piece to take its way;
Till all mankind admires the heavenly song,
The theme of every hand and every tongue.
See! thy pleas'd friends thy spreading glory draws,
Each with his voice to swell the vast applause;

The vast applause shall reach the starry frame,
No years, no ages, shall obscure thy fame,
And earth's last ends shall hear thy darling name.
Shall we then doubt to scorn all worldly views,
And not prefer the raptures of the Muse?
Thrice happy bards! who, taught by Heaven, obey
These rules, and follow where they lead the way;
And hear the faithful precepts I bestow'd,
Inspir'd with rage divine, and labouring with the god.
But art alone, and human means, must fail,
Nor these instructive precepts will prevail,
Unless the gods their present aid supply,
And look with kind indulgence from the sky.
I only pointed out the paths that lead
The panting youth to steep Parnassus' head;
And show'd the tuneful Muses from afar,
Mix'd in a solemn choir, and dancing there.
Thither forbidden by the fates to go,
I sink and grovel in the world below.
Deterr'd by them, in vain I labour up,
And stretch these hands to grasp the distant top.
Enough for me, at distance if I view
Some bard, some happier bard, the path pursue;
Who, taught by me to reach Parnassus' crown,
Mounts up, and calls his slow companions on.
But yet these rules, perhaps, these humble lays,
May claim a title to a share of praise;
When, in a crowd, the gathering youths shall hear
My voice and precepts with a willing ear;
Close in a ring shall press the listening throng,
And learn from me to regulate their song,

Then, if the pitying fates prolong my breath,
And from my youth avert the dart of Death;
Whene'er I sink in life's declining stage,
Trembling and fainting on the verge of age,
To help their wearied master shall they run,
And lend their friendly hands to guide him on;
Through blooming groves his tardy progress wait,
And set him gently down at Phœbus' gate,
The while he sings, before the hallow'd shrine
The sacred poets, and the tuneful Nine.
Here then in Roman numbers will we rise,
And lift the fame of Virgil to the skies;
Ausonia's pride and boast; who brings along
Strength to my lines, and spirit to my song:
First how the mighty bard transported o'er
The sacred Muses from the' Aonian shore;
Led the fair sisters to the' Hesperian plains,
And sung in Roman towns the Grecian strains;
How in his youth to woods and groves he fled,
And sweetly tun'd the soft Sicilian reed;
Next, how, in pity to the' Ausonian swains,
He rais'd to Heaven the honours of the plains;
Rapt in Triptolemus's car on high,
He scatter'd peace and plenty from the sky;
Fir'd with his country's fame, with loud alarms,
At last he rous'd all Latium up to arms;
In just array the Phrygian troops bestow'd,
And spoke the voice and language of a god.
Father of verse! from whom our honours spring;
See! from all parts, our bards attend their king;
Beneath thy banners rang'd, thy fame increase,
And rear proud trophies from the spoils of Greece.

Low, in Elysian fields, her tuneful throng
Bow to thy laurels, and adore thy song:
On thee alone thy country turns her eyes;
On thee her poets' future fame relies.
See! how in crowds they court thy aid divine
(For all their honours but depend on thine);
Taught from the womb thy numbers to rehearse,
And sip the balmy sweets of every verse.
Unrivall'd bard! all ages shall decree
The first unenvy'd palm of fame to thee;
Thrice happy bard! thy boundless glory flies,
Where never mortal must attempt to rise;
Such heavenly numbers in thy song we hear,
And more than human accents charm the ear!
To thee, his darling, Phœbus' hands impart
His soul, his genius, and immortal art.
What help or merit in these rules are shown,
The youth must owe to thy support alone.
The youth, whose wand'ring feet with care I led
Aloft, o'er steep Parnassus' sacred head;
Taught from thy great example to explore
Those arduous paths which thou hast trod before.
Hail, pride of Italy! thy country's grace!
Hail, glorious light of all the tuneful race!
For whom, we weave the crown, and altars raise;
And with rich incense bid the temples blaze;
Our solemn hymns shall still resound thy praise.
Hail, holy bard, and boundless in renown!
Thy fame dependent on thyself alone,
Requires no song, no numbers, but thy own.

Look down propitious, and my thoughts inspire;
Warm my chaste bosom with thy sacred fire!
Let all thy flames with all their raptures roll,
Deep in my breast, and kindle all my soul!

FINIS.

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